FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD
OUI
JUNE 1975
$1.25
"WHAT TURNS A WOMAN ON" IN OUI'S NEW SEX TAPES
HERBERT GOLD GOES TO AN ORGY
JEAN-PAUL SARTRE OFFERS HOPE FOR THE SEVENTIES
LOU REED GROWS UP
PLUS: MAYHEM ON THE SOCCER FIELD, NOSTALGIA ON THE BATTLEFIELD AND THE SEXIEST WOMEN THIS SIDE OF PARIS

Because hot taste comes
in more than one size,
extra coolness comes
in more than one size.
Come all the way up to KOOL.
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
KOOL
Filter Kings
MILD MENTHOL CIGARETTES
KINGS
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
KOOL
Filter Longs
MILD MENTHOL
KOOL LONGS
SUPER LONGS
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
© BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION

Load up with blanks

Buy two. Get one free.

Here's a sure-fire way to save on the music tape BY CAPITOL premium quality blank cassettes and cartridges. Buy two and get a third one free. You'll find these special three-packs of cassettes (60 and 90 minutes) and cartridges (45 and 100 minutes) at participating stores while supply lasts. If you record music, quit horsing around with ordinary tapes. the music tape has greater sound sensitivity at both high and low frequencies, a better signal-to-noise ratio and less audible noise. It is also mechanically superior. Cassettes and cartridges are jamproof. The cassette tape has our exclusive cushion-aire™ backcoating to prevent static, jamming and dropouts. The cartridge tape is lubricated for smooth, even winding over hundreds of passes. We make more blank cartridges than any other manufacturer. In fact, every major music company uses our tape for prerecorded cartridges. There's no better time to try the music tape than now, when you can load up with blanks without shooting your budget.

If you record ordinary things, use an ordinary tape. But if you record music, record on

the music tape™ BY CAPITOL

cassette • cartridge • open reel

Capitol®

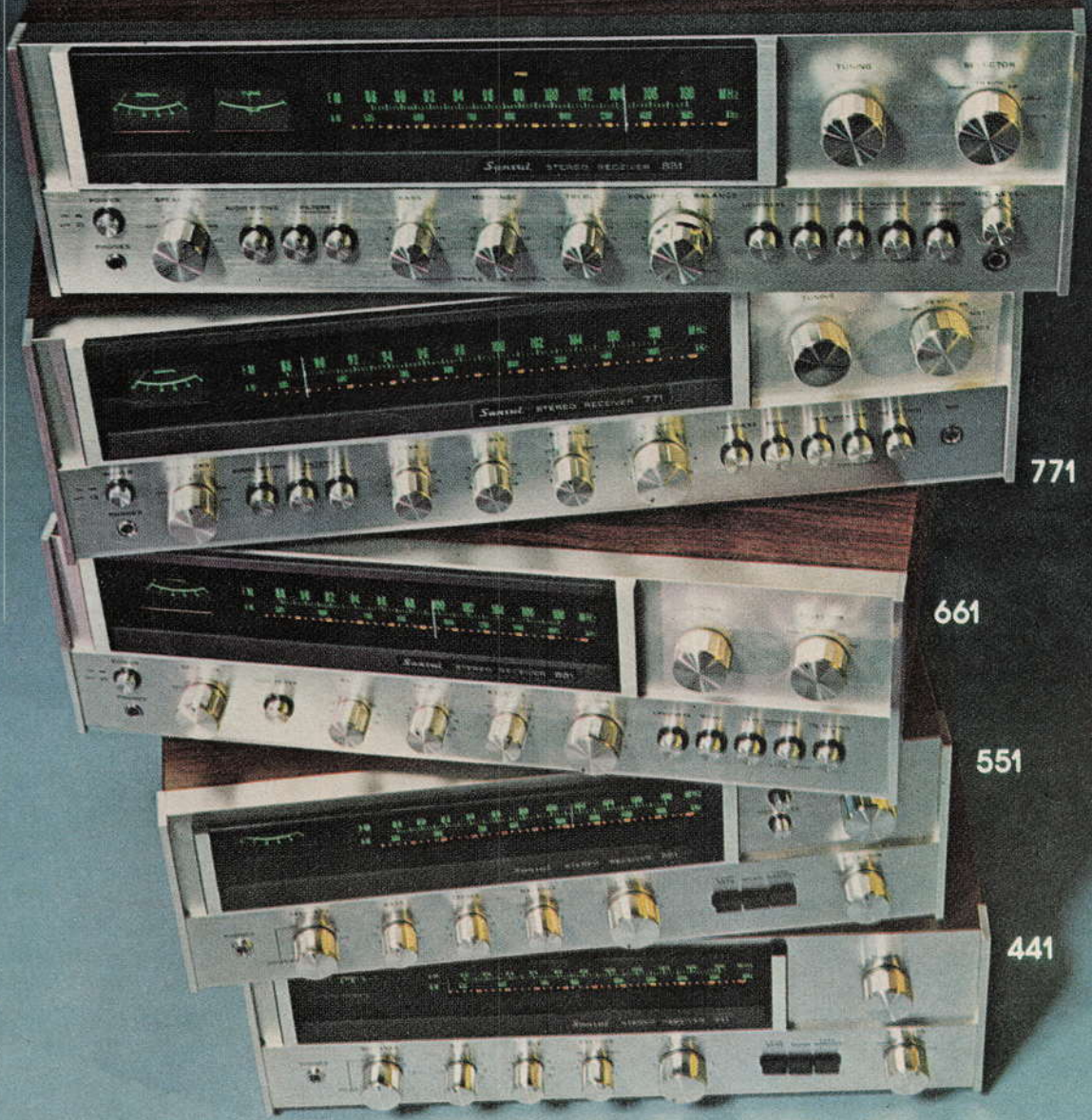
EMI

REG TM OF CRI **CAPITOL MAGNETIC PRODUCTS** A DIVISION OF CAPITOL RECORDS, INC. • LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90028

TM OF EMI LIMITED

Tops all of ours and all of theirs too

the Sansui 881



SANSUI 881 is our finest hour.

The most advanced model in the long line of our already famous AM/FM stereo receivers and it's not only our best, it's the best on the market today.

Specs: 63 watts per channel minimum RMS into 8 Ohm load from 20 Hz to 20 KHz with no more than 0.3% total harmonic distortion. 1.8 microvolts sensitivity.

Hear the SANSUI 881 at your nearest SANSUI franchised dealer – and be sure to pick up your free copy of "The Sounds of SANSUI" or write directly to us.

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.

Woodside, New York 11377 • Gardena, California 90247 • SANSUI ELECTRIC CO. LTD. Tokyo, Japan
SANSUI AUDIO EUROPE S.A. Antwerp, Belgium • ELECTRONIC DISTRIBUTORS (Canada) B.C.

Sansui

FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

VOL. 4 NO. 6 JUNE 1975

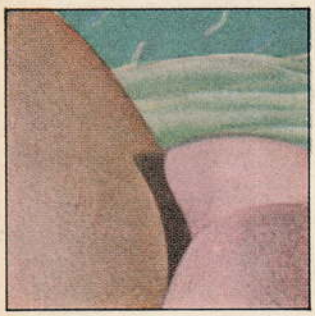
7
MAIL

13
OPENERS

29
SEX TAPES
Finding out what turns women on

32
REVUE

36
SATELLITE

40

SANDSTONE REVISITED
by Herbert Gold
In California, it's possible to find significance in the midst of an orgy.

43
ANYONE FOR TENNIS?
Clothes to beat the heat of the game.

48
BLOOD IN THE STANDS
by Gordon Burn
Kick, bite, punch! Soccer is pretty interesting even if you don't watch the field.

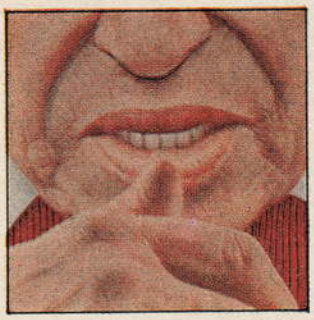
51

DOWN IS UP
But Didier and Claudine are somewhere in between.

56
JOURNEY THROUGH THE AMERICAN MOTEL NIGHTMARE
by Thom Racina
An unflinching look at the three worst places to have an orgasm.

59

NOTORIOUS NINA
The councilor was just a friend, she says, and she's got the goods to prove it.

68

CONVERSATION WITH JEAN-PAUL SARTRE
An authentic event! The existential Marxist bares his angst.

72

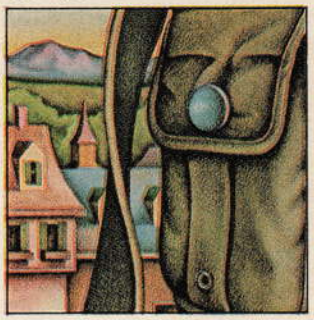
MERCENARIES' REUNION
by Jon Bradshaw
Who says you can't teach the old dogs of war new tricks?

76
BUGATTI
The car that did Isadora Duncan in flashes before your eyes.

80
ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT LOU REED
by Dave Hickey
Despite his popularity, Lou smacks of genius and of Rimbaud.

84

APOLLONIA
Greek culture takes on new forms. Circe learns to do the Bump.

90

THE ENDLESS SUMMER SCHOOL
by Kate Christin Gage
Why bother with Restoration Drama 342 when there's all this?

PLUS:
News reports of soccer violence; and why Charles Manson is not in our magazine.

Minolta helps you scramble for glory.

Beat the competition with a camera that doesn't get in your way.

You're comfortable with a Minolta SR-T from the moment you pick it up. This is the 35mm reflex camera that lets you concentrate on the picture, because the viewfinder shows all the information needed for correct exposure and focusing. You never have to look away from the finder to adjust a Minolta SR-T, so you're ready to catch the one photograph that could never be taken again.

And when subjects call for a different perspective, Minolta SR-T cameras accept a complete system of interchangeable lenses, from "fisheye" wide angle to super-telephoto.

Try a Minolta SR-T and move into fine photography. For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

Minolta SR-T 100/Minolta SR-T 101/Minolta SR-T 102

Is your camera a means of self-expression? If so, enter the Minolta Creative Photography Contest. Grand Prize: two weeks in the south Pacific islands for two, $1000 cash, and a Minolta SR-T 102. 1428 other valuable prizes will be awarded. Nothing to buy. Minolta equipment not required. See your Minolta dealer for details and registration. Or write: Minolta Creative Photography Contest, Box 1831, Blair, Neb. 68009.

oui

HUGH M. HEFNER
Publisher
DANIEL FILIPACCHI
Co-Publisher

NAT LEHRMAN
Editor
JEAN-LOUIS GINIBRE
Co-Editor
DON MENELL
Art Director
MICHAEL LAURENCE
Managing Editor
GORDON MOORE
Photo Editor
PETER McCABE
Articles Editor
MARK ZUSSMAN
Senior Editor
TERRY CATCHPOLE
GAY BRYANT
Associate Editors
JOHN REZEK
Assistant Editor
MICHAEL BROCK
Senior Art Director
JEAN-PIERRE HOLLEY
GEORGE KENTON
Associate Art Directors
TINA BOSSIDY
Fashion Editor
MICHELLE URRY
Cartoon Editor
ARLENE BOURAS
Copy Editor
STAN AMBER
Copy Coordinator
JOY MOORMAN
Associate Copy Editor
MARK COWANS
Art Production Manager
RODNEY WILLIAMS
GENIA TCHORYK
STEVE LOUNSBURY
Art Assistants
LARRY DALE GORDON
Travel Editor
TERESA McKEE
Administrative Assistant
EMALEE ANDRE
Editorial Assistant

RICHARD M. KOFF
Assistant Publisher
BOB ROSE
Advertising Director
JOHN MASTRO
Production Director
RICHARD F. MENDRALA
Production Manager
THOMAS G. WILLIAMS
Customer Service
BEN GOLDBERG
Newsstand Director
ALVIN WIEMOLD
Subscription Manager
CAROLE CRAIG
Reader Service

European Bureau: Chantal Monterastelli (63-65 Champs Elysees, Paris). Contributing Editors: Sean Callahan, Al Goldstein, Cynthia Grenier, John Lombardi, D. Keith Mano, Michael O'Donoghue, Susan Subtle, Carol Troy. With special thanks to: Jim Brown, Gary Cole, Tom Jones, John Kabler, Mark Kauffman, Arthur Kretchmer, Bob Melley, Pat Prince, Richard Quartaroli, Alexa Sehr, Nancy Siegel, Kathryn Simpson, Ron Vickers, and our friends across the water, Regis Pagniez and the staff of LUI magazine.

GENERAL OFFICES: 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights in letters sent to OUI will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to OUI's right to edit and to comment editorially. Contents copyright © 1975 by Playboy Publications, Inc. © LUI magazine as to materials which first appeared in issues of that publication. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between the people and places in fiction and semi-fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. Cover: Nina Carter, photographed by John Kelly; *The Most Amazing Story*, by Paul Theroux, excerpted from *The Great Railway Bazaar: By Train Through Asia*, to be published this fall by Houghton Mifflin; Jean-Paul Sartre interview © John Gerassi, 1975. Lou Reed lyrics; *Heroin* and *Venus in Furs* © Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc.; *Wild Child* Oakfield Avenue Music © 1972. Soccer-violence photos by Camera Press, Central Press, Ray Green, Syndication International and U.P.I. *We* page photos: OUI's mystery *Sex Tapes* girl mysteriously photographed by Sacha van Dorsen; photograph of Francis Giacobetti by Christian Maury.

OUI, June 1975, Volume 4, Number 6. Published monthly by Playboy Publications, Inc., a subsidiary of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second Class Postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Postmaster: Send form 3579 to OUI, P.O. Box 2510, Boulder, Colorado 80302. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $10 for one year.

WE'VE ALWAYS had a good time together, but that Saturday morning Stephen was up to something. He got up early, shaved, cooked breakfast—orange juice, waffles, eggs over-easy, coffee with real cream—and served it to me in bed. Very cozy. Then he set the tray aside, snuggled in close and told me the news. "This afternoon, I'm going to buy something I've always wanted."

"What's that?" I said.

"A motorcycle."

"That's nice. What kind?"

"A Kawasaki."

"Hold on, fella," I said, "I've heard about Kawasaki. You'll good-time yourself into the sunset and I'll never see you again."

"But I'll send you picture postcards," he said snuggling closer.

"Forget it," I said, "you get a motorcycle, I get a motorcycle."

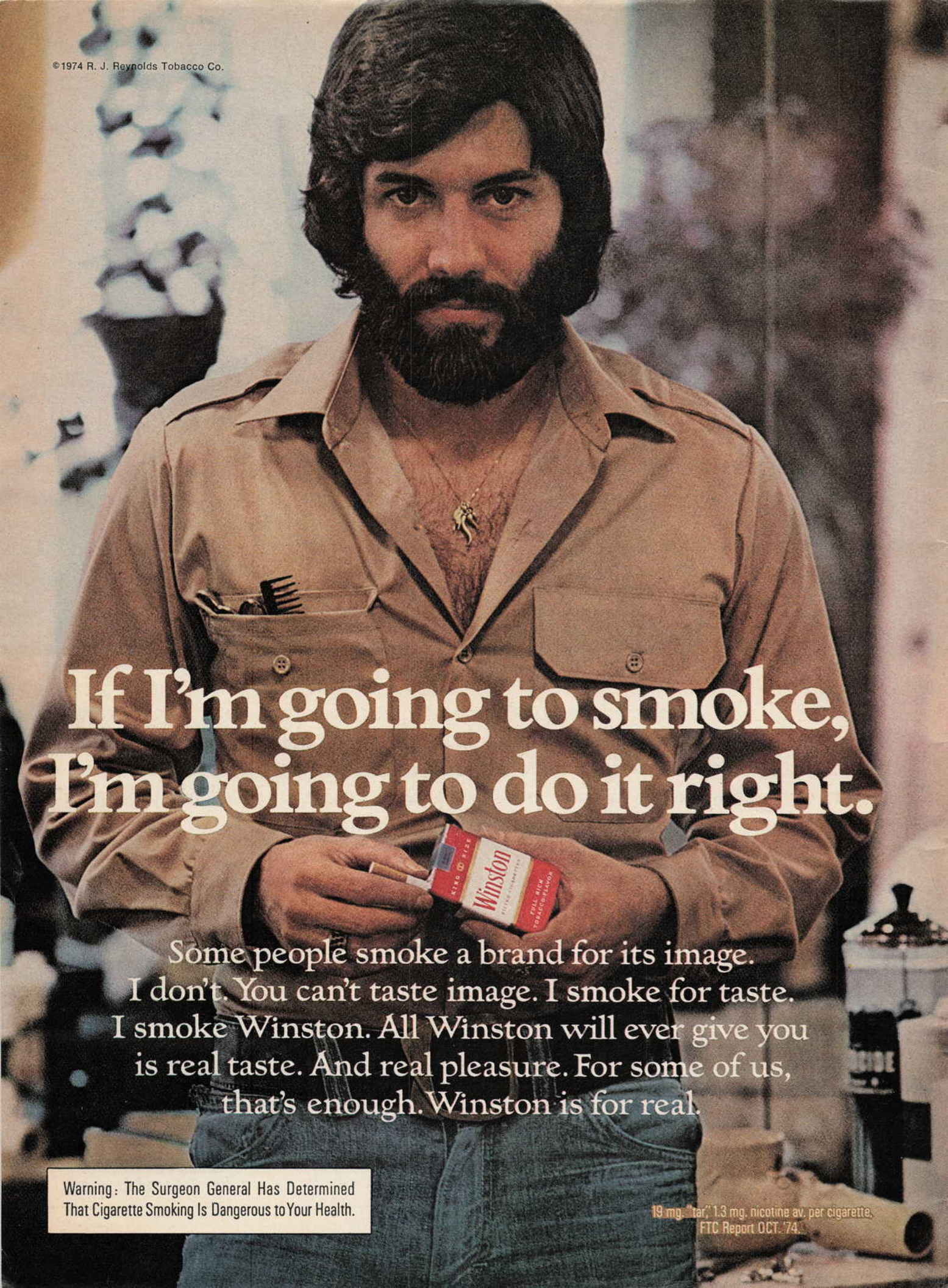
That afternoon he picked out his and I picked out mine, just my size and easy to ride. Anywhere.

Now we spend most of our week-ends riding together, and it's super. Especially finding those out-of-the-way places where we can enjoy doing anything we want. Just the two of us.

Kawasaki
lets the good times roll.

Good times include riding safely. We recommend wearing a helmet and eye protection, keeping lights on and checking local laws before you ride. See Yellow Pages for nearest Kawasaki dealer. Member Motorcycle Industry Council.

©1974 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



If I'm going to smoke, I'm going to do it right.

Some people smoke a brand for its image. I don't. You can't taste image. I smoke for taste. I smoke Winston. All Winston will ever give you is real taste. And real pleasure. For some of us, that's enough. Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

MAIL

Apple Streubel

I enjoyed the March pictorial on Brigitte Streubel and have tried, to no avail, to secure a copy of her book, *Flesh Eater*. I would appreciate it very much if you could possibly send me the publisher's address so that I might secure a copy.

GEORGE MOLTENI
Paterson, New Jersey

That Brigitte Streubel is one sophisticated-looking lady and I really went wild over the picture in which you have her crotch reflected in a mirrored table. I'm even glad you left the panties on her, because there's a very nice hint of the shape of pussy underneath. I'm writing, though, because I figure that a girl who looks like that must be a hell of a poet, especially if the critics are extolling her "pagan virtues," as you allege. *Flesh Eater*, her book is called, huh? I've had my librarian searching for it in *Books in Print* and she can't find anything even remotely similar. You people aren't faking it again, are you?

THOMAS EDWARDS
Denver, Colorado

Us, faking? How would you like it if we insinuated that this Books in Print *of yours is bogus? In fact,* Flesh Eater *was published in a limited edition (in German), and our Munich correspondent tells us that it's now out of print.*

Raw humor

Thank you for clearing up a great mystery for me with your March article *Gershon Legman Doesn't Tell Dirty Jokes*. I own a copy of his *Rationale of the Dirty Joke*, volume one, and have been searching for a copy of volume two. Now I know why I wasn't successful. That's a relief. I would appreciate knowing, however, if anyone courageous enough decides to publish it. I am very interested in its hidden mysteries.

GORDON SERJAK
North Miami, Florida

Swing low-down

My husband and I have been swinging for a year now. We've met several attractive, fun couples by answering ads in *Adam, Swinger's World, Select* and other magazines. So why does Chris Hodenfield (*The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Swinger*, March) ridicule those who put ads in swingers' magazines or those who answer them? We aren't all weirdos, as his article implies. We aren't the idle rich. Most of us are middle class, in our late 20s and a little bored with conventional life. Because swinging isn't accepted in our home town, we use ads to meet new couples. My husband and I are not into swinging just because of sex. Sometimes we become friends with our extra partners. On many occasions, we meet swingers for just a social evening. I can't understand why such a together magazine as OUI should put down swingers' magazines and their ads. I'm sure many other swingers were offended by your article.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Quincy, Illinois

Shoptalk

Sometimes in the shop where I work, some guy has trouble putting a screw in, and the other guys yell out, "Better put some hair around it!" It's the same with skin magazines. I stopped reading *Penthouse* because it started showing girls without any hair down there. What is this? I don't think girls' thingies look right if they don't have hair around them. I looked at a picture here at the shop of a girl who had shaved off her hair. It looked like she was smirking. Thank God there are magazines like OUI that still show girls the way He wanted them—nude and with some hair around it.

FRED WILSON
Los Angeles, California

Hip, hip, hurrah!

After reading *Hip in the Seventies*, by John Lombardi, in your March issue, I am compelled to say that the article is simply paramount. In my day-to-day dealing with the constant bombardment of the inundating Mass Hip culture, I feel relieved to find a magazine of OUI's caliber willing to instigate the long-needed "Strategic Slowdown." How much longer can the pseudo–*au courant* consumer Philosophy be believed? This is one reader who was pleased with the witty, perceptive Alvin Toffler/*Future Shock* parallel.

JEFFERY LYNN JAMIESON
Cedar Falls, Iowa

Gnome sex

Writer John Roemer may have the goods on gnome economics (*Should Switzerland Be Put Out of Business?*, March), but what about gnome sex? Do the little guys get off any way other than fiscally? If so, with whom?

L. TYRONE
Augusta, Maine

Roemer replies that gnomes prefer troll maidens, ogre nymphs, the Jolly Green Giant's granddaughter and an occasional American Motors Gremlin.

Although I read OUI every month and approve of most of its contents, I was

THE GREATEST ROMANTIC EXPERIENCE MAY STILL AWAIT YOU!

SEXUAL BEST SELLERS
NOW AVAILABLE CONVENIENTLY AND CONFIDENTIALLY BY MAIL!
C.O.D. ORDERS ACCEPTED!

EUROPE'S BEST SELLING SEX MANUAL
THOUSANDS SOLD AT UP TO $12.95!
THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

FEATURING:
OVER 100 LARGE FULL PAGE FULL COLOR UNCENSORED and UNRETOUCHED PHOTOS

This is Europe's best-selling sex manual! Now, at long last, you can obtain it in the U.S.A. Why is this magnificent book attracting such wide attention everywhere? Because it combines no-punches-pulled straight talk about sex in all its pleasurable variations with clear, vivid, full color photographs of live models — nude men and women — graphically demonstrating the wondrous and numerous techniques of sexual love. Neither instinct nor trial-and-error could possibly teach you the advanced sexual techniques explicitly pictured and described in this remarkable book. Almost overnight, you will learn how to transform dull, routine sex into exciting episodes of sensation, satisfaction and gratification beyond your fondest hopes. And it's all so incredibly easy to follow because the color photographs show you precisely what to do, detail by detail, every step of the way.

SPECIAL DELUXE ALL COLOR-PERFECT BOUND EDITION 224 PAGES
NOW ONLY $4.95

OVER HALF MILLION COPIES SOLD AT UP TO $14.95!!

NOW! A MODERN BOOK FOR ADVENTUROUS COUPLES!
THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE

This is probably the first truly 'HOW-TO' Sex Manual Ever Published! The entire book is completely devoted to the physical aspects of sex...

FEATURING:
- The Largest & Greatest Text Ever Written!
- 196 Actual Photographs In Monochrome
- 320 Pages Of The Most Straightforward Up-To-Date Facts, Advice And Information That Modern Medicine And Psychology Can Supply!

WHAT TO DO...HOW TO DO IT...WHEN TO DO IT!
At last! A modern sex book for modern adventurous couples. Yes, a book written and illustrated to take you and your love partner, as far into the joys of sexual pleasure as you and your mate choose to go. Here is a book long overdue. Here finally is a modern, up-to-date and sexually liberated book, featuring over 196 photographs, and dedicated to the premise that love, imagination and experimentation are the keys to unlocking all the wondrous pleasures of sex!

The complete uncensored and unabridged $14.95 edition; 196 actual photographs; in paperback—320 pages.
NOW ONLY $2.95

OVER ONE MILLION COPIES SOLD AT UP TO $12.95 per copy NOW ONLY $2.95
THE *NEW*
PHOTOGRAPHIC MANUAL OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

FEATURING:
Over 750 FULL COLOR AND BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

Here it is new and revised, one of the all-time greatest and best-selling sex manuals ever published! It's been translated into five foreign languages. It's been used in sex courses by such Universities as Johns Hopkins. It's been acclaimed by psychiatrists, psychologists and members of the medical profession. It was reviewed and praised by "Playboy Magazine" as well as by numerous newspaper and T.V. columnists. Many have called "The Photographic Manual Of Sexual Intercourse" — "America's Advanced Sex Course" and for you and your mate, that's exactly what it will be!

The complete uncensored and unabridged $12.95 Edition complete with FULL COLOR Photographs, in paperback—264 pages
NOW ONLY $2.95

Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Money Refunded Within 10 Days!
SPECIAL LIMITED TIME OFFER TO READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE! BUY ALL 3 SEX BEST SELLERS FOR ONLY $9.95 and SAVE $1.00!
(NOTE: Please add 30¢ per each book for postage & handling)

Medi-Data, Inc. P.O. Box 4399, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017 Dept. OU-70
Please rush me in plain sealed wrapper, the books I have indicated below as per your 10 day money back guarantee!
☐ I have enclosed $_____ in full payment. ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O.
☐ I have enclosed a $1 deposit. Please send C.O.D.
☐ PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE — $4.95
☐ PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE — $2.95
☐ PHOTOGRAPHIC MANUAL OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE — $2.95
☐ ALL THREE FOR ONLY — $9.95
SIGNATURE ☛ _____
I hereby represent that I am over 18 years of age.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
SAVE MONEY! Enclose full payment & SAVE Post Office C.O.D. charges!

quite shocked by John Roemer's article on Swiss banking. Since OUI is read by millions of people, your editorial staff should be better-informed and more competent in its selection of material.

The portrayal of Switzerland as a cesspool of corruption, with a crooked banker behind every rosebush, is idiotic. I have walked down the Bahnhofstrasse many times, but I have never seen any of those four-foot high, "black-clad, crookbacked" gnomes slinking along the avenue. I don't think the author has seen any of them, either—unless, perhaps, he saw his own reflection in a plate-glass window.

Roemer's overemotional article exudes a strong smell of sour grapes. Could it be that he tried to outsmart a Swiss bank and didn't get away with it?

TED O. MEDEARIS
Honolulu, Hawaii

Miffed myth

In *The Great Myths of Our Time* article (March), you include getting stoned on nutmeg. I have consumed one teaspoon of nutmeg on several occasions, and within four to six hours, I experienced subtle but real changes in consciousness and a pleasant, heightened awareness of my body. A number of authorities also believe that nutmeg can alter mental states and that MDA can be produced from essential oils contained in nutmeg. Unfortunately, these oils appear to be toxic.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
La Crosse, Wisconsin

King as queen

Once again, facts have been ignored for the sake of sensationalism. I have never read a more distorted description of Billie Jean King than in the March article *The Under-the-Hill Gang*, by Maury Z. Levy. Where did this so-called journalist get the gall to write those slanders? He has taken a warm, sincere, articulate and dedicated individual and made a monster out of her. Billie Jean was one of the first to recognize Chris Evert's talents and cheer her on. Mrs. King has spent a great deal of her time giving free tennis lessons to young people of all backgrounds. She is unselfish in her dedication to tennis and would not stoop so low as to deny others their due. I think that OUI owes Billie Jean King, champion and beautiful human being, an apology.

ROBERT M. VALEK
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Levy, who has written about Mrs. King before, is still a contributing editor to her magazine, WomenSports. *She must believe that he is a very good journalist.*

Good connection

As a corporate-tax attorney, whose eyes are singed endlessly by arcane abstractions in the tax laws, I found the telephonic foreplay in January's *Hello, Hello?* pictorial a sensationally sensuous visual delight—and the high point of my month!

ASHBY TURNER RICHARDS, JR.
Wilmington, Delaware

Horror elegance

The Frankensteinlike fashion shooting (*Horror Clothes*, February) is wonderful. You really do it when it comes to fashion.

JACQUELINE BOOKER
New York, New York

Your fashion editor did a magnificent job in the February issue. I don't think I would buy any of the clothes pictured, nor do I know any friends who would. But that's *my* problem. I think the shooting is wonderful. And it was a flash to learn that it took place in Sir Kenneth Clark's English home, Saltwood Castle. By the way, how did Dalila fare from all those operations?

CHARLES KEATS
Houston, Texas

As you can see here, Dalila Di Lazzaro is in tiptop shape. The internationally famous doctor is checking her dorsal transplants and listening to her internal organ concert.

Bike dreams

The Story of Ower (February) is really great. I'm one of the few thousand cats who dig chicks in leather. I have the center spread of Sally pinned up right next to my picture of Brigitte Bardot straddling her cycle.

Someday, you high-powered media types will understand the kind of chick who really stokes a lot of us cycle guys. We bike jocks dream about a real cool babe like Ower, all trussed up in hide-hugging, black-leather pants stretched down over knee-high cycle boots, with an equally taut leather shirt squeezing around her breasts, leaving nothing to the imagination, and all being pulled together with a wide leather belt. We find this babe manning her own cycle, somewhere on the outskirts of town. We approach her at a stop light where her booted leg is extended to brace the throbbing cycle nestled against her leather-bound crotch.

Naturally, my large, sexy, leather-encased body stokes the chick to an equally large high, and very soon she ditches her cycle so that she can rub her bare nipples into my horsehair-covered back while massaging my crotch with both hands. Very soon, I ditch *my* cycle and fight to free her crotch from its tight leather. I have always wondered, in this fantasy, if her leathers really would come off. Anyway, thanks for Sally Ower.

JULES RINGUET
Montreal, Quebec

Windy city

The world is full of beautiful girls, but very few have that indefinable quality of your March cover girl, Ann Cole.

JOHN HARRIS
Atlanta, Georgia

My vote for cover girl of the year goes to Ann Cole.

LES MORGAN
Chatham, New Jersey

Your cover with Ann Cole is very nice, but the fire hydrant is too far to the right.

DALE BONDREAU
Kelso, Washington

OUI, the men on the second floor of Thorpe Hall at Central Michigan University, can truly relate to Ann Cole. We all agree that there is more behind Ann than just a sensuous body and a perfect face. We have voted her our floor mascot.

The Second Floor
Thorpe Hall
Mt. Pleasant, Michigan

Your March cover, featuring Ann Cole, made me pull on my Camels a little bit too hard.

DENNIS S. GODDARD
Ridgefield, Connecticut

It's good to see magazines really searching for creative ideas that entertain

Win a $5,000 quadraphonic system from ULTRA BRITE®. (It's a sound way to improve your love life.)

OFFICIAL RULES: 1. To enter, complete the entry form or, on a 3" x 5" piece of paper, print your name, address and zip code. **Enter as often as you like,** but mail each entry separately to: ULTRA BRITE Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 1958, Baltimore, Md. 21203.

2. Each entry must include two end-flaps from any size ULTRA BRITE Toothpaste carton, or a 3" x 5" piece of paper on which you have handprinted the words "ULTRA BRITE", in plain block letters. To be eligible, entries must be mailed by July 15, 1975 and received by July 22, 1975.

3. All winners will be determined in a random drawing from all entries received by Century Group, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Taxes, if any, are the sole responsibility of the winners. All prizes will be awarded. Only one prize to a family. No substitution of prizes permitted. For a winners list, send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: ULTRA BRITE Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 1960, Baltimore, Md. 21203.

4. The Grand Prize consists of: 1 Marantz 4400 AM/FM 4-Channel Receiver, 4 Marantz Imperial 9 Speakers, 1 Teac 3340 S 4-Channel Tape Deck and 1 Maxell 10" reel with a 3600' blank tape, 1 Dual 1229 Q Turntable, Dustcover and Base, an Empire 4000 D/III Quad Cartridge, 1 Marantz SE-1S Electrostatic Headphone System plus 1 Auxiliary Marantz SE1HP Headphone.

5. 25 First Prizes are Marantz SE-1S Electrostatic Headphone Systems. 100 Second Prizes are Sony TFM3950W AM/FM Radios.

6. The ULTRA BRITE Sweepstakes are open to all residents of the United States, except employees and their families of Colgate-Palmolive Co., its advertising agencies and Century Group, Inc. Void in the states of Idaho, Georgia and Missouri, and wherever else prohibited by law. The odds of winning will be determined by the total number of entries received in the sweepstakes. **No purchase is necessary.**

Enter as often as you like, but each entry must be mailed separately.

ultra brite TOOTHPASTE REGULAR FLAVOR

Sweepstakes

Mail to: ULTRA BRITE Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 1958, Baltimore, Md. 21203

Yes, enter me in the ULTRA BRITE Sweepstakes. I've enclosed two end-flaps from an ULTRA BRITE® Toothpaste carton or the words "ULTRA BRITE" printed in block letters on a 3" x 5" piece of paper.

Mr., Ms._____ Age_____
(please print plainly)

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____
(required)

A

©1975 Colgate-Palmolive Co

and amuse. Your March cover, with its Marilyn Monroe/*Seven Year Itch* motif, is such a refreshingly different idea that it blew the other magazines right off the stands. No one else ever comes close to being in your league. Keep those skirts flowing and the wind blowing.

DAVID CRAIN
Miami, Florida

When I saw your March cover, I knew spring was on the way. Ann Cole's breezy dress and her April-fresh underneath made for an internal barometric distraction whose intensity approximated atomic fusion. Thanks.

JOEL BARTON
Hartford, Connecticut

Message from God's children

I have been able to pick up a copy of the February OUI, and I want to let you know how grateful we, the Children of God, are for Jerome Doolittle's article, *Murder Most Foul*. It is very fairly written, complete, humorous, factual, as well as interesting reading. We're really praying that God uses this story to get His message out and that a lot of people will be liberated in some way by it, even though the line on the cover and the artwork weren't very indicative of the contents of the article.

Everybody here is doing great and shares my sentiments about the article. Since we last saw Jerry, we've really been able to expand our outreach quite a bit, as we have a lot more freedom to carry on our work. Very few people even remember much about the Claudia Ross case, and even the Stateside Investigation of our organization never made much news here.

Gibeah
Children of God International
Bangkok, Thailand

Smoke signals

I am delighted with your photos of women with cigarettes. You obviously recognize the extremely sexual mood created by a beautiful woman smoking. I would love to see you run an entire pictorial of women in various stages of smoking. I find cigars disgusting, mind you, but a cigarette pictorial would, without doubt, be your greatest and most sensuous accomplishment.

PETER TARRIN
Chicago, Illinois

Surveying the country

We recently conducted a survey of our campus and the surrounding area, in which we contacted people between the ages of 16 and 30. The object of this survey was to determine which had the most popular centerfold—OUI, *Playboy* or *Penthouse*. The outcome put OUI far in the lead, with *Playboy* and *Penthouse* finishing second and third, respectively. Of all the centerfolds mentioned, the most popular was that of Alicia Tamsin in your January issue. We now feel an obligation to the OUI fan club started because of this survey. Please keep up the good work, for our sake.

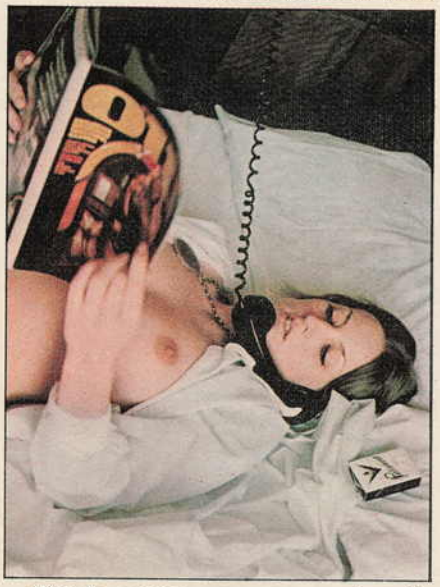
DEE NOFFSINGER
North Manchester, Indiana

For your sake, Dee, and for millions just like you.

Love letter

OUI is the best magazine in the world. I read it all the time, even while talking on the phone, sometimes in bed. There will always be a warm spot in my heart for these pages.

BARBARA MUELLER
San Diego, California



Words cannot express our humble gratitude, Barbara. Keep those cards and pictures coming in.

Back-seat driver

Nitpicking lives! In your *Back-Seat Love* photo essay in the February issue, Seaman Hornblower, whose uniform will be officially obsolete July 1, has a haircut that would never pass inspection. Edna St. Louis Missouri, however, appears to be 100 percent regulation.

SAM MCCRUM
Des Plaines, Illinois

The shoe platform

I have to answer the "Toe jam" letter in your March *Mail* section. In it, John Renfrew says he wants to see girls without any shoes on. A pair of platform shoes or a pair of stockings can really set off legs. Your fine photographers understand this.

GEORGE KEATON
Chicago, Illinois

Please leave the shoes on! OUI is one of the few magazines to consistently portray its young darlings in sandals, platforms and high heels. Shoes do something for a woman's appearance—whether she's naked, partially dressed or fully clothed, shoes always add more excitement. They're an excellent complement to shapely legs and well-turned ankles. If others prefer barefoot girls, let them read the others.

R. RYAN
Ridgefield Park, New Jersey

I have to agree with John Renfrew that girls without shoes on are more exciting than those with Wedgies or loafers or even satin pumps. I have an extensive personal collection of pictures of women with their toes spread. It takes muscle coordination to spread all your toes at once, and it's a more subtle thing than one might expect. The space between the toes can appear to be coyly discreet or like a cavernous yawn. I'd like to see your models shown with their toes curled *and* spread. For me, it is the summit of sexual expressiveness.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Tarzana, California

Opening lines

As one of many d.j.s without a tongue for comedy, I really appreciate the short, airable articles in your *Openers* section. You made my show a better one. Thanks.

RICK LUCAS
WIGS Radio
Gouverneur, New York

Rose tattoo

On page 121 of your February issue, there's a picture of a girl's crotch with the tattoo I put above it.

As much as I enjoyed seeing both the crotch and my artwork, you failed to give me an artist's credit.

If your photographer had been a little more daring, he would have spread her legs and shot the rest of the tattoo, my signature!

SPIDER WEBB, President
Tattoo Club of America
Mount Vernon, New York

Our photographer purposely avoided showing the signature. Webb writes in longhand and has lousy penmanship. But he is great with a needle.

Death in Rome

Let me bring up to date your interesting article *The Roman Circus of Bernardo Bertolucci* (December). In the midst of his text, Pietro Di Donato speaks of a certain street sweeper named Nello, who was very well known in the Piazza di Spagna, Via dei Condotti and Via Frattina areas—the man Bertolucci wanted to cast as a Roman emperor in a forthcoming film.

Nello died about ten days before Christmas. He was crossing the street at the corner of Via del Tritone and the Traforo tunnel, faithfully abiding by the white-diagonal pedestrian zone (which is considered sacred in Italy), and was

struck by a city bus! Poor Nello died upon impact, and his loss was suffered by many—including Paolo Bulgari, Peppino, the man's hairdresser, and Gucci.

Nello had gone on pension roughly two years ago, and because he had absolutely nothing to do, he begged the city government to give him back his garbage cart so that he could sweep the better known streets of Rome, without pay—which he continued to do until he died. It is not often that we see an industrious Italian who works out of love for his "clients." I am sure we who live here will all miss Nello and his daily comments on who's with whom, where to go and what's going on.

ROBERT JOSEPH ZERBY III
Rome, Italy

Cuban travel

I enjoyed your January interview with Fidel Castro. I have always been interested in Cuba, and your interview piqued that interest to such an extent that I really want to go there. Will the U. S. State Department let me?

JIM CURTIS
New York, New York

You can apply to the Passport Office in Washington, D.C., for passport validation to travel to a restricted country, and you may get it: (1) as a journalist or a photographer, (2) as a doctor or a scientist in the fields of medicine or public health, (3) as a scholar doing research for publication, (4) as a representative of the American Red Cross or (5) for humanitarian reasons—for example, if you are a U. S. citizen and you have a close relative in Cuba who is very ill. The procedure for obtaining a visa is to send proper documentation of one of the five categories listed above to the Passport Office and then write to the Czechoslovakian Embassy, Cuban Section, in Washington, D.C., for a Cuban visa application. The Czech embassy told us that someone wanting to go to Cuba without validation from the State Department should write to the appropriate ministry in Havana. For instance, if you wanted to attend the University of Havana, you would write to the university and to the minister of education. The Passport Office told us that since the "Lynd vs. Rusk" decision, it cannot restrict travel; it can restrict only the use of the passport. Elizabeth Hagerty, Public Affairs Advisor of the State Department Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs, said that there is "no practical way to impose criminal sanctions" against someone who goes to a restricted country without a validated passport. People traveling without a validated passport do so without the protection of the U. S. Government.

Address letters to:
Mail, OUI
919 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

The place: hot.
The mood: thirsty.
The drink: KAHLÚA® & Soda.
Over ice, an ounce of Kahlúa, a fill-up of soda, a squeeze of lime. A great way to cool it!
For other Kahlúa refreshments, send for our recipe book. Free. Because you deserve something nice.
Kahlúa. 53 Proof. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. Maidstone Importers, 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.

Wind Drift.® It's like the sea. It freshens your skin while it stirs the senses. Wind Drift After Shave and Cologne from English Leather.®

MEM COMPANY, INC. NORTHVALE, N.J. 07647 © 1975 ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

What's More?

It's longer.
It's leaner.
It's slower.
It's easy drawing.
It's a cigarette.

It's a new experience.

It's a whole new look in cigarettes.

A whole new feel.

A whole new length.

More. It's the first 120mm cigarette. Longer and slower-burning than a conventional cigarette, More gives you more time for those relaxing moments. More flavor yet surprising mildness.

More. Put your cigarette against it.

It's a cooling blast.

If you like menthol, now you can have More Menthol.

It's the new 120mm menthol cigarette that starts with a blast, then gives you more coolness and tobacco taste.

More Menthol. The longest, coolest menthol experience you've ever had.

More Menthol. Put your menthol cigarette against it.

© 1974—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Over 50% more puffs than a 100mm cigarette.
Yet More doesn't cost more.

The first 120mm cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter, Menthol: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette by FTC method.

OPENERS

Poppies! goes the weasel

What is the U. S. Secret Service good for? Listen up, while we tell you about Shlomo Gruber, the man who was, until late last year, head gardener for Jerusalem's King David Hotel.

Shlomo Gruber was no ordinary head gardener. Alongside the lovely roses and carnations in the hotel's flower beds, Shlomo Gruber grew poppies, which he cut and sold to the opium trade. He had done this for at least 25 years, during which time the King David was *the* VIP hotel in Jerusalem and was under constant surveillance by Israel's security forces.

No one had ever discovered Gruber's secret garden—until Henry Kissinger stayed at the King David in May. A U. S. Secret Serviceman in the Kissinger entourage took a stroll in Shlomo Gruber's gardens and spotted the poppies. He alerted Israeli police. They arrested 62-year-old Shlomo Gruber, who had retired the week before after 43 years at the hotel.

So, the U. S. Secret Service is good for spotting poppies in Israel. It is good for nabbing elderly Jewish gardeners. It is *not* very good at thwarting Oswalds, Sirhans and Bremers, but what the hell....

Boulevardier gets it in the head

"*Screwing in a toilet* always counted as a supreme mark of sophistication among the *jaded jet setters* of Europe," writes our friend the Boulevardier. "The fad was initiated by a far-famed Latin-American diplomat/playboy at the *swank Paris night club* Eléphant Blanc. His frequent pilgrimages to the upstairs coed toilet were invariably tabulated with *great glee* by the other patrons. The *all-time* record was established during one memorable evening, when the diplomattress man water-closeted himself with *four different ladies* on four separate occasions."

And that's no bathroom joke, right, M. Boulevardier? Tell us what happened next.

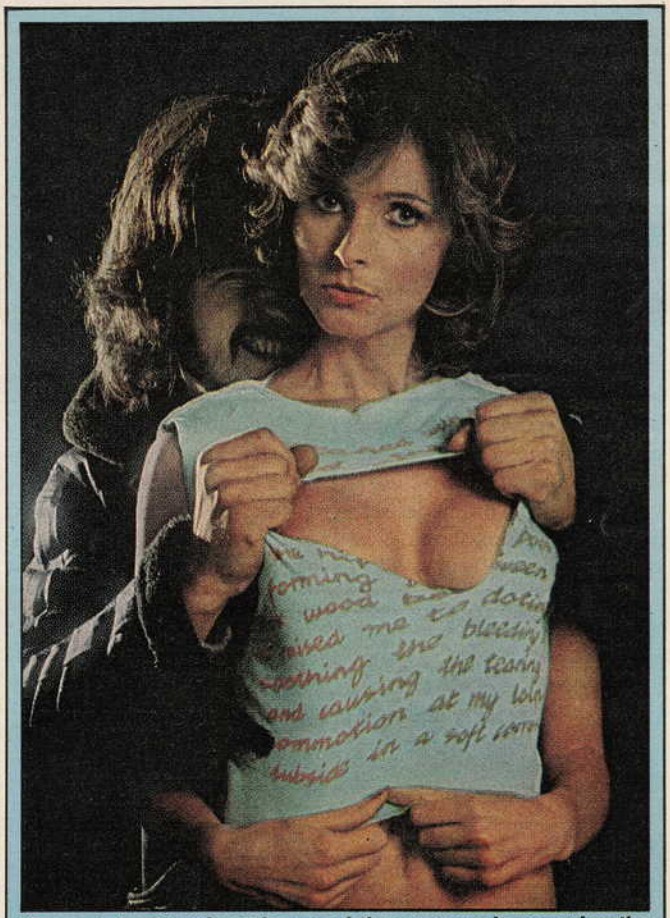
"The diddling diplomat's biggest sex-in-the-toilet rival was an equally well-known international superstud and *religious leader of millions*. They finally joined forces and set up explicit rules for the new jet-set sport:

"1. *No cunnilingus* to get the lady worked up;

"2. *No sitting down* on the toilet lid and impaling the partner from that position;

"3. *No doggy style*, owing to the danger of the lady's

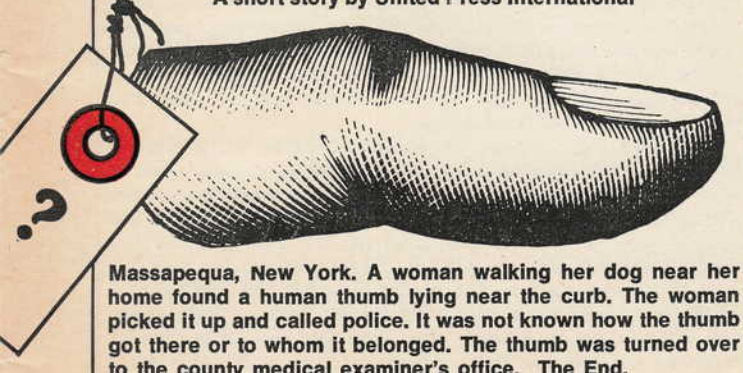
The Luxembourg radio station invited American rocker Alice Cooper to join with other pop stars in taping an antidrug message for broadcast over the station and Alice agreed. Silly radio station. Said Alice's message: "If you take drugs, I will personally come to your house and slit your puppy dog's throat." Said the radio station: "We consider it in bad taste and will not use it." Silly, silly, silly.



"I groaned with pain as he eased the pressure in removing the thing that had split me. . . ." What kind of T-shirt *is this*? It's called the Rape T-Shirt, friend, and it's on sale in London, England, and God knows where else. Girls who are asking for it are asking for it. Get yours today and you'll get yours tomorrow. Don't bite the fantasy that feeds you. Etc.

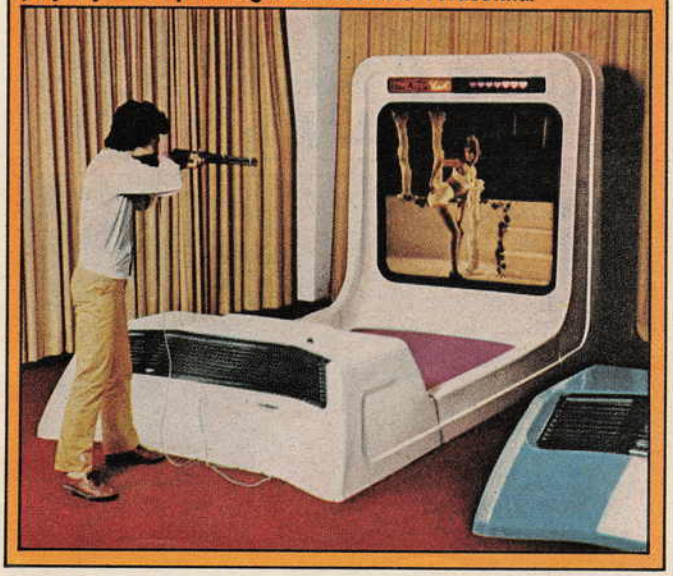
THE THUMB

A short story by United Press International



Massapequa, New York. A woman walking her dog near her home found a human thumb lying near the curb. The woman picked it up and called police. It was not known how the thumb got there or to whom it belonged. The thumb was turned over to the county medical examiner's office. The End.

A new toy for the rec room, this arcade game from Japan is called Fascination. With the scrutability typical of the new Orient, it's described as "a game to shoot down clothes of a fashion model with a rifle." The girl appears fully clothed, dancing to a latin beat. The film stops for a second and the player must aim his rifle and fire: if he scores a hit, the girl loses an article of clothing; if he scores a hit on each of the six shots allowed, the player gets to watch the fashion model finish her dance stark-naked. This is an especially good game to play if you are planning to assassinate Veruschka.



banging her head on the wall and receiving a concussion;

"4. *Only stand-up intercourse* counted on the jet set's toilet-screw scoreboard—either conventionally or anally."

Whew! Talk about *proper toilet training*! How did things work out, M. Boulevardier?

"Sex in the toilet became a *world-wide fad*. A noted toreador imported it to Spain. A world-famous Hollywood gal star became its leading apostle and added a new wrinkle by beating out a *fast fandango* with her high heels while being worked over by her latest *gypsy gigolo*. When founders of a smart new *Manhattan discothèque* were musing over plans, they came to Paris specifically to take the measurements of the Eléphant Blanc screwing toilet, so it could be re-created in New York. Later, a fashionable *Palm Springs club* set aside one toilet *for sex only*, since the regular men's and women's facilities were strictly separated."

Fantastic, M. Boulevardier! How reassuring to know that at least one grand tradition is still with us. And you had

Date_____ Time_____

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

M _____

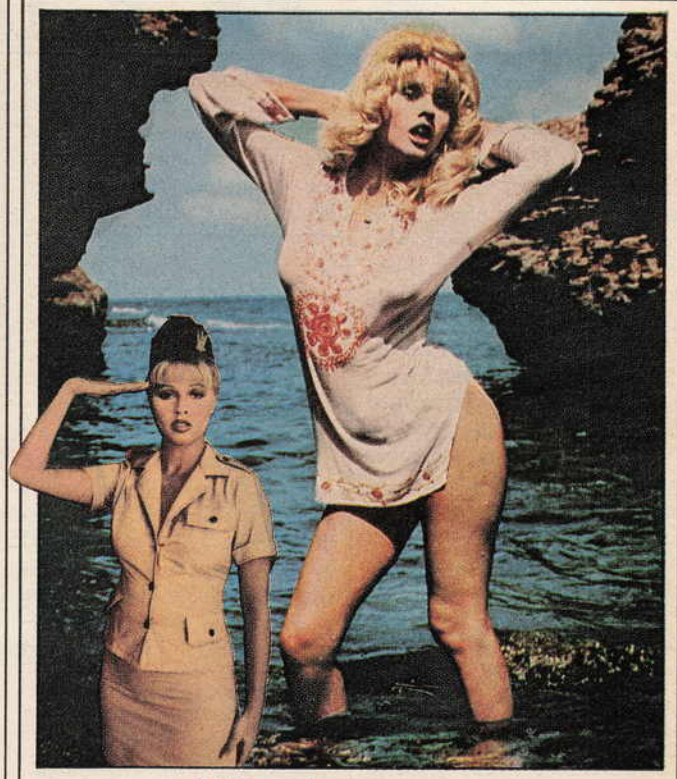
Phone _____

Telephoned		Will call again		Left package	
Please call		Was in		Left country	

has	wants		quantity	price
☐	☐	marijuana		
☐	☐	hashish		
☐	☐	cocaine		
☐	☐	lsd		
☐	☐	mescaline		
☐	☐	psilocybin		

Message _____

Now, at last, a new message form for today's new businesses. Let's run it through the hookah and see who takes a hit.



OUI salutes . . . Private Pnina "Rosie" Rosenblum, Israeli army (Ret.)

Rosie Rosenblum was drafted into her nation's service and went through an event-filled seven months—13 months short of the usual tour—before being discharged. The official reason, according to a tight-lipped army spokesman, was "her demonstrated lack of interest to adjust." The unofficial reason, it seems, was that Rosie—or Rosie's boobs—adjusted *all too well*, especially after she had her army-issue uniform custom-tailored to conform to her 36″-24″-36″ frame. It sent the male soldiers up the wall, wailing.

Rosie was quickly sent packing to the air force's entertainment unit, but this didn't work, either. Her shows were considered too sexy, and with the Syrians advancing from the north and the Egyptians advancing from the south, the Israeli troops were standing still. "Whenever you appear, there is trouble," one officer told Rosie. "All the soldiers stop and watch, and that affects discipline."

And then there began the seditious rumor about Rosie's bosom's being infiltrated by silicone. Rosie claimed that it was false. But she had taken all the harassment she could and applied for a discharge on the grounds that she was the sole support of her widowed mother. The army granted the request, adding its own reasons. Rosie retreated to her Tel Aviv penthouse—where, she claims, she has the biggest bed in the city—and made big plans for the future. "Very soon, you will see me as a stage star," she told the press, "and I won't be inviting any army officers to come and watch me."

Here's to you, Rosie Rosenblum.

"My Marantz stereo is built strong as a bloomin' tank!"

"I've got a lot of respect for Marantz' first-rate construction. In my establishment my Marantz stereo system is goin' all the time, year in, year out. And because Marantz builds receivers with nothin' but the best materials, they're as **dependable** and rugged as the Highland Regulars.

In fact, Marantz **guarantees parts, labor and performance specifications for three full years.*** But it's the sound that stirs the heart. Especially with the built-in **Dolby Noise Reduction System.**** You can use it to silence noise on tapes, records, even FM Dolbyized radio programs. The Marantz sound is so ruddy real that listenin' to the pipers playin' makes me feel like I was back with my old regiment chasin' the desert fox."

London pub owner Sergeant Major (Ret.) Harry Driscoll owns a Marantz 2325 AM/FM stereo receiver. 125 watts continuous power per channel at 8 ohms from 20 Hz to 20 kHz with no more than 0.15% total harmonic distortion. See the complete Marantz line starting as low as $249.95 at your Marantz dealer.

All over the world people consider Marantz Stereo the finest in the world.

marantz.®
We sound better.

*Marantz Co., Inc. guarantees to the original registered owner that all parts will be free from operating defects and that performance will be within printed specifications for three years from purchase date, except oscilloscope tubes which are guaranteed for 90 days. Product will be repaired or replaced free of charge in the sole discretion of Marantz in the country of purchase, provided it was purchased from an authorized dealer. The serial number cannot be altered or removed. Product must be serviced by authorized Marantz repair technicians only.

**Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Labs, Inc.

©1975 Marantz Co., Inc., a subsidiary of Superscope, Inc., P.O. Box 99, Sun Valley, CA 91352. In Europe: Superscope Europe, S.A., Brussels, Belgium. In Canada: Superscope Canada, Ltd., Ontario. Prices and models subject to change without notice. Consult the Yellow Pages for your nearest Marantz dealer. Send for free catalog.

better be with us, too, dear reader, when next we receive a communiqué from . . . the Boulevardier.

Vampires are a pain in the neck

There is a tragic flaw in the German character that prompts enthusiasts to go *too far*. This vampire business in Hamburg, for example. It began innocently enough—plastic vampire teeth selling for 15 cents, vampire magazines, horror flicks featuring vampires; even the Vampirette model vacuum cleaner ("Great Sucking Power!") wasn't *that* excessive.

But then came vampire freak Walter Lorke, 24, an unemployed laborer who not only slept in a coffin at night but also confessed to a real hankering for human blood. One night when Walter was especially bloodthirsty, he invited a buddy over for a drink. An argument ensued, and before you could say "Transylvania," Walter had bloodied his friend's nose, drunk the blood and was trying to offer him up as a vampire sacrifice. Fortunately, the friend managed to escape and have Walter arrested.

Is this the end of Walter Lorke and German vampire worship? You kidding? Did the Beer-Hall *Putsch* arrest stop you know who? That Fourth Reich promises to be a dilly.

Oui's Believe It or Else!

A Paris gynecologist friend tells us of the day a lovely young *mademoiselle* came dashing into his office, showing signs of being in excruciating pain and attributing the discomfort to a foreign object lodged in her vaginal canal. The doctor quickly hoisted her into the stirrups, whipped out his speculum and removed . . . the gearshift knob from milady's Jaguar XJ-12. Upon which incident, the chagrined patient confessed that, yes, she had been getting off on her jazzy new auto in more ways than one.

Welcome back to baseball, 1975, America's allegedly favorite sport. All over the country, from Midwest cornfields to glistening big-city stadiums, the nation's fans once again thrill to a cleanup clouter unlimbering the lumber to downtown the pellet for a round-tripper, to a portside twirler whiffing the side with sudden smoke and to scenes such as this: a Chicago Cub trying to get to second base with an Atlanta Brave. Thought it was *basketball* that had the back-door play. Ah, well, you can't score if you don't get on. Welcome back.

Sci-fiasco

Despite their Bozo T-shirts and propeller beanies, the 4300 delegates to the 1974 World Sci-Fi Convention, held in Washington, D.C., seemed to have sex on their minds as much as the future. Perhaps the tone was set by the opening-day dialog between ace sci-fi writers Isaac Asimov and Harlan Ellison. The great issue? Each other's sex life. Excerpts from the colloquy:

Ellison: I met Isaac in a Y.M.C.A. many years ago.

Asimov: I'll never hit Harlan below the belt. I can't reach that low.

Ellison: I'm taller than any wastebasket I know.

Asimov: When I say you're short, I mean financially.

Ellison: You schmuck.

Asimov: Harlan and I love each other. We're queer.

Ellison: You're such a *yenta*.

Asimov: I want all women to be free. I hate it when they charge.

Ellison (to crowd): You poor assholes.

Asimov: Only a year ago, they told Harlan he's a man.

Ellison: I never looked down to see my wee-wee before that.

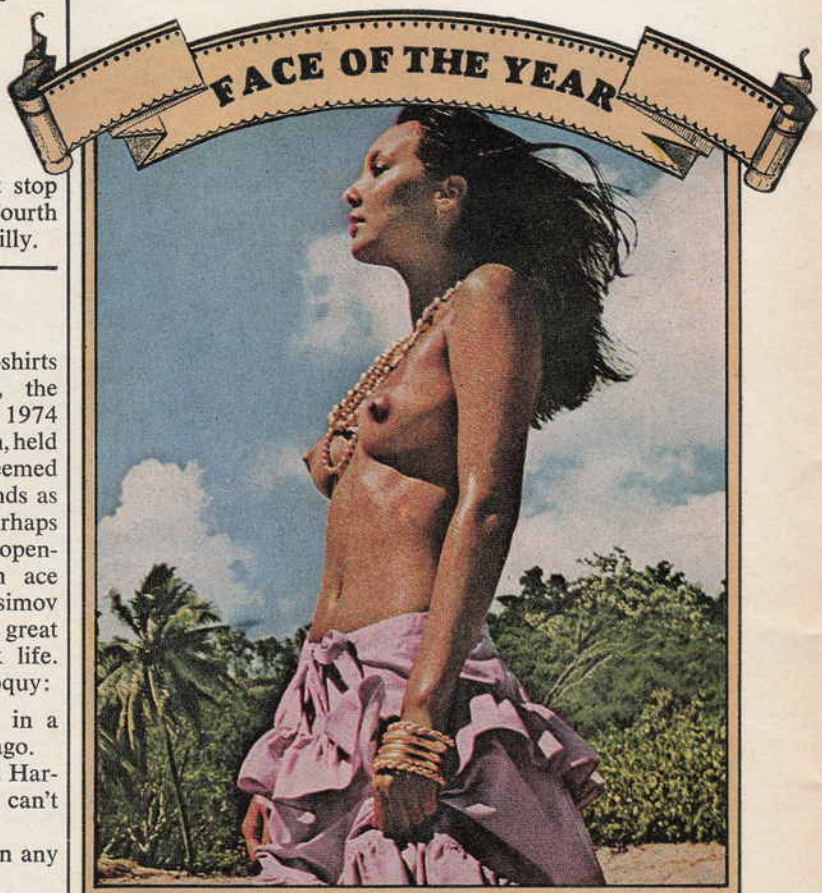
Asimov: Harlan's a snappy dresser. He wears black-leather jackets to indicate he's a dangerous motorcycle maniac. Underneath, he wears Mickey Mouse pajamas. I dare him to deny it.

Ellison: However, I do not wear women's underpants, Isaac. I remember how shocked I was the night—— Oh, never mind.

Asimov: Time cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite virginity.

Ellison: That's right—make fun of a man without a penis.

Stranger still and more picturesque was the group's masquerade, a regular convention feature. Here a great



London fashion photographer David Bailey has a way with women that is all his own. The process usually goes like this: He will adopt a favorite model, make her his mistress and then, by infusing his lenses with love, make her into an international Face of the Year. He did it first in the mid-Sixties with Jean Shrimpton, then with Catherine Deneuve and next with Penelope Tree. The latest in this estimable line and odds-on choice for 1975's Face of the Year is Hawaiian model Marie Helver. She had posed for other fashion photographers, but it was not until the Mephistophelean Bailey took over that Ms. Helver's career blossomed: Now she stars in narcissistic European fashion pictorials and is found center stage in Bailey's north London home. All other aspiring Face of the Year contenders will just have to wait for 1976.

The great put-on from Maherajah!

When you wear this colorful T-shirt the whole world will know that you're a devoted subject of the great Maherajah...most respected ruler of the slalom course! This edition is available for only $5 ...but hurry, we expect the demand to be overwhelming. Water skiers recognize why MAHA RULES. Leader in every major design and construction development over the past 20 years Maherajah has introduced everything from the tunnel concave, and the 2001 Glass, to the shock absorbing tip. We'll send along the whole Maherajah legend in our new brochure when you order your MAHA RULES T-shirt. Get the great put-on from Maherajah.

Note: A fresh supply of the famous Right-on girl posters that were advertised in Oui Magazine is now again available if you missed out last time. Only $2, but no minors please!

MAHERAJAH® WATER SKIS
226 Healdsburg Ave.
Healdsburg, Ca. 95448

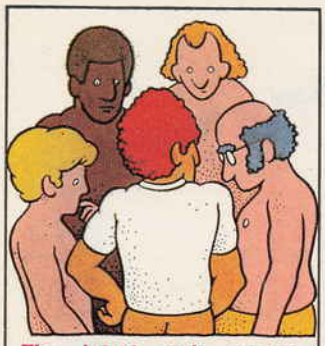
☐ Maha Rules T-Shirts at $5 each Size ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
s m l xl
☐ 6 Maha Rules T-Shirts for $25
Free brochure will be enclosed.
☐ Right-on girl poster at $2 each
California residents add 6% sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Don't put it off! Mail today for this great put-on



The latest male contraceptive to end all male contraceptives is called Ultrasound. It is the ideal solution to the world's population crisis and could probably clear up that Middle East tension business, to boot. All a man has to do is drop his balls into a little plastic cup, which is then heated with ultrasonic waves, and this causes temporary sterility. Besides the relative safety (unless the guy falls asleep) and guaranteed reversibility of this method of contraception, inventor Dr. James Harman foresees a swell social benefit: "I can see men sitting around talking, like women under hair driers, while they are being treated by the machine." Uh-huh, and saying such things as, *are you sure this is the best way to cure the split-end frizzies?*

deal of flesh was displayed. The Phoenix rising wore a bikini; one girl had a single bulbous tit hanging out of her togs; another wore transparent chiffon; still another wore feathers on her arms and legs, while her breasts swung free. Then there was the little boy dressed as an outer-space warrior who, when asked what he would do to an adversary, said, "Kick him in the balls."

Sci-fi, since *Barbarella* and the play *Warp*, seems to be getting more and more sexual. What happened to the future?

—TOM SHALES

Terry Southern's Great Myths of Our Time

Three months ago, there appeared in OUI a collection of *The Great Myths of Our Time*: life-defining constructs that, at one time or another, many of us accepted as Gospel (back issues still available). Some of the myth submissions we received were not used in that feature, because they were far more interesting as Literature than as items to be tossed helter-skelter into the big *Myths* pot. And most of these, as we might have expected, were submitted by Terry Southern, one of the founding fathers of contemporary humor. Because his myths were in a category all their own, we herewith present them as a special supplement to the *Great Myths*:

• The expression "That guy gets more ass than a toilet seat" is a colloquial rendition of an expression popular among French gynecologists.

• The legendary "snapping-turtle puss" can be convincingly *simulated* through deliberate contractions of vaginal and sphincter muscles during climax.

• Girls during their periods give their "best head" because of feelings of inadequacy and zealous efforts at overcomp.

• The giant, or so-called big-buster, clit, often observed in heavy bull-lez consort, is actually a clever strap-on.

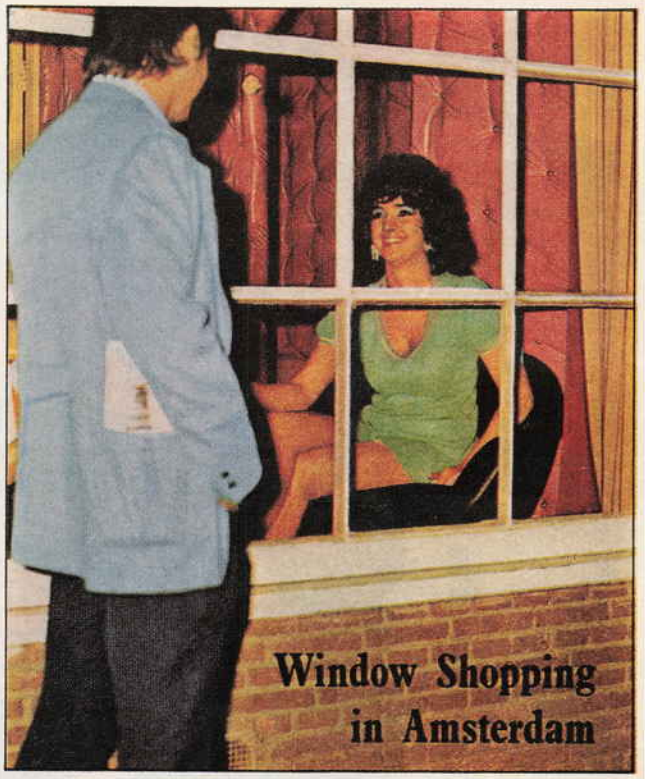
• When a black male wears an open-collared shirt, the number of buttons (including the top one) left undone is meant to signify the length of his organ *in excess of six inches*; i.e., three undone buttons mean nine inches of organ, and so on.

• If a girl who is raped is properly "long-dicked," she is likely to "come back for more of the same."

• "Popping" an amyl-nitrite ampule into each nostril at the instant of climax will produce a "seminal rush" and sustain heavy ejaculation "for three minutes or more."

VEGETABLE OF THE MONTH

This month's yum-yam is a real mouthful—or, as the spud lover holding it reports, a real muff-ful. It was discovered at a Los Angeles wholesale market, performing in an all-vegetable version of *Hamlet* ("Tuber, or not tuber"). But it is now thinking of chucking show-biz, taking it easy and putting down roots somewhere. We can dig that.



Amsterdam is a sexual automat—a fact publicized on the city's postcards—where the girls sit in tiny rooms fronted by big plate-glass windows and the customers browse before making a selection; curtains are drawn when a girl is occupied. The only legal restriction is that the girls cannot sit naked at the windows. Exact change not required.

Welcome to Singapore (maybe)

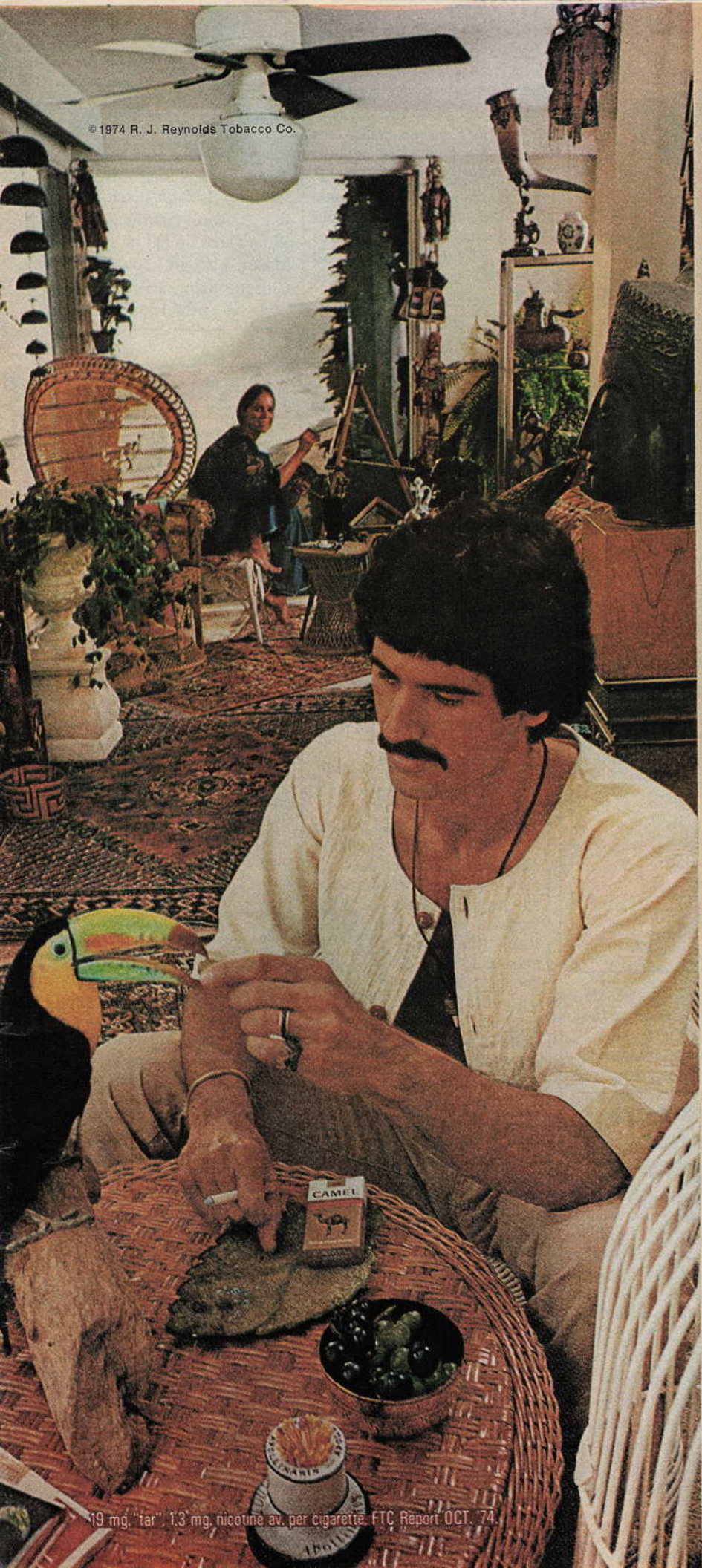
Singapore is a lovely little island that crams a lot into its 221 square miles. Things like gorgeous women, delicious food, cool gin slings and Raffles Hotel. "Instant Asia" is the way Singapore is commonly characterized, and it's a great place to visit, even if it is 10,000 air miles from the United States.

If you go to Singapore, however, there are certain things you should not do. One is to ask, as many tourists do on arrival, to be taken to Chinatown. (The whole *island* is a Chinatown, and even if you ask—ha-ha—with tongue in cheek, your cab-driver is liable to respond with fist in face.) Another is to try to carry a copy of OUI through customs. (Mine was confiscated and entered in the obscene articles book right below "one deck of playing cards adorned with pictures of naked females.") The third no-no is long hair.

Long-haired males are Singapore's pariah class. Collar

Oh-oh, got another one—a straight, honest-to-God news story that reads more like a . . . a. . . . Well, following the harvest ball held last fall at London's Hilton Hotel—held, we should add, to celebrate the season's bountiful crops—about 20 of those who had attended became violently ill with *food poisoning*. And the sponsor of the ball was the, ah . . . well, actually, it was the Polish Farmers' Association. Honest to God.

—COLMAN ANDREWS



Meet The Turk.

He does more than inhabit. He lives. Because he knows.

He smokes for pleasure.

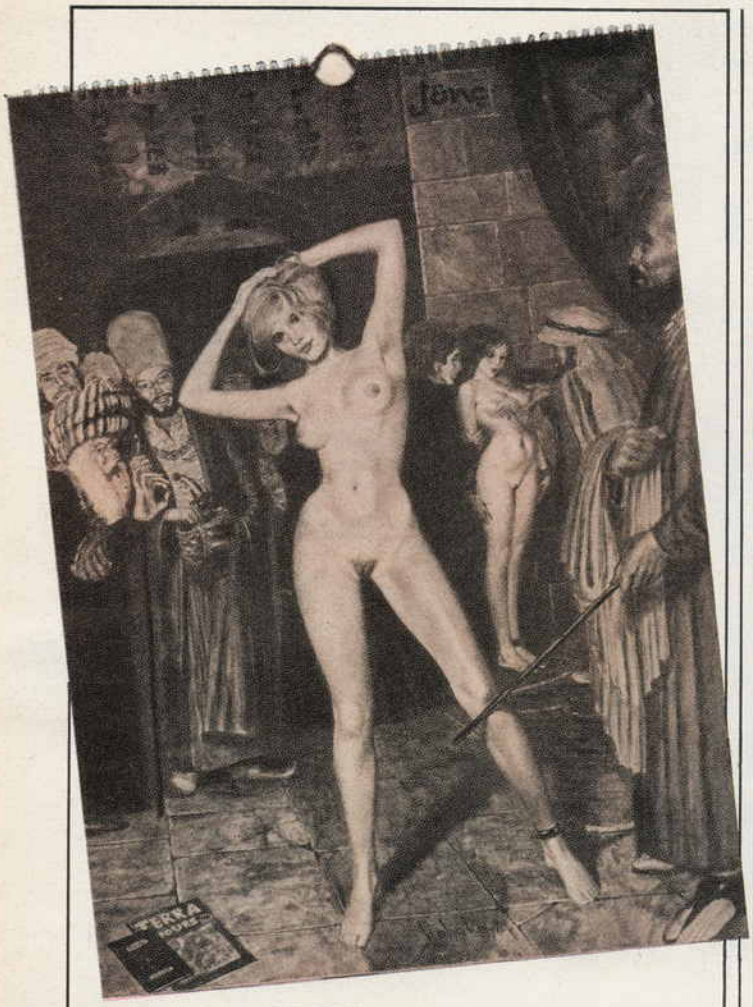
He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?

Turkish and Domestic Blend

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report OCT. 74.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



What is so fair as a day in June? A sex maniac's fantasy in June, from the Sex Maniac's Fantasy Calendar for 1975, produced in London by *Openers* contributor Tuppy Owens and illustrated by the incredible Robin Ray. It contains 11 other illustrations, every one just as good as this. Don't know about the rest of you sex maniacs, but we here at *Openers* Central can hardly wait for July first.

is collar and hair is hair, and never the twain shall meet—unless you want to be served last in restaurants, banks and virtually every other public institution. And, just so you'll get the message, there are large signs—in English and Chinese characters—placed in these buildings telling you precisely what long hair is.

The discrimination against long-haired males has been in practice for the past couple of years because, as far as Singapore President Benjamin Sheares is concerned, men with hair down over their ears and collars are all sissy poffers. Sheares has plenty of mass support for this position. Singapore, after all, means "City of the Lion," and the men of the city take that "lion" business quite seriously: What self-respecting lion would go about looking like some fey Angora pussycat? —PATRICIA JOHNSON

Some Danes are not so great

The international crime wave has hit Denmark, and one of the more peculiar ramifications has been passage of a law stating that any theft involving less than $85 is not a police matter. The new law has scared hell out of shop owners, especially the boutique operators who have recently suffered an epidemic of shoplifting and pilferage. In reaction to the hands-off law, the boutique operators proposed arranging mirrors in the dressing rooms so as to allow shop personnel to keep a sharper eye on what was happening inside the rooms. *Too* sharp an eye, said police officials. They contended that the mirror arrangement would constitute "an outrage to the public modesty," and this was, apparently, a more serious offense than larceny.

Today we learn the letter X

"Hey, there," says Mr. Upstanding British Citizen, "isn't that good ol' George Mason? What's he doing in court?" Mason is in court, Mr. Citizen, being tried for his part in producing several

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TAXIS

We've heard some good Paris cabdriver stories before, but never one quite like this:

A beautiful young woman, who had temporarily fallen upon hard times and become a scriptwriter for a series of pornographic films being shot on the outskirts of Paris, hailed a taxi one day while en route from Neuilly to Avenue MacMahon. As soon as she was inside, she became intensely aware of the driver's staring at her in the rearview mirror.

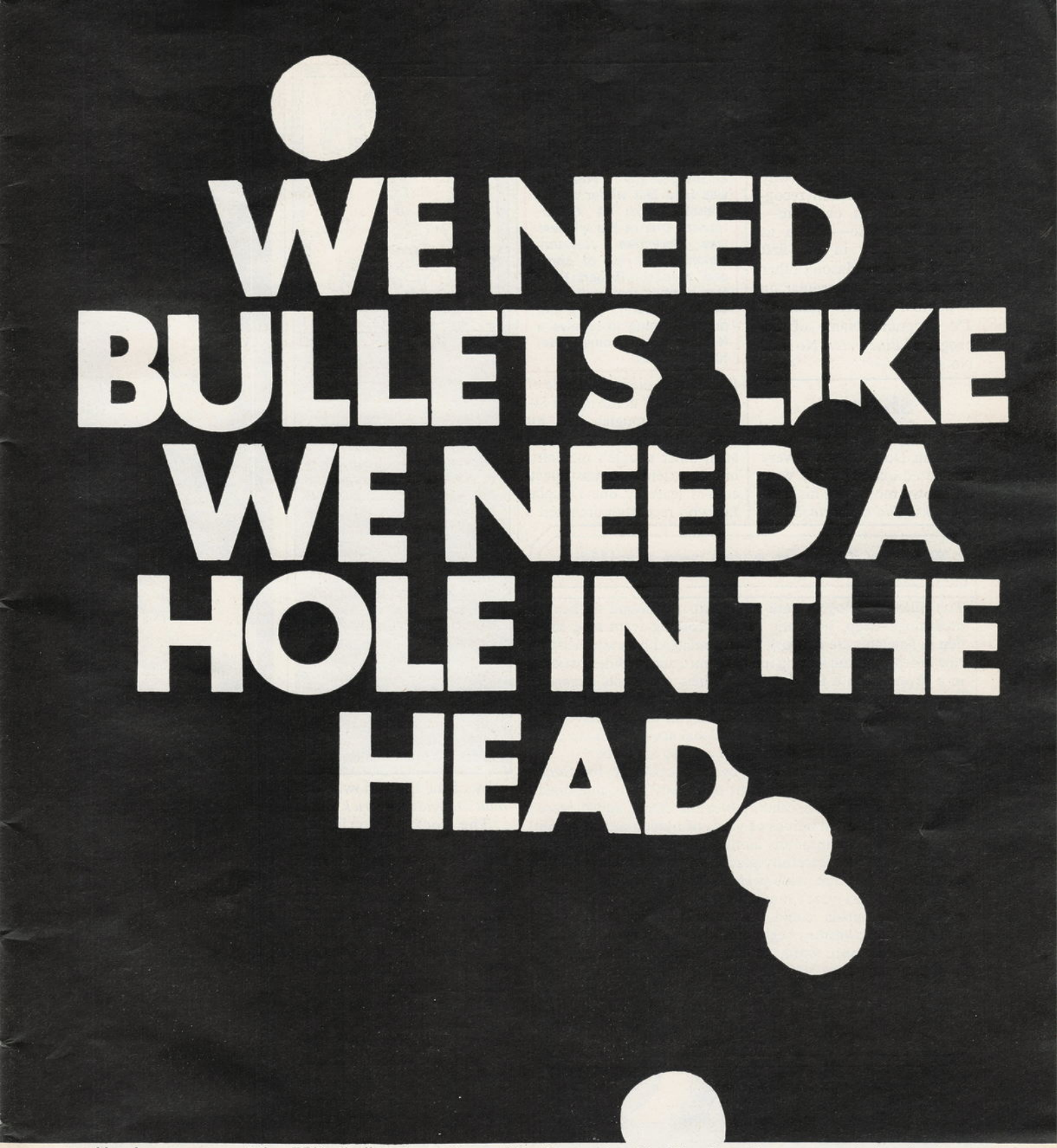
"You must make wonderful noises during the love act," the driver began, in passionate French, and before she could say "*Au secours!*" the captive listener was being subjected to a monolog that ran the gamut from the poetic to the obscene and was headed resolutely toward the just plain dirty. But, where another woman might have demanded to be let out, this lady reasoned that, by God, she herself had written far more graphic porno prose than this and wouldn't it be the height of hypocrisy or something to pretend that she was *shocked*? Besides, Paris taxis are hard to find during the rush hour. As long as he was up there, driving, and she was back there, sitting, the situation was in some kind of balance.

The precarious balance was upset moments later, when the passenger noted only one hand on the wheel and heard the driver's voice rise an octave in pitch. She had written far too much on the subject not to recognize the man as being in the grips of the famous Three-finger Syndrome, a condition that knows no national boundaries.

The taxi wove a frenzied course through the dense Paris traffic. The lady stared resolutely out the window. In the front seat, the driver approached a semisolitary climax.

"Look into my eyes," he said suddenly, addressing his rider's mirrored image. "*Regardez, regardez,*" he softly pleaded, to no avail. Finally, in exasperation, he shouted through clenched teeth, "All right, then, *just nod your head!*" At which point Avenue MacMahon loomed ahead, a traffic light flashed red on cue and the lady leaped out of the cab. She quickly paid the meter fee, then paused when she saw the now-subdued and crestfallen face of the driver. Someday, she thought, she would write him into one of her scripts, but right now, the problem was: *Should she tip or not?* —CAROLE BOVOSO

WE NEED BULLETS LIKE WE NEED A HOLE IN THE HEAD



- Hand guns account for 75% of all armed violence.
- A new hand gun is sold in the U.S. every 13 seconds.
- 7 out of 10 policemen killed in the U.S. were killed with hand guns.

We want the Consumer Product Safety Commission to ban the sale of bullets for hand guns only. They have the authority to do this if enough people write.

WRITE TO: CONSUMER PRODUCT SAFETY COMMISSION, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20207, and tell them you want the sale of bullets for hand guns to be banned. (Except to police, licensed security guards, the military and licensed pistol clubs.)

Donations are needed and welcome. Please send them to: The Committee for Hand Gun Control, Inc., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601.

BAN BULLETS
FOR HAND GUNS

hard-core porn films. The prosecutor says that Mason is known in the trade as "Rent a Dick," due to his always being able to fill in for other male porn performers when their talent goes limp. So why is it that Mr. Citizen recognizes such an esoteric—and disreputable—person as George Mason in the first place? Because Mason's other public role is as a regular on a popular British children's TV program. Name of the program? *Blue Peter*. No shit? No shit.

Ya gotcha Cannes Film Festival, ya gotcha New York Film Festival and now ya gotcha International Snow Film Festival, giving awards to films in which "snow is an integral part." First one was held last winter at the French resort of Chamrousse. One of the winners was *Jeremiah Johnson*, which had a lot of snow and a lot of Robert Redford burping monosyllables. Sooner or later, every film made is going to receive a festival prize, somewhere, for something.

Shaggy doggerel

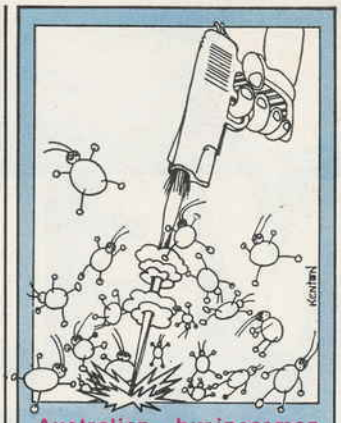
Norman Douglas was a very mannered and scholarly writer, known mostly for his travel books (*Old Calabria*, *South Wind*), who died on the Isle of Capri in 1947 at the age of 80. That Mr. Douglas had his bawdy aspect has been hinted at in other people's memoirs, but its extent was unsuspected—at least by one Douglas fan who recently purchased a copy of the little-known *Norman Douglas Limerick Book*.

The book was privately printed in the Twenties and had to be specially ordered through Foyle's Bookshop in London. When our buyer went to pick up her order, she received, along with the book, a sly, knowing look from the clerk. A quick glance through the slim volume showed why. Within its pages, the stately Mr. Douglas had collected 50 of the most ribald limericks he could find, annotating each with droll, pseudoscholarly "explanations" of the verse.

A typical example:

There was a young man
of Devizes,
Whose balls were of
different sizes;
One was so so small,
It was nothing at all;
The other took numerous
prizes.

To this bit of doggerel, Douglas added the note that "if one of his testicles was 'nothing at all,' then this young



Australian businessman Don Clark decided that the perfect name for his new pest-exterminating company would be Mafia Exterminators. "After all," said Mr. Brass-balls Clark, "the *mafiosi* are the best killers of them all." Maybe so, but the local commissioner of corporate names ruled that it was "a nonacceptable" name. The undaunted Clark thereupon protested the ruling to his Member of Parliament, who had a chat with the commissioner, who reversed his decision. Mafia Exterminators was shortly doing business in Sydney, the name standing for Mites-Ants-Fleas-Insects Assassinated, of course. Just a simple acronym. Way to go, Clark; just don't try to open a branch in Newark.

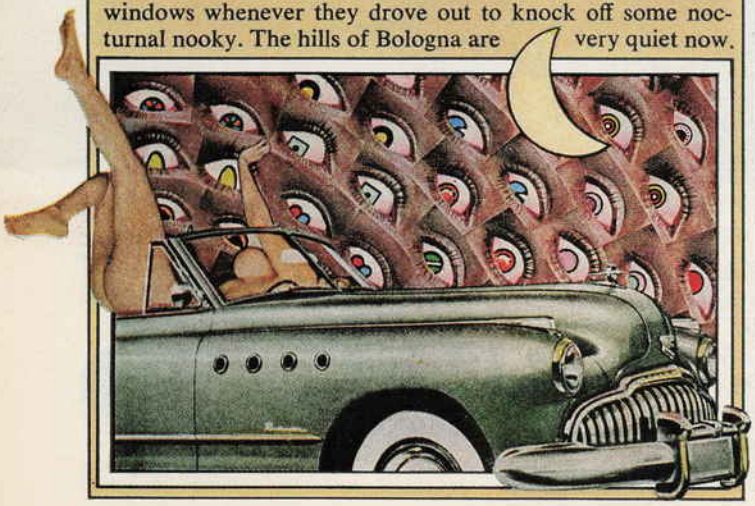
When Italian eyes are smiling

The hills of Bologna were alive with the sound of heavy breathing—deep, rhythmic breaths coming from men hidden in an elaborate network of camouflaged huts and hedgerow hideaways and staring intensely into automobiles parked in a lovers' lane a few feet away, their occupants engaged in a physical act of a sexual nature. *Pant-pant, huff-puff.*

"It is well known that half of Bologna was conceived in the hills," said an observer of the local scene, "but no one dreamed they were performing for a mass audience."

The complex had obviously been in existence for some time before it was exposed. Some of the spy posts contained flooring and mattresses, others tables and chairs, and all were interconnected by hundreds of yards of hidden trenches and pathways. At certain points along the lovers' lane, logs and branches had been carefully placed so as to force the autos to park at angles that made peeping conditions ideal.

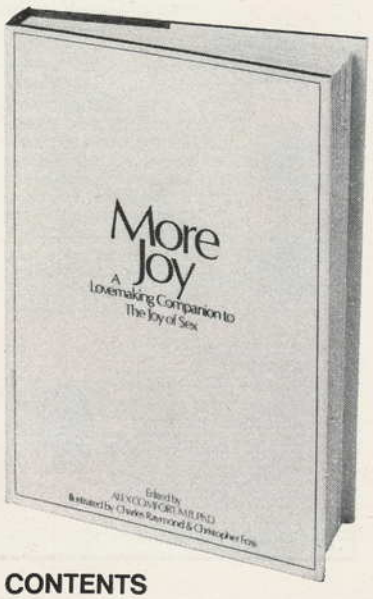
Alas, like last year's undiscovered resort paradise, this voyeur's Shangri-la could not remain exclusive forever. Some greedy townsmen began charging for the secret to this little bit of heaven; word got around and soon the hills of Bologna were alive with the sound of sirens and police whistles. The huts were torn down, the trenches filled in and amorous young couples began packing sheets for the car windows whenever they drove out to knock off some nocturnal nooky. The hills of Bologna are very quiet now.



Show us your skin!

Who says you need a fancy-schmancy studio and pro photog to get your bod in print? Not *Openers*! We think the three-for-a-quarter photo booth down at the bus depot will do just fine. How 'bout you? $100 for each strip published.

This daring and beautiful book picks up where The Joy of Sex left off.



"Uninhibited" . . . "witty, unprecedented" . . ."superbly and tastefully illustrated" . . . "joyous and delightfully instructive" . . . that's how readers, critics and psychologists responded to *The Joy of Sex*, the frank and beautiful gourmet guide to lovemaking that has sold over 3,000,000 copies in less than two years. MORE JOY is its welcome companion.

Like its predecessor, MORE JOY is a book that deals fully and frankly, joyfully and nonclinically with aspects of sex that other books circumvent or ignore. It goes further than any book we know in its exploration of the fine points of lovemaking techniques between mature adults.

It is called MORE JOY because that is what it offers. More liberation, more understanding, more answers, more resources and better ways to relate lovingly to others. It discusses methods, both physical and psychological, that can greatly deepen and alter the pleasure experience. It does this with grace, through candid, witty text and through tenderly sensuous illustrations.

MORE JOY features 100 illustrations, 32 in full color, by the same artists who made *The Joy of Sex* a feast for the eye. The illustrations are instructional and explicit—but much more. They convey all the romance, excitement and beautiful passion of the consummate act of love.

In five sections—The Language of the Body, His and Hers, Couples and Others, Special Needs, and Resources—MORE JOY guides experienced and secure couples into the examination of the whole of their relationships as well as the changing conception of fidelity in today's society.

MORE JOY shows you specifically how to enhance general body sensitivity, perhaps the most neglected part of our sensual education. It delves into the essence of maleness and femaleness and illuminates the differences, some biological, some cultural, in the sexual experience of the two sexes.

There is a large section on special needs which provides much-needed information for those with psychological problems, physical disabilities, duration difficulties, recent heart incidents and other unusual concerns.

Telling you where to go for more help, advice or inspiration, MORE JOY explains and assesses behavior therapy, psychoanalysis, encounter groups and the distinctive methods employed in sexual therapy. You will learn which are the effective ways to alter and improve your sex life, both at the physical and the emotional level, and which techniques are confusing and harmful.

To those who have read and learned from *The Joy of Sex*, MORE JOY presents a further step toward a joyous, inventive and carefree sexual relationship. To those who have not read *The Joy of Sex*, MORE JOY introduces today's most original, challenging and rewarding thinking on sex.

In any event, MORE JOY is a book you would do well to read and reread—for your own sake and that of the one you love.

You may examine MORE JOY for ten days, and if for any reason you are not completely satisfied, return it for a prompt refund.

Because the text and illustrations of MORE JOY are exceptionally candid, we are limiting sales to adults 21 and over.

CONTENTS

Preface
Beyond Advanced Lovemaking
The Language of the Body

Babies
Batacas
Body image
Body language
Hostility
Hot tubs
Language of the heart
Massage
Masturbation and learning
Muscles
Pictures
Positions
Skin
Soul Power
Technique
Watching
Wrestling

His and Hers

Aggression
Boys
Erection
Exhaustion
Gay or straight
Giving head
His and hers
Mess
Penetration
Performance
Plenty of time
Saying no
Security
Selfishness
Simultaneous orgasm
Size
Vaginal orgasm
Weaker sex

Couples and Others

Love
Marriage
Mischief-makers
Othello and all that
Relational, recreational
Sandstone
Seriousness
Sharing
Swinging
Threesomes

Resources

Behavior therapy
Biofeedback
Books
Doctors
Encounter groups
Exercises
Meditation
Psychoanalysis
Psychotherapy
Sex therapy
Surrogates

Special Needs

Alcohol
Depression
Disablement
Heart attacks
Later Life
Masochism
Overweight
Pregnancy
Prostate
Vaginismus

Playboy Books 6 Commercial Street, Hicksville, New York 11801 OUI 675

- ☐ Send me MORE JOY. Enclosed is my payment for $13.85 ($12.95 plus 90c shipping and handling). New York Residents—add 4% tax plus any local sales tax. Illinois residents—add 5% tax. If not completely satisfied, I may return the book for a full refund. I represent that I am 21 or over.
- ☐ Send me *The Joy of Sex*. Enclosed is my payment for $13.85.
- ☐ *Special Savings!* Send me both *The Joy of Sex* and *More Joy*. I enclose my payment for $22.50.
- ☐ As checked above, but charge to my Playboy Club Credit Key

☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐

Name _____
(Print Clearly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

prize winner was monorchic. Such people were credited in antiquity with great sexual vigor, and the three or four of them whom it has been my privilege to know certainly corroborated the old belief."

With tongue once more firmly in cheek, Douglas stated that no one under the age of ten should read his collection of limericks. "Ten and not before," he explained, "is the right age to commence studies; a boy of ten is as sagacious and profound as one of 18, and often more intellectual."

Perhaps, however, even today the age of ten is a bit too tender to catch the nuances and implications of verses such as:

That naughty old Sappho
of Greece
Said: "What I prefer to
a piece
Is to have my pudenda
Rubbed hard by the enda
The little pink nose of
my niece."

—PATRICIA JOHNSON

Statistical abstract of a superstud

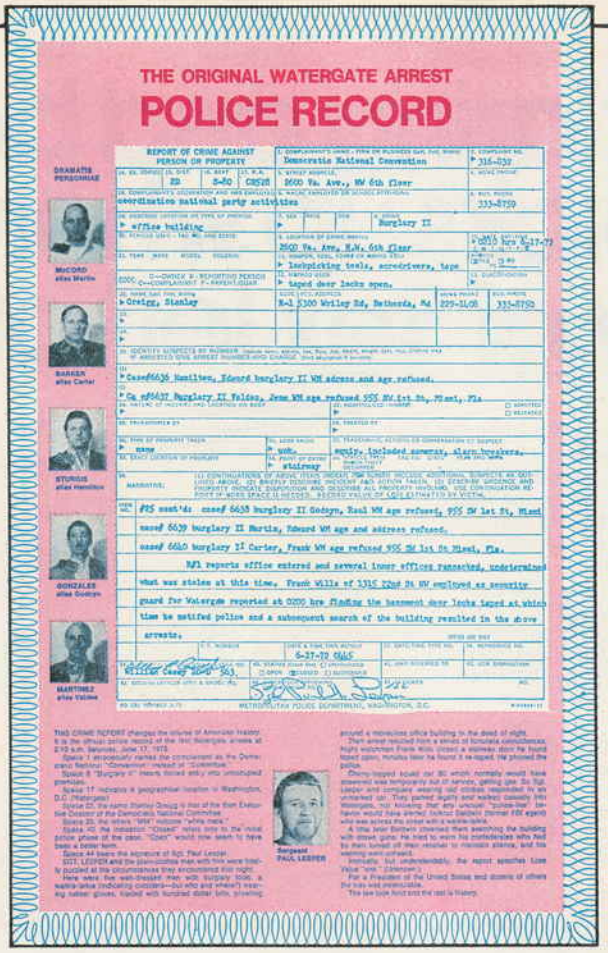
Everything else is done by the numbers these days, so why not one of the world's most efficient superstuds? We found him, a young Italian fellow, working at the Amphora Sex Club on the Reeperbahn, in Hamburg (see OUI, October 1974), and from him we learned these things:

1. He works daily from eight P.M. to four A.M.;

2. He performs intercourse on the average of 17 times per evening, both with professional partners and with women from the audience;

3. He achieves orgasm on the average of "seven or eight times" per evening;

4. His monthly salary averages $2000 ($65 nightly salary, plus bonuses for acts performed with audience members; $75 for each



What better gift for the Ides of June, for Father's Day or for that favorite grad: a genuine photo reproduction of the original Watergate-arrest police record, the crime report that "changed the course of American history." It's June 17, 1972, again and *you are there* . . . you and the Original Cast, the dramatis personae before half of Washington got involved. Comes to you from Interface Communications Corporation, Washington, D.C., complete with explanatory text, for a paltry $5.95. As they used to say around CREEP, it's a steal.

SO WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, DARLING?
WE MUST WAIT UNTIL WE HEAR FROM TRILLION'S AGENT!
IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG TWO DAYS! HOW SHALL WE PASS THE TIME?
THE ANSWER MUST SURELY BE OBVIOUS!...
WE CAN ALWAYS MAKE LOVE! KISS ME, YOU BIG HANDSOME HUNK!
ANDROMEDA DARLING, YOU'RE THE MOST SHAMELESS WOMAN I'VE EVER KNOWN...

No need for the English to go rooting around in underground comics for cartoon characters who like to get their ashes hauled: They can read *Garth*, an adventure strip that appears in the large-circulation *Daily Mirror* and features a super*macho* hero who gets laid frequently—*in the comic strip.* Garth is a globe- and galaxy-trotting he-man whose taste in women runs to extraterrestrial beauties, such as Andromeda (shown), and their bared breasts are as common a sight in this strip as is the demure bath-towel covering in *Brenda Starr.* Just the thing for putting fun back in the funnies.

I MUST TELL GARTH AND MY COLLEAGUES ... WE'LL PUT HER THROUGH A SERIES OF TESTS...
HEY, MAM'SELLE! COME BACK!
COME OVER QUICKLY, GARTH! SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED — SOMETHING STRANGE AND UNBELIEVABLE! BUT OUR SUBJECT HAS ESCAPED!

Men! Be forewarned! *Koro* is coming! It may be just down the street, right this minute, lurking in the bushes. *Koro.* Defined by psychiatric texts as an acute anxiety reaction characterized by the patient's fear that his penis is shrinking and may disappear into his abdomen, in which case he will die. The psychogenic disorder has thus far been encountered only on the Malay Archipelago and in southern China. However, medical sources report a "gut" feeling that the incidence of *koro* is on the rise in the Western U. S. and in Canada. Men! Keep your tape measures handy!

SMIRNOFF VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FILS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

The Bullfrog.

(Smirnoff and limeade.)

When we first introduced this drink, we were of two minds about it. "Tastes as fresh faced as summer," we said. But was it, perhaps, a trifle "unsophisticated?"

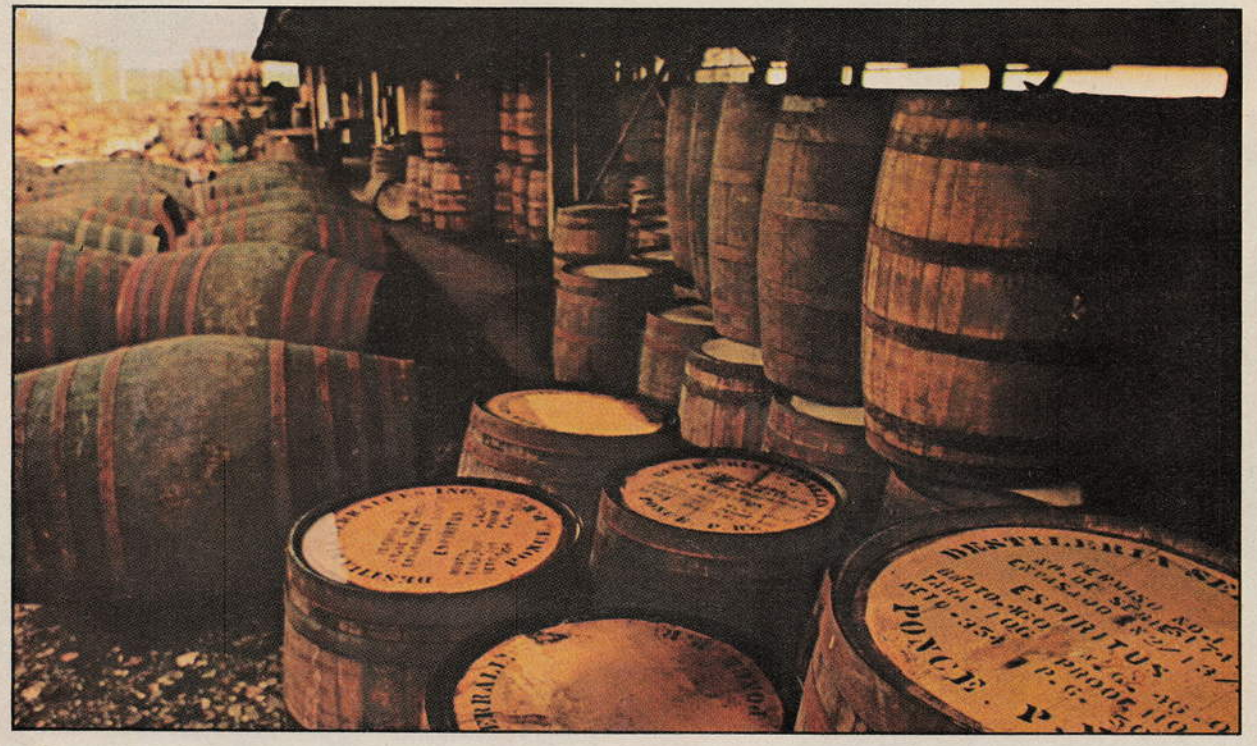
By this time the Bullfrog has acquired a modest but growing following who don't seem to have any problems with it at all.

Which raises the question: can a tall, green drink called a Bullfrog become a summer-time tradition? That, of course, is entirely up to you.

To make a Bullfrog, pour 1½ oz. Smirnoff into a tall glass with ice. Fill with 4 oz. limeade and stir.

Smirnoff leaves you breathless.®

WHAT'S BAD FOR BOURBON IS GOOD FOR GOLD RUM.



We in the rum industry are very thankful there's a bourbon industry. Because the people in Kentucky and Tennessee who make that fine whiskey also have very fine oak barrels.

And what's even finer, they can use the barrels only once. So the bourbon people put them up for sale. And we quickly buy them.

Though these barrels can't be used again for bourbon, what they do for our gold rum is amazing.

You see, any rum that spends time in a bourbon barrel comes out smoother and mellower. And a rum that is exceptionally well-made, even before it goes in, will be a superb rum when it emerges.

A rum like Serralles Don Q® Gold.

The Serralles family has been making rum since 1865. And a lot of good things go into our rum long before our rum goes into the barrel.

Like the finest sugar cane in the world.

And the skill that only comes after a century of rum-making.

And the pride that a family hands down from generation to generation.

This is why Serralles Don Q Gold has to be as good as we can possibly make it.

Because when it comes out of the barrel, we put it into bottles.

And then we put our name on it.

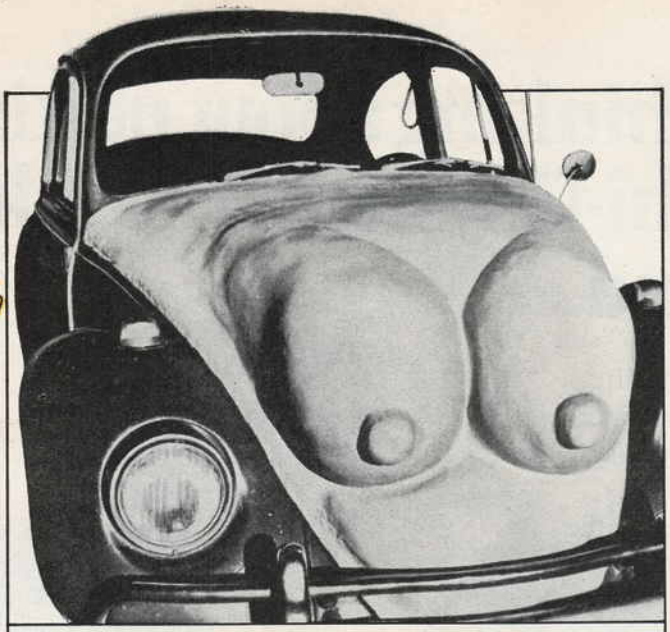
Serralles Don Q® Gold, three years old, 80 proof. Produced by Destileria Serralles, Ponce, Puerto Rico, © 1974 Bottled by Don Q Imports, Hartford, Ct.

engagement outside the club);

5. In three years, he has made love professionally an estimated 9000 times, to an estimated 400 women; these figures do not include personal girlfriends, Angora goats or his fist.

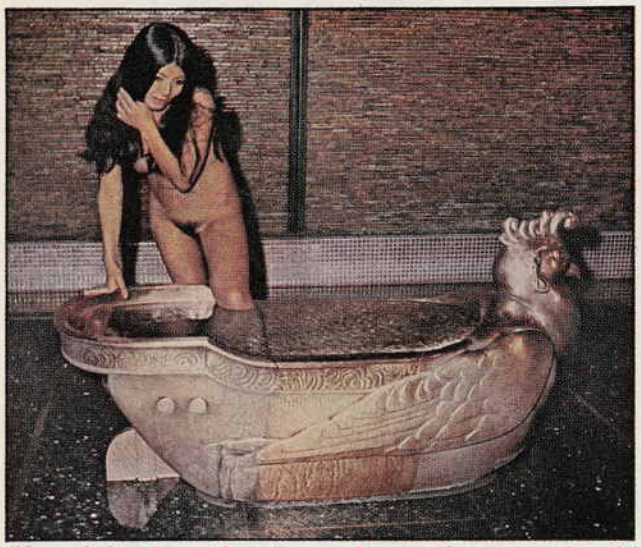
The charge? Assault with batteries

Part of the solemn responsibility of *Openers* is to bring you all the news that other media do not see fit to print. Such as the story out of Oslo, Norway, about a man named Ron Eriksen, who believed that his wife, Greta, was frigid. One night after Greta had again refused to come across, Mr. Eriksen emptied his transistor radio of five single-cell batteries and shoved them up Greta's anal canal, hoping for an electrical charge that would turn her on. Greta got no charge, but Ron did—for malicious wounding. He went to jail, she to the hospital. The story made headlines throughout Europe. Why not here? Fear of losing the Eveready account? Write your editor.



***OPENERS* MOTORMATE OF THE MONTH**

Nicole is a wanderer. Late at night, when the gendarmes have moved into the cafés and only Algerians remain, she roams the streets, thrusting her magnificence at the City of Light. Men have a thousand names for her—"strange bug," they call her, or "droll insect." Nicole dreams of broad highways through lush valleys, and her tuneless bleat of longing is heard all over the city. "Beep," she cries, "beep, beep." The night wind feels soft over her engine. She remembers the early days in Germany, when she was just a wagon for the folks, the good days before her body had made her an object of awe and suspicion. "I cannot help who I am," she thinks. "I float." It is very quiet by the river. Nicole wonders if her warranty has expired.



"Can wisdom be put in a silver rod or love in a golden bowl?" William Blake wondered, in his usual lyrical way. Little did Blake ever imagine, no doubt, that someone would take his question seriously and then supply a material answer in the affirmative: Yes, couples willing to pay $3.50 apiece for each two minutes spent in the solid-gold public bathtub at the Funabara Hotel, Chuzenji, Japan, *can* encompass love with a golden bowl. The spectacular Funabara golden bowl is billed as the most expensive bathtub in the world. It contains 313.5 pounds of 22-kt. gold, and the only reason it is not 24 kt. is that unalloyed gold is too soft to withstand the ravages of the sulphurous, hot-springs water found at the Chuzenji resort. Sure, your love in a golden bowl is expensive, Mr. Blake, but what did you expect? Wisdom in a silver rod? —DEREK LYONS

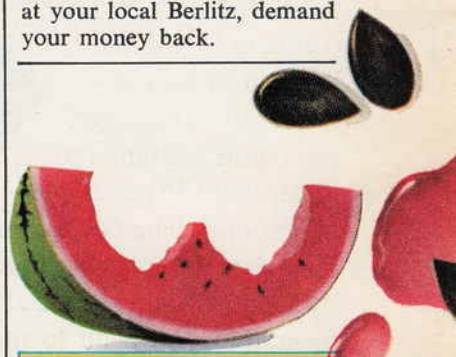
Berlitzkrieg

The lady in the cartoon is very ill, and she is asking, "Isn't the doctor coming to cure me of the flu?"

The man on bended knee is replying, "He can't. He's got the flu."

Agreed, it isn't a thigh-slapper, but the point of the story is not the lame joke but what the others around the bed are saying. They are saying "smok, smok!" when they should be saying "sob, sob!"

But people in Spanish cartoons say "smok, smok!" instead of "sob, sob!" They also say "aiiieeeeeeee" for "ouch" and "je-je" for "ha-ha" and "guaaaaaa" for "boo-hoo." And exuberant roosters say "kikikiriki" and chickens go "piopio" and dogs go "grrrrrnnn" and cars go "mek-mek" and bells go "mang-mangmangmang," and if you're not learning all this at your local Berlitz, demand your money back.



MERCI

A tip of the OUI sombrero and an outside shot at immortality to: Andrea Adam, Jeffrey Blythe, Balazs Imre Bodai, Sean "Call me Sean" Callahan, Sam "Where's My Message?" Garcia, Rick Johnson, Eric "King" Kahn, Thomas Jay Kane III, Norman Kessell, Maureen Murphy, Laurence Santrey, Andrea Vaucher, Robert Wieder, Gale Wiley and the elliptical Erla Zwingle. Photo credits: Rape shirt, Bill Arsenault; Fascination, Gary Cooper; Rosie, Heinrich Bauer for Interpress; Cub hump, A.P.; Superspud, Don Strachan; Skin show, Bill Frantz; Golden bath, Shigemasa Nagai; Titty bug, Howard Ownes for BIPS. Art credits: *Openers* box & stud, Fred Nelson; Adolph, Debbie Young; Ultra fix, Rick Rogers; Taxi jerk & articles plaque, Dennis Magdrich; Bologna eyes, John Craig; *Koro*, Kunio Hagio; Mafia, George Kenton. *Garth* is produced by Jim Edgar, John Allard & Frank Bellamy; reprinted courtesy of Interpress. Toodle-oo, y'all.

If you're thinking about putting together a hi-fi system first take it apart in your mind.

The quality sound of high fidelity components will give you years of enjoyment—if you choose your system wisely in the beginning.

To help you choose wisely, the Institute of High Fidelity has published the *"Official Guide to High Fidelity."* Written in easy-to-understand language, the Guide's abundantly illustrated 176 pages of explanation will help you appreciate the nature of true high fidelity sound — and give you all the information you need to make an intelligent buying decision.

To receive a copy, simply fill out the coupon below. Send $2 in check or money order to cover the cost, postage and handling. It's a small investment — that will yield a lifetime of listening enjoyment.

INSTITUTE OF HIGH FIDELITY

Acoustic Research Inc. • Altec • Audio Dynamics Corp. • Bose Corp. • Bozak, Inc. • B·I·C Turntables/Speaker Systems • BSR McDonald • Cerwin-Vega Inc. • C/M Laboratories • Crown International • Dokorder Inc. • Dynaco Inc. • Dual/United Audio Products • Electro-Voice • Elpa Marketing Industries • Empire Scientific Corp. • ESS Inc. • Fisher Radio • Harman-Kardon Inc. • Hitachi Sales Corp. • Infinity Systems Inc. • JBL Loudspeakers • Jensen Sound Labs • JVC • Kenwood Electronics Inc. • Koss Corp. • Maxell Corp. • Maximus Sound Corp. • Miracord • Nikko • North American Philips Corp. • Pickering Cartridges/Headsets • Pioneer Electronics • Rectilinear Speaker Systems • Sansui Electronics Corp. • Scintrex Inc. • H. H. Scott Inc. • Sherwood Electronics Labs • Shure Brothers Inc. • Sony Corp. of America • Soundcraftsmen • Stanton Cartridges/Headsets • Sylvania Audio Components • Superex • Tandberg of America • Tannoy (America) Ltd. • TDK Electronics Corp. • TEAC Corp. of America • Technics by Panasonic • Utah Electronics.

INSTITUTE OF HIGH FIDELITY, INC.
516 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send me a copy of Official Guide to High Fidelity. Attached is $2.00 to cover cost, postage, handling.

Name

Address

City/State Zip

(Send no cash or stamps)

SEX TAPES

This is the first in a series of taped interviews with men and women about the nature of their sexuality. The sampling will be broad; it will include people from all over the U. S. as well as from overseas; occasionally people whose names are familiar will join the dialog and, when appropriate, so will experts on sex. We don't know what we'll discover as we go along, but we suspect that the sexual responses of human beings are incredibly varied, and the more we know about the variations, the better lovers—and human beings—we will be.

The first question—asked of women—is perhaps one of the most difficult to answer: What turns a woman on?

KAY M., 27, agent: Like most girls, when I was young I started out with an ideal man in mind, but now, many men later, that has changed. The way a man dresses, where we make love and even how we make love are still important—but not *that* important. Sex is the most concrete and abstract thing in the world; it takes a good dose of both to make me turn on. Good sex begins in your head and is finally manifested in bed. How turned on I get in bed is usually determined by how turned on I get by a man out of bed. It's nice to have a virtuoso, but I know from experience that the best way to keep distance in *anything* is to be a good technician. Any woman will tell you that if you give a man a good blowjob and a good back rub, he's yours. I love a man who knows what he's doing in bed, but I'll sacrifice a lot of performance for tenderness and caring. Digging the person you're in bed with is still the best game in town.

MARCIA P., 25, administrative assistant: There's an old chauvinist saying, "Men look for beautiful women and women look for interesting men." For me, the latter part of that statement is certainly true. Men can get away with more flaws in their appearance—scars, pockmarks, and so on—it doesn't matter. What makes a man sexy is self-confidence—not arrogance but a self-confidence that allows you to be self-confident with him. The way a man carries himself and the amount of real interest he shows in me are what turn me on initially. I like a feeling of strength and authority to exude from a man.

LINDA R., 32, dancer: I'm tall, so I prefer tall men. I don't like to feel big in bed and it's just more comfortable if our centers of gravity are close together. A tall man is more able to kiss comfortably during intercourse with me. A tall, lean body is a turn-on, but if you like someone, it doesn't really matter once you're horizontal. One of my best affairs was with a man who was five inches shorter than I. He never mentioned the difference in our heights—although everyone else did—because it didn't bother him. I found his self-confidence very sexy.

BARBARA S., 21, nurse: I know within five minutes of meeting a man whether or not we're going to screw. Either it's there or it isn't. The real seduction starts in the eyes—a man can get me into bed faster with his eyes than with his mouth. I like to flirt verbally as part of the mating dance. I don't like a man to be arrogant. His listening to what I'm saying turns me on. If I feel that he's genuinely interested and concerned about what I'm saying and takes the time to listen, I can usually be sure he'll be that attentive and interested in bed.

MARIELLE G., 29, law clerk: A man has to be pleasant-looking, but that's about it. Sure, I do have some physical preferences, but they aren't confining. For instance, I like small, tight asses. I like a man's body to look in shape—not muscle-man shape but just well cared for. I do prefer broad shoulders and a lot of hair on his chest. The only thing that really turns me off is fat. I do not want to feel a blubbery belly next to me in bed and I don't find a pear-shaped ass sexy. The most important thing, of course, is that he be clean.

KAREN T., 33, fashion designer: I am a crotch watcher. I always check out a man's crotch area if I'm interested, which is why I like to see a man in well-fitting pants. It's nice to be able to detect a slight bulge under his pants—it whets the imagination for the rest. I like a man's smell, too. A lot of men forget how devastatingly sexy a good cologne can be. It sets up an association for me with that man. I don't like a man who is too studied-looking, however—too well dressed. A really sexy man doesn't need much more than himself to get the message across.

DEBBY N., 22, stewardess: Where I fuck doesn't matter much. I like a big bed simply so you can roll around with plenty of room. The spontaneity of the moment is what really counts. For instance, sometimes it's fun on the couch—or in the bathtub or in the shower. I love it when a man follows his sexual impulses as much as I do, like pulling over to the side of the road and fucking behind a bush or a tree or doing it in some very public place where there's a chance you might get

caught. It adds a real element of danger, which is a turn-on. I can't tolerate a seemingly planned sexual environment—too much controlled lighting, too much slicko atmosphere.

LAURA I., 18, student: I like to drink a little wine or even smoke a little pot before lovemaking. The wine is always nice and the pot can be terrific occasionally, although not the first time you fuck. Pot makes lovemaking so highly charged. You can feel every vessel of a cock when it's inside you, so it shouldn't be used right away. If a man wants to get high the first time we make love, I always wonder if he thinks it won't be good enough without that extra high and I'm very suspicious.

JOANNE K., 25, reporter: It turns me on to have a man undress me—preferably very slowly. I like to be played with first while my clothes are still on and then while we're doing lots of necking; I like to feel him slowly begin unbuttoning my blouse and taking it off. I like to be kissed and fondled all over the upper part of my body before having my pants or skirt removed. It's also good to have him get on top of me at that point and sort of rub against me while I still have my underpants on. That really builds up the tension. At the same time, I'm slowly undressing him—all sandwiched in between lots of kissing and touching. Then it's nice if we stand up and hug and rub against each other for a while or if he even lifts me up and we make love while he's standing and he's lifted me up to straddle him.

BOBBIE C., 38, dental technician: What turns me on? Very good tongue action on my clit and strong, almost painful nipple sucking really do it for me. I like my partner to start at my ankles and kiss or lick all along the inside of my leg up my torso to my mouth, purposely leaving contact with my breast and vagina until last. By that time my sexual tension is at its peak, and the next thing I like him to do is to go down on me. If a man is hesitant to go down on me I know it instantly and that turns me off. If we dig each other enough to be in bed together, anything goes.

BELINDA B., 20, secretary: It turns me on to have food eaten or licked off me. Not the first time with a man, you understand, but later, when we start to diversify more. Yoghurt or anything smooth like an aerosol food is terrific. Warm chocolate is also delightful on my cunt as well as on my breasts, and the man usually really gets excited eating it off me. But this is something to do after you're quite intimate.

RAE ANN D., 28, teacher: Lighting is important to me. The first time, in particular, I would prefer to make love in a dim light—with candles, or a red bulb instead of a white one, or low lighting. Bodies just look better in dim light. I don't like to make love in the dark, because I like to look at a man's body. It really turns me on to make love in front of a fireplace with the fire being the only light in the room.

MELANIE F., 32, retail buyer: Some women like music—I don't. Music distracts me and I like to concentrate on what I'm doing. If I hear a favorite song on the stereo while I'm fucking, I start concentrating on the words to that song. But then again, if The Rolling Stones are going full blast and I want to screw badly enough, it simply doesn't matter.

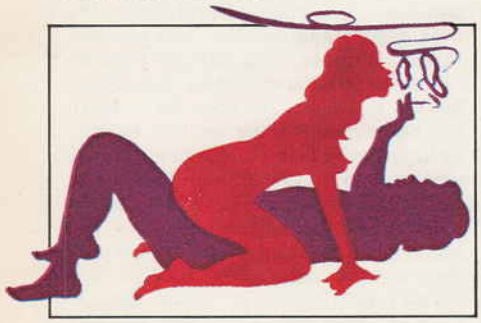
SHARON T., 27, legislative researcher: I love hotels. Spending a weekend in a hotel, even in the city you live in, can be like going away. I really get mellow after two or three days of just lying in bed, ordering all the food in and spending all the time either making love or just messing around. There's something very intimate and sexy and decadent about being in bed 48 hours or so for the sole purpose of making love. It takes a long time and lots of leisure together for people to really unwind sexually.

RHODA L., 31, veterinary aide: It doesn't matter if we make love at his house or mine—it's a question of convenience. There is, I guess, still a slight preference to going to his house, because it's a whole seduction number and because I can leave when I want to. If he's at my house, I hate the awkward situation of having to ask him to leave if I want him to. It's also nice if a man's bedroom is a little personal, if he has given a little thought to making it a lovemaking room—some candles, a nice furry rug, maybe some sexy sheets. Nothing turns me off more than dirty sheets on a bed.

KARA M., 24, unemployed: This may sound silly and not like much of a turn-on, but I've talked about it with a lot of women who agree. When I spend a night at a man's house, I generally don't have all my things with me, like toothbrush, creams, etc. It can be a little disconcerting, so I like to walk into a man's bathroom and see that maybe he has thought of a few things—for instance, having an extra toothbrush, some lotion or even Q-Tips in his medicine cabinet. Nothing too elaborate—you don't want to feel it's too planned—but his thoughtfulness gives you a nice feeling, which is a sexy thing.

LUCIA B., 19, cabdriver: I never used to really get off by fucking when I started in high school. Before that, when my boyfriends and I would be necking, it would feel nice to have them tentatively touch my breasts and my pussy, but when I finally got down to screwing, it just didn't do too much for me. I never had an orgasm then, so I really didn't know what I was missing. I'd get hotter and more excited, but it was just a build-up of tension. My senior year in high school, a guy whom I'd been dating for a year, and with whom I'd been fucking, changed all that. One night when his parents were out of town, we went to his house to screw. After an hour or so of relaxing, kissing and touching each other through our clothes, we went upstairs to his parents' bedroom, undressed each other and got onto the bed. He started very slowly to kiss me all over, saying, "You just lie there. I'm going to do all the work for a while." Well, I got so turned on I couldn't stand it. He slid his cock into me and very slowly pulled in and out, which created a huge suction from my cunt. I was getting more and more excited and my movements got more and more agitated, so he reached underneath me and put his finger on my anus. At the same time, he said, "Relax, let's try something new," and gently started to rub around the rim. At first I tensed up, but after a few seconds I got used to it and let go of my initial reservations. Now, as he got more and more excited, he pushed his cock harder and more violently into my cunt, and at the same time, his finger pushed inside my asshole about a quarter of an inch. His finger and his cock were working simultaneously and then alternately; while his cock was all the way inside, his finger was out to the first knuckle, and then it would plunge inside as he withdrew his cock. This lasted for a minute or two, until I just exploded. It was my first orgasm and it came out of nowhere and knocked me over. Since then I can get orgasms without my boyfriend fiddling with my ass, but I have them most consistently when he does.

CLAUDINE R., 22, law student: I love it when my boyfriend makes love to me when I'm barely awake in the morning. Recently, I opened my eyes and found him eating me. I vaguely remembered something very pleasant about a dream I was having but didn't connect it with what was actually going on. Another time, I was having a dream about being alone in the desert. I had been out there for a long time and, for some reason, food and water were not important, just sexual satisfaction. Masturbation was a drag, and I didn't get off on it, and then I saw a smooth piece of wood stuck in the sand that had been carved in the shape of a penis. I was desperate and got up on it and eased it into my cunt. When I felt it all the way in, I woke up and my lover was inside me. He said he had been playing with my cunt for 10 or 15 minutes before that, being very careful not to wake me. Our lovemaking session was fantastic. I guess it's the bridge between dream and real life that makes the experience so total; every woman should be surprised like that.



VICKIE M., 21, secretary: Most men don't realize the nuances of fucking, especially those who are well hung. I can get turned on, for instance, just seeing a man standing nude and flaccid, if his cock, when limp, hangs below his balls. However, when making love, just putting a cock into a woman isn't enough. *Anybody* can do that. Once a man gets hard, I like him to hover over me and let his erect cock rub up and down on my breasts and stomach, and then finally on my clit. That will start an orgasm in me, but before I come, I like him to start inserting his cock in me, a little at a time. First the tip goes in and he pulls it out, as a kind of tease. The feeling of the rim rubbing on my opening is terrific. If he puts it in a little farther each time he goes in, then the tension really builds up. It's much more exciting than just having the penis inserted immediately and all at once.

CARLA N., 18, student: It turns me on to be on top during lovemaking. I like a man to be able to look at my body while he's inside me, and then he is also free to play with my breasts. I also like to sit on top and, while his penis is in me, to turn all the way around on him.

SALLY P., 26, interior decorator: Tongue action is very important. In fact, the tongue can sometimes be as powerful a sexual organ as the penis. There are two main types of tongue action—the flicking and the over-all action. When a man goes down on me, I like him to start with a light flicking motion on the clit and then go into broader strokes. I like him to cover the whole cunt, from the clit to the backside and right into my vagina with his tongue. I also like to be lifted—my bottom half, anyway—so he can kind of cradle my bottom in his arms and eat as well. It really drives me up a wall if he eats me and puts his finger in me at the same time. Sometimes my vaginal area will get too moist when a man goes down on me, which causes it to lose some of the sensation. So it's nice if he stops briefly, lets it dry off a bit, and then goes back to broad-stroke licking.

ANNETTE F., 30, actress: Kissing and holding are important. I can't say enough about the importance of play before and cuddling afterward. I love to kiss a lot—sometimes I think kissing is the most underrated sex act. I especially love deep, passionate kissing during intercourse. But forget the tongue in your ear—that went out when you were a high school sophomore. After intercourse I am still usually highly charged and it turns me on if a man, after pulling out of me, will go down on me immediately or manipulate the clit with his hand. The biggest turnoff is if he just kind of rolls over and doesn't even kiss or hold you afterward.

MARY N., 23, anthropologist: A man sucking my breast and playing with my clit at the same time really does me in. I don't necessarily believe in a lot of talk during intercourse, but some well-timed erotic words—said in a sexy, not a pornographic way—can be very provocative; but again, it depends on how they're said. I might add, the worst phrase a man can ever say in bed is "Did you come?" If I come he'll probably know it, and if not, I may well later. When a man asks me that, I feel he's asking me to rate his performance, which is unnecessary. Simultaneous orgasm has been really overrated—it just doesn't happen that often, and it doesn't matter. What matters is that at some time during the lovemaking both of you do come and are satisfied. I love to hear praise in bed. It really turns me on to hear in elaborate detail how beautiful my cunt is or how juicy I am or how much he loves my body. You have to feel special in bed and I think your partners will become what you tell them they are—in other words, if you tell them they're sexy, they'll be sexy.

DEIRDRE K., 23, artist: I become excited when I'm out with a new man and I know we want each other. After the initial politeness has worn off and there are no more words to say, a more suggestive kind of behavior develops between us. I become sensitive and open to his technique of letting me know that he wants me, and I respond in a manner that stimulates his curiosity. I like to keep him slightly unsure of my feelings—for a while. It becomes a kind of choreographed mating ritual. I don't like going through the formalities of a patterned foreplay. I want an abrupt change of pace. Since we *know* we're going to have each other, I want to be free to explore him, to feel his entire naked body pressing and moving on mine. I become very confident, and although we're already naked, I like to make him wait and really want me. This is not a tease at all; it's very honest. I give *very* good head and I'm very proud of that. I get extreme satisfaction from giving and controlling the pleasure he gets from being sucked to distraction. I don't require a lot of foreplay myself; my excitement naturally increases along with his. I get annoyed if he wants to start fucking, because I suspect that he's really enjoying being sucked off more, and besides, I'm getting off on his pleasure. I like to wait until we're both at our sexual peak—that's when sex is cleanest and most convulsive.

Readers with similar or dissimilar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

REVUE

Summer tripping

For some reason, guidebooks often assume an appetite for dated fantasy: *The Romance of Albania, The Lyricism of Lebanon.* So **A Guide to France for Loving Couples** (Vertex), by Cynthia Proulx and Ian Keown, is a joy, because it assumes nothing but the fact that you know the person (or persons—this is a pretty hip guide) you're with. It lists 31 hotels and inns and breaks down price, tipping, transportation, ambience and psychological characteristics by region. For example, we learn that nothing much has changed at the Vieux Pérouges in Burgundy since Charles the Bold tried to wreck it in 1468. No new cobblestones or timbers artfully machined to look antique. No aluminum sconces. The guide tells us that the rooms are comfortable, not sumptuous. The food is good, not great. You won't get bored if you don't stay too long. From $9 to $18 a day, including tips, and there are only 22 rooms, so you won't feel as though you're in an army barracks or a mess hall. The proprietor will leave you alone, so long as you don't like matches or whips. Good deal, minimal bullshit—and the guide is similarly practical for all of France, including Paris. There are some nice photos, done simply in black and white, which go easy on the romantic-panorama stuff. Even the writing is OK, which is asking a lot. Reading this book is like watching a Martin Scorsese film: It's definitely worth the money.

Not so Keown without Proulx. In his **Lovers' Guide to America** (MacMillan), Keown commits the classic guidebook blunders. The writing is filler: "Just sampling all the quiet corners in the inn takes time; one morning writing postcards in the Kipling library, an afternoon taking advantage of your luxurious room. . . ." He exaggerates compulsively, as if he had a stake in conning us into having fun: "This is a veritable Queen Mary of resort hotels, a leviathan with elegant *salons*"; "This may be the ultimate inn. . . ." There is no hard thinking. Hotels and inns are located by region, but unlike the guide to France, this book gives no information about the real character of the places, the idiosyncrasies of their owners, guests or settings. Also, in concentrating on 100 hotels, Keown seems anxious to represent every geographical area equally. This makes sense from a marketing point of view, but you'd think that in compiling a book on lovers' hotels, some areas would come out more equal than others. After all, we *know* you can get laid anywhere. The point is to tell us the best places.

•

A few pages more:
German kinkiness is as well known as German *Weltschmerz* and not unrelated. **Show Me!** (St. Martin's) does what all sensible porn does—it titillates in the name of education. *Show Me!* is a collection of beautiful color photos of beautiful little German kids playing with each

other's puds and sometimes with adults' puds; a bunch of stuff about healthy nudity and early training; and unlikely one-liners attributed to the kids. A definite best seller.

Former Nazi Beate Uhse's **Sex in der Partnerschaft** (Stephenson) uses the cliché of marriage to rationalize its hardcore. One hundred fifty-three shots of couples and groups making it in all positions. The trouble is that Uhse succeeds so well in making it look like a how-to-do-it book that it takes on the character of a Volkswagen manual.

The Shootist (Doubleday), a novel by Glendon Swarthout, is meant to be the ultimate *High Noon* movie. Swarthout does do a lot of scriptwriting, and here he doesn't waste much time on the fictive form; if you could find the money and a back lot somewhere, you could shoot the movie tomorrow. This will probably happen. Shoot. —JOHN LOMBARDI

Mano on the rack

Back in the bad old days of film censorship, when a bare nipple was news, porn strategy could've been summed up in one sentence: Since we can't screw her, let's give her a good *schmeck*. Dominance

PREVUE: Liliana Cavani, the Italian director who tickled the fancies of sensualists everywhere with *The Night Porter*, has a new movie in the market place called *Milarepa*. Taking her source material from the book of the same name—the autobiography of a yogi—Cavani has moved from *Night Porter*'s sadomasochism to *Milarepa*'s pseudo-mysticism without missing a beat. It works like this, see: A present-day university student (played by Lajos Balazsovits, below) who's translating Milarepa's true confessions into Italian with his professor gets in a car wreck with same professor. While they're waiting for help to arrive, they flip into and out of ancient Tibet, rerunning the lives of Milarepa and his lama teacher, Marpa. Milarepa goes through a bunch of karmic-strip adventures in his search for the good life. He goes off to learn the black-magic trade so that he can avenge himself on his mother's family, who're bad guys. In no time at all, he is able to wipe out whole villages without even being there—like his own home town, pleasing his mother no end. For some unexplained reason, this doesn't satisfy him, so off he goes to learn white magic. This takes the rest of the film, and by the end, he doesn't know how to do anything but tell his guru to relax and die easy, when—holy cow!—he's suddenly back on the highway outside Rome and his prof has just kicked the bucket. Parallelism, symbolism and all kinds of profound things. Liliana, collect 200 nirvanas and transcend Go. Ya got a hit on your hands.
—STEVEN FULLER

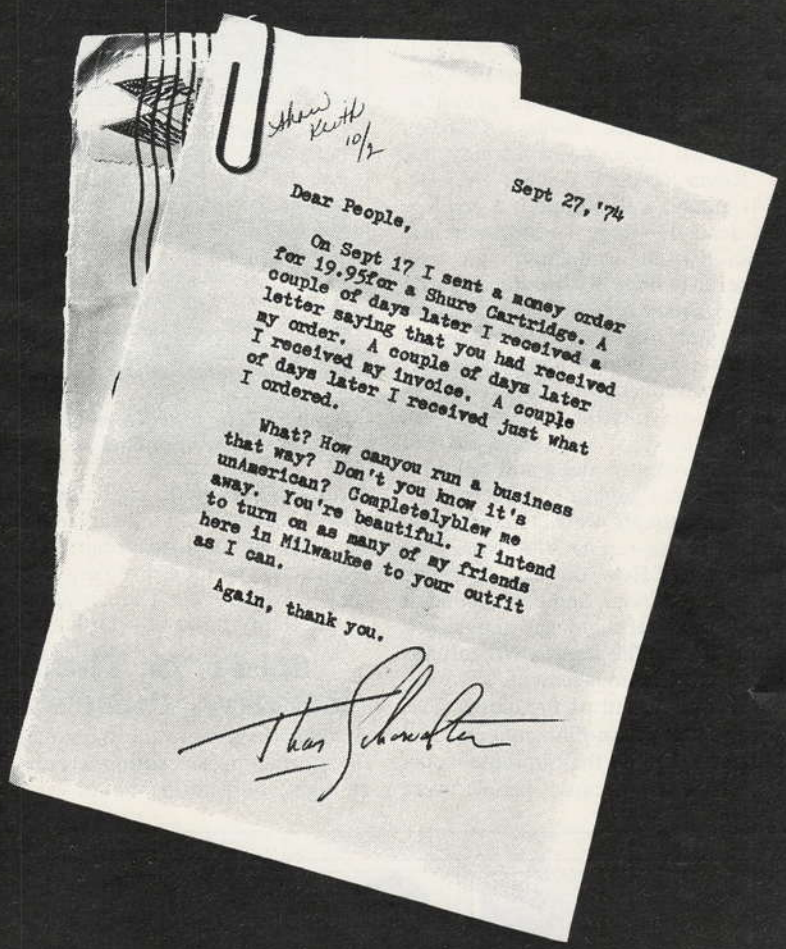
by contraption became an emblem for sexual dominance. Directors had to be part-time carpenters. Racks, stocks, wooden maidens, crucifixes, etc.; the industry had blue balls, also splinters. Late Fifties, early Sixties was the heyday of Olga-type films. Olga ran an inefficient white-slave prostitution ring: lots of employees, no customers. The overhead must have been terrible. Nobody began, let alone climaxed. But everything else happened to Olga's staff of temporaries. They had their tongues cut out; they were wired to Rube Goldberg dynamos; they were spindled, dog-eared, mutilated. Yet you could be sure that if an Olga girl got shoved into one end of a meat grinder, the ground beef came out wearing a bra and panties. It was brutal/chaste.

And laughable. S/M stood for Silly/Mismanaged. Punches were pulled awkwardly. No one knew how to tie a decent bondage knot. The lady victims couldn't act: You see more fear in an optician's waiting room. In one flick, a psychotic had to flay some young thing with a bullwhip. Now, a 25-foot bullwhip is no toy. It's easier to lasso steers with 40 feet of garden hose. The poor psychotic hit himself all over, wiped out every prop that wasn't nailed down and, finally, got his whip stuck irretrievably in the chandelier. Cut. As a last resort, the young thing had to hold it against her own shoulders as each action shot began. Back then, even if you left the lens cap on, there were no retakes. Ever.

In another film, three hefty wenches were hung from meathooks, while, in the foreground, two pimps tried to remember the plot. Mid-dialog—whop!—one broad fell off her hook. She sat there, signaling to director, cameraman, everyone with her unbound hands. Then, while the pimps continued their idiot conversation, she crawled offcamera, got a chair, climbed up, rehung herself and kicked the chair away. This was S.O.P. in Fifties S/M. Worse, most of the action scenes were dubbed later—by incompetents. More often than not, whip cracks came out of the victim's mouth, while a cat-o'-nine-tails yelled, "Oh, ouch, please, no more!" Who cared, anyway?

Then came the permissive revolution: Abruptly, everything and anything was superexplicit. Porn *mavens* became artists overnight. They fell in love with the semireligious rhetoric of their defense lawyers. Sex was beautiful, instructive; everybody had a constitutional right to life, liberty and the pursuit of raunch. But porn-film makers carefully avoided S/M, beyond a token scene or two. It was kinky, unconstitutional and might jeopardize their new license. Instead, cameras came in for arty close-ups that made pubic hair look like a Kansas hayfield in August. S/M dropped down a notch to the R-rated films, such as *Girls*

Warehouse Sound Co. EXPOSED!



Sept 27, '74

Dear People,

On Sept 17 I sent a money order for 19.95for a Shure Cartridge. A couple of days later I received a letter saying that you had received my order. A couple of days later I received my invoice. A couple of days later I received just what I ordered.

What? How canyou run a business that way? Don't you know it's unAmerican? Completelyblew me away. You're beautiful. I intend to turn on as many of my friends here in Milwaukee to your outfit as I can.

Again, thank you.

I'm shocked! Can this really be happening right here in the US of A? Send me your new hi-fi catalog, Warehouse Sound, so I can get the TRUE story.

name_____

address_____

city_____ state_____ zip_____

Send $1 for first class postage and get either:

__ Music Machine Almanac --120 pg. color hi-fi guide

__ our 64-page Professional Products Catalog

__ or send $2 and get all three! Z-1

OR call Randy, Don, Sonny or Joe at 805/543-2330

Railroad Square, P.O. Box S, San Luis Obispo, CA 93405

in Cell Block Nine, Ten, Twelve and up, made for rural drive-ins. Or the Cheri Caffaro series: a little skin, plus S/M, recast as James Bond action. Higher budgets, retakes, nudity, but still Fifties chaste. Caffaro, by the way, looks remarkably like old Olga. Flat-chested but with big lips and cruel, European-type teeth. To be an S/M toughie, you need D-cup lips.

Now, in just two months, we've had **Masters of Discipline, Defiance** and **Forced Entry.** S/M has gone X. Word's out, moreover, that *The Story of O* will be made by a French producer, who has budgeted $2,000,000. That'll buy you a lot of welts, friend. And these films aren't embarrassed by their subject matter. *Defiance* has had a major PR campaign, and its producers are proud of its "sordid" and "sick" reviews. ("If you are into S/M, then you will enjoy this film"—Kevin Sanders, WABC-TV.) *Defiance* is glossy, well suffered, a pro job. It bills Jean Jennings as star whippee and Tina Russell as make-up girl and commissary. (Coffee for producer Jason Russell?) *Masters of Discipline* is abominable: rather like that dish of something you've had in your refrigerator behind horseradish and catsup bottles for the past six months. Grotesque not so much because of what happens but because of its monotonous and rabid insistence. After a breast has been taffy-pulled into enough weird shapes, you might as well be raping Play-Doh. The come-ons ask, "How do we warn you about such a movie? Some may find it gross and distasteful, to say the least." However, to say the least: "No refunds or passes on this engagement."

S/M has come out of the closet. This is (A) because porn-film makers feel pretty secure despite the Supreme Court decision and (B) because people were getting bored with hayfields of pubic hair. It's something a little bit new; after all, only gynecologists can stand mere explicitness so long. Problem is, what do they do in 1976? The closets are just about empty now. —D. Keith Mano

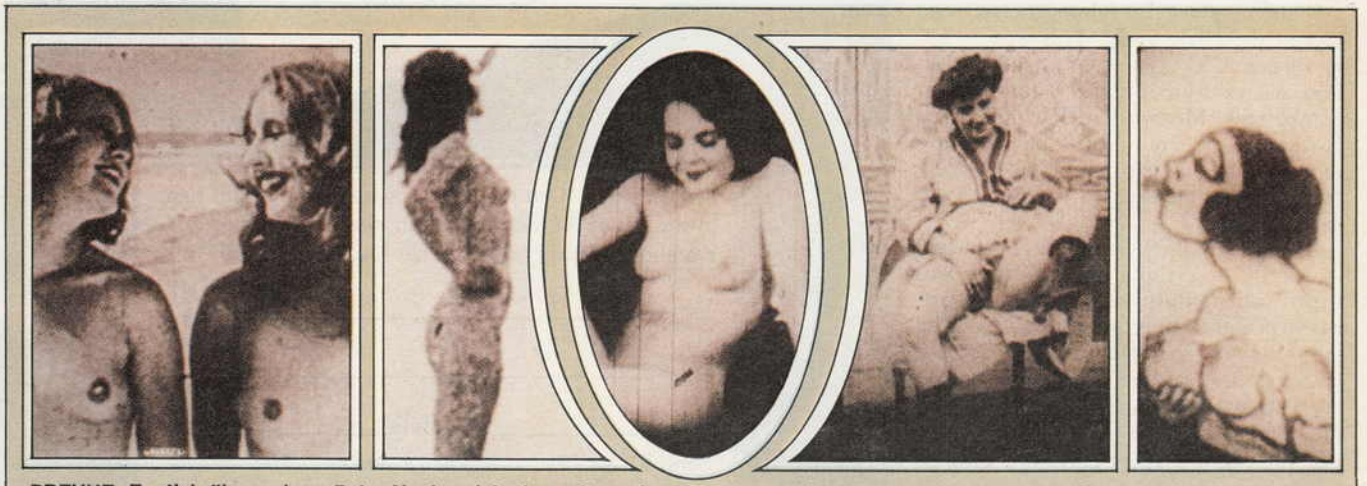
Cherry Vanilla (above) is known as a personality, for want of a more precise definition. She recently gave her first poetry reading in New York and billed it *A Production So Pure, It Must Be Vanilla.* Thus, she became a poet. Her sequined costume was designed by OUI's Fashion Editor, Tina Bossidy; her poems were fashioned by her own glittering brain cells. When a girl from Queens becomes a groupie with David Bowie, she's bound to develop both sparkle and sass. And a fine sense of the absurd. One hit poem: "I'm/ripped/between/rapture/and/torture."

Another crowd pleaser, called *No Bitter Aftertaste*: "Don't call me sugar/when you know I know./I'm just your sugar substitute,/I'm sweet/and low."

All those present at the reading agreed that Vanilla had an exquisite sense of timing, dynamic delivery and broad appeal. She really made people laugh. "And that got me off," she says. "Hah, HAH!" Vanilla will soon be appearing at Reno Sweeney's in New York. *Compositions*, her book of poems, comes in a "signed, numbered and tit-printed" limited edition of 250 copies. —Carol Troy

Sci-Fi '75: Thank Zelazny, there's God

At first, there were the humans running in hunting packs, sitting around a fire at night, bullshitting about where they came from. That brand of speculative literature peaked out in the Sumerian Gilgamesh Epic and the Old Testament. Then Jules Verne reversed the direction of speculation to the future. He was followed by the charmingly farsighted H. G. Wells and the charming nutcake Edgar Rice Burroughs. For decades afterward, it was sufficient to have Flash butchering aliens while refusing to *schtup* Dale. Then came the hard-science boys, who *schtupped* breath-taking ideas



PREVUE: English film makers Peter Neal and Anthony Stern have come up with a novel idea for a movie about women and sex, *Ain't Misbehavin'*—a collection of clips from European stag films (some shown here), American jazz shorts, British newsreels and other esoterica stretching from the start of the century to the Forties. The film offers all kinds of arcane goodies: an early pornographic cartoon, an episode featuring Santa Claus and a dildo, bathing beauties and fashion models of the Twenties and Thirties, a badly lighted bondage short from France and a girl who bends herself into pretzel shapes while playing a violin out of tune. Also included are lively bits by Sophie Tucker, Nat "King" Cole and others, among them the irrepressible Fats Waller, all grins and powerhouse piano, in buoyant versions of *Honeysuckle Rose* and the film-title tune. —Jonathan Rosenbaum

into butchered English and adolescent melodrama. Finally, the postwar everything boom provided enough dope and money to attract authors who could do it all: science, style, recognizably human humans and intentional humor.

Science fiction is currently lemming its way toward a mass market, and worse, toward Actual, Real Art. While the former will merely dilute sci-fi—as it did wine, rock 'n' roll and comic books—the latter will mummify it. Luckily, of the first four biggies out this year's chute, only one deserves to be cursed and sealed in a pyramid.

First and best of the bunch is **Sign of the Unicorn** (Doubleday), by Roger Zelazny. *Unicorn* is the third in Zelazny's *Amber* series, a multidimensional renaissance fantasy about a family of cosmic De' Medicis—15 brothers and sisters, all with godlike longevity and powers—who lie, cheat and kill in order to gain the throne that governs reality. It's as tight, funny and fast as escapist literature gets. However, there is no way to keep up with Lord Corwin and his siblings in *Unicorn* unless you've read the first two books (*Nine Princes in Amber* and *The Guns of Avalon*). *Unicorn* spends so much time explaining the labyrinthine deceits of those books that it's not quite as effective; a double-dip cone to their banana splits. But it does contain the most satisfying image of godhood in all of sci-fi fantasy—Corwin pissing on his own tombstone.

Then there's Harlan Ellison, the perpetually angry young punk of the bizarre. The contents of his **Deathbird Stories** (Harper & Row) vary in quality in direct proportion to how outraged he is about the subject. He's developed bitching to the point of high . . . craft.

New York swells Ellison with grotesque inspiration: My favorite story is the one in which the gargoyles on St. Patrick's are brought to life by reacting with the city's uniquely foul air and proceed to slaughter the entire population of Manhattan, resolving the city's other pollution problem.

Moving down the escalator to the Hacks and Artists departments, we find John Brunner displaying himself with **Shockwave Rider** (Harper & Row). In the grand tradition of Isaac Asimov and Robert Heinlein, his prose is the consistency of recently chewed bubble gum. The Brunner recipe includes a pinch of future-shock social theorizing and is served up in a nearby tomorrow that bears a suspicious resemblance to today.

He had the good fortune to pull this off well in *Stand on Zanzibar* in 1968, so he's written the book three or four more times. This year's edition features some tasty speculations on computers. It also features a highly artificial happy ending instead of Brunner's usual highly artificial doomsday ending. Times are a trifle depressing for depressing stories.

And now, integrity, significance, meaningfulness and a plague of literaryisms run rampant in Samuel Delany's **Dhalgren** (Bantam). The book is a massive mystical novel on What It Means to Be a Poet. Delany, who began publishing wry, imaginative books at the age of 19, is now, at the age of 33, writing like an adolescent; nowhere in *Dhalgren* can Delany camouflage how impressed he is with himself. Why else the ridiculous length? The pseudo-intellectual name- and idea-dropping, cleverly disguised as dialog in the mouths of unsympathetic characters? The abstruse conversations on the nature of life? The ethereal passages of emotional torture and self-doubt that float through the text again and again and again and again? Or the AM-radio, jingly unplot: The unnamed wandering poet comes to an uncity with untime and unevents taking place under the unlight of an unsun?

Somewhere in *Dhalgren*, there are enough sophisticated concepts, emotionally grabbing characters and naturally dramatic scenes for a dynamite 300-page novel. What's there now is a 900-page whine about the agony of creativity.

Should you be unable to struggle through life without reading a science-fiction story about being a poet, our friend Zelazny has written one that'll knock you on your pentameter. It's called *A Rose for Ecclesiastes*, and it's 39 pages long. —Bury St. Edmund

Love is a pretty sensitive matter. That's why we take so much care in making Trojan brand condoms extra-thin and ultra-sensitive. They're made precisely to protect your most sensitive feelings at the same time they're protecting you against unwanted conception. If you're really in love, send in coupon with a check or money order for $4.00 made out to Youngs Drug Products Corp. and we'll send you our Special Product Sampler consisting of: 3 NATURALAMB, 3 TROJANS PLUS, 3 TROJAN-ENZ and 3 TROJANS. Then buy your future condoms from your pharmacist. He's made Trojans the Number 1 selling Brand in Drugstores.*

*According to National Survey Organization.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Youngs Drug Products Corp.

P.O. Box 649, Dept. OUF, Piscataway, N.J. 08854

SATELLITE

Can pollution save our beaches?

FILIPSTAD, SWEDEN—Nude girls aren't a dime a dozen in Sweden anymore; they might not even be a penny a score. The most respectable ladies' magazines are hungry for pictures and *still* the supply exceeds the demand.

Nevertheless, one nude girl, blonde Birgitta Larsson, 24, caused a teacup tempest in this tiny town in the wooded mountains of west-central Sweden. She was photographed in the buff on a nearby sandy beach. That in itself wasn't really naughty, but it wasn't really nice, either, by the standards of the senior citizens of this hard-working, somewhat strait-laced community, known primarily as the rye-crispbread capital of the world and the birth and burial place of John Ericsson—of Monitor and Merrimac fame.

All hell broke loose when the townspeople found out that Birgitta had been photographed at municipal expense and that two color pictures, showing her both fore and aft, had been printed, also at municipal expense, in a municipally published tourist brochure.

"Is this the way we want to sell our community?" thundered conservative municipal councilman Ove Eriksson. "With *pornography*?" He and the other conservatives within the council demanded the heads of the responsible parties on a platter.

The villain in the drama was Gunnar Jönsson, 32, director of the Municipal Office of Tourism and Recreation. The previous summer, he had declared the Sandviken beach—at the northern end of Lake Yngen, some six miles east of here—a free beach, and signs went up, announcing NO BATHING SUITS.

Even then, the Philistines (for that is what the townsmen called themselves) grumbled, and the local tri-weekly news dragon, *Filipstads Tidning*, snapped: "After all, there are decent people living around there. Where are they going to swim, with all those nudists around their beach?"

Jönsson defended his action: "Something had to be done," he said. "Tourism was dropping off, despite our fine new Esso motor hotel, our tours of the crispbread factory and of the John Ericsson mausoleum and an ambitious program to attract mineral hunters to nearby mountains and abandoned mines. The municipal buff beach, the third nude beach opened in Sweden—the others are in Piteå, way up on the Bothnian coast, and in Varberg, on the Kattegat (the Varberg beach is segregated, M and F)—has already drawn a lot of attention throughout Sweden and abroad."

The bluenoses in the council were still not convinced, but they accepted the *fait accompli*, and all hell didn't break loose again until the Birgitta Larsson tourist-brochure episode.

"Can we afford our nude beach?" *Filipstads Tidning* now asked editorially. "We will have to build roads and install running water and dressing booths. . . ."

A reporter noted that the cost of printing the brochure ran to 7500 crowns (a staggering $1850), or 20 percent of the municipal information-and-propaganda budget.

"Don't worry," countered Jönsson, back on the defensive. "The nude-beach brochure has drawn a lot of attention in Holland, France and West Germany. We may be facing an invasion next summer, bringing loot to the local coffers. And I don't think prospective bathers in the buff will be bothered by the absence of dressing booths."

"I don't understand the fuss," commented Miss Larsson demurely, in a Stockholm magazine interview. "I always swim in the raw and I can't understand how a nude body can be considered pornographic. If it were, even Mr. Eriksson, of the municipal council, would probably be guilty of pornography at least twice a day." And thus rolls progress on. —JAN SJÖBY

The most amazing story

VIENTIANE, LAOS—The brothels here are cleaner than the hotels, marijuana is cheaper than pipe tobacco and opium is easier to find than a cold glass of beer. When you do find the beer and are sitting quietly, wondering what sort of place this is, the waitress offers to fellate you on the spot, and you still don't know. Your eyes get accustomed to the dark and you see that the waitress is naked. Without warning, she jumps onto a chair, pokes a cigarette into her vagina and lights it, puffing it by contracting her uterine lungs. So many sexual knacks. You could teach these people anything. There are many bars in Vientiane; the decor and the beer are the same in all of them, but the unnatural practices vary.

The only English film I could find in Vientiane was a pornographic one, and the somber reverence of the Japanese tourists, who watched like interns in an operating theater, filled me with despair. I shopped for presents, imagining Laotian treasures, but discovered traditional handicrafts here to include aprons, memo pads, pot holders and neckties. Neckties! I tried to take a pleasure cruise on the Mekong but was told that the river was used only by smugglers. The food was unusual. One bowl of soup I had contained whiskers, feathers, gristle and bits of intestine cut to look like macaroni. I told this to a prince I had been urged to visit. He took me to a restaurant where we had—I suppose it was his way of apologizing—a leg of lamb, mint sauce and roasted potatoes.

I asked him what it was like to be a prince in Laos. He said he couldn't answer that question, because he didn't spend much time in Laos; he was mainly interested in sky diving and motor racing. His description of political life convinced me that Laos was really Ruritania, a slaphappy kingdom of warring

half brothers, heavily mortgaged to the United States. But there were enemies in Laos, he said that evening at his home. Where were they? I asked. He pointed out the window, and across the street. A man with a machine gun was silhouetted in the top window of a three-story building. The prince said, "Him. He's a Pathet Lao."

•

Laos, a riverbank, has been overrun and ransacked; it was one of America's expensive practical jokes, a motiveless place where nothing was made, everything imported: a kingdom with baffling pretensions to Frenchness. What was surprising was that it existed at all, and the more I thought of it, the more it seemed like a lower form of life, like the cross-eyed planarian or the squashy amoeba, the sort of creature that can't die even when it is cut to ribbons.

Setting out from Nong Khai Station (the Thai children were flying kites along the tracks), I was headed south, for Singapore. There is an unbroken railway system from this northerly station to Singapore via Bangkok and Kuala Lumpur, through roughly 1400 miles of jungle, rice fields and rubber estates. The state railway of Thailand is comfortable and expertly run, and now I knew enough of rail travel in Southeast Asia to avoid the air-conditioned sleeping cars, which are freezing cold and have none of the advantages of the wooden sleepers with their wide berths and shower rooms. There is not another train in the world that has a tall stone jar in the bath compartment, where, before dinner, one can stand naked, sluicing oneself with scoops of water. The trains in any country contain the essential paraphernalia of the culture. Thai trains have the shower jar with the glazed dragon on its side; Ceylonese ones, a car reserved for Buddhist monks; Indian ones, a vegetarian kitchen and six classes; Iranian ones, prayer mats; Malaysian ones, a noodle stall; Vietnamese ones, bulletproof glass on the locomotive; and in every carriage of a Russian train, there is a samovar. The Great Railway Bazaar (for that is the name of a book I was preparing) represented a society so completely that to go on board was to be challenged by the national character. At times, it was like a leisurely seminar, but I also felt, on some occasions, that it was like being assaulted by the monstrously typical.

In the night express from Nong Khai were many Chinese and Filipino mechanics, deeply tanned from working at the American airfields, their baseball caps pulled down over their eyes. Thais were gambling in the second-class sleeper, where American Servicemen sat sheepishly with Thai girls, looking homesick but very proper as they held hands. I was in a compartment with an American civilian, who said he was a salesman. He

POUR YOURSELF INTO
RONRICO'S T-SHIRT—$1.99.
What the Ronrico T-shirt says fits you and our rum perfectly. Because we're both real. So wear the Ronrico T-shirt everywhere you go. Order one for yourself and that special someone. Send check or money order to Ronrico T-shirt Offer, Princeton Sportswear Corp., P.O. Box 6829, Philadelphia, Pa. 19132. Offer void where prohibited.
Please send me ____ T-shirts @ $1.99 each. Quantity per size:
___S. ___M. ___L. ___XL.
Total amount enclosed
$_____.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Real Rum
RONRICO
Ronrico
It's Real
GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C. 80 PROOF.
RUM RONRICO
REAL RUM

didn't look like a salesman. His hair was cut so short that I could see a white scar running along the top of his head from back to front like a part; he had a Thai charm around his neck and broken fingernails; on the back of his right hand was a tattoo, reading TIGER, and he talked continually of his hog, a Harley-Davidson Electraglide. He had been in Thailand for five years. He had no plans to go back to the States and said that it was his ambition to make $30,000 a year—or, as he put it, "thirty K."

"How close are you to that figure?"

"Pretty close," he said.

He had just spent a few days in Vientiane. I said I had found the place not exactly to my taste. He said, "You should have gone to the White Rose."

"I went to the White Rose," I said.

"Did you see a tall girl there?"

"It was too dark to tell who was tall or short."

"This one was wearing clothes. Most of them were bare ass, right? But this one had long hair and slacks. The rest of them were putting cigarettes in their cats and puffing on them, but this one just comes over and sits down next to me. She wasn't wearing a bra and she had those nice tits models have. I offered her a beer, but she had a Pepsi, and strangely enough, I wasn't charged extra for it. I liked that!

"We sat there, sort of fooling around, and I put my hand inside her blouse and gave her a honk. She laughs. 'You want massage?' she says. I says, 'Forget it.' They don't mean massage. Then she says, 'Come upstairs—you give *mama-san* four dollars and she let me.'

" 'What happens when we go upstairs?'

"She leans over. She says, 'Anything. Anything you want to do to me, you can do. Anything you want me to do, I do. I know how.' Does this give me a hard-on or what?

"What if a beautiful girl—I mean, a real piece of ass—said that to you: 'Do anything you want to me'? It's like having a slave. I thought of two or three things—crazy things I wouldn't even tell you. She's saying, 'What? What?' I'm too embarrassed to tell her, but I'm thinking, she's made a bargain and she can't back out of it. I keep thinking these wild things and saying, 'Anything?' and she says, 'Sure, what you want?' But I didn't want to say.

"Then she says, 'Tell me.' I says, 'I'll tell you upstairs,' and I go over to the *mama-san*, a real hard-faced bitch, and give her four bucks. Then we go upstairs. Her name is Oy. She takes off her blouse and she's got these fantastic knockers and this beautiful brown back.

"I gives her a fin and she takes my clothes off and starts washing my process and asking me if I've got the clap. The washing sort of turns me on, and I tell her to hurry up. So she turns off the light and pushes me back on the bed, and God, I've never been gobbled like that in my life. Her tongue's whirling around and I'm practically fainting. But I pulled it out before I came. *Now what?* I had these odd-ball ideas and I just said the first thing that came into my head. 'Turn over,' I says, 'I want to piss on you.'

" 'OK,' she says. *OK!* She gets down on the bed and I kneel over her. But I couldn't do it—I don't think I really wanted to—so I started screwing her ass for all it was worth. I came and rolled her over, and that's when I slid my hand up her thigh and touched the biggest process I've ever. . . . Look, I don't want to ruin your dinner."

"I think I've heard that one before," I said, as we walked through the train to the dining car.

"No, no," said Tiger. "You don't understand."

We each had a Singha beer. I ordered fried rice with prawns and mixed vegetables, and outside was the perfectly flat, unwrinkled Khorat Plateau.

"You've heard the story, right? The girl that turns out to be a guy, right?" He began to eat. "Well, this ain't the same story. Sure, I panicked and she laughed—or *he* laughed. He says, 'Don't you like girls?' and gives me a really horrible smile in the dark. I puts my clothes on—I'm dying to get out of there. But downstairs in the bar, I decide to have another beer. I sit down and Oy comes over again. He says, 'You don't like me.' I buys him another Pepsi, and by then, I'm kind of calm. 'I like you,' I says, and—believe it or not—I give him a kiss on the cheek. I mean, don't get me wrong. This wasn't really a man—it was a girl with a prick! It was fantastic. You probably think I'm nuts, I know this sounds screwy, but if I go to Vientiane again, I'll probably go over to the White Rose, and if Oy is there, I'll—yeah, I probably will!"

Sometime during the night, Tiger left the train. I woke to an empty compartment at six in the morning and, snapping up the window shade, saw that we were moving quickly past the black *klongs* to a city of temples and square buildings colored pink by the sunrise. But the light was brief. It turned sickly, then dimmed to grayness, and we arrived shortly afterward at Bangkok Station in a heavy rain. —PAUL THEROUX

The best English-language daily in Italy

ROME—Two American film makers sat in a cool, gray apartment on the Monte Mario, starved for comprehensible news of the outside world. *Time* and *Variety* were already a day late on the Via Veneto. Someone had hacked down the short-wave antenna they'd mounted on the side of the building. And there was nothing on TV but a song contest. Finally, one of them sighed and reached for the Rome *Daily American*. His friend shook his head and said, "You look like a drowning man reaching for a cardboard box."

That's what the *Daily American* is—a cardboard box. Big, hollow, structurally weak. It's a badly designed catchall for junk and tacky souvenirs and shreds of real news—square as can be. It's also the quasi-official voice of the American colony in Rome, one of the two major English-language newspapers published on the Continent and the best-selling item at scores of Roman newsstands.

The *Daily American* was founded in 1946, as an outgrowth of *Stars and Stripes*. In its early years, it was fairly slick and looked and read like today's *International Herald-Tribune*. But it's been through five owners and innumerable changes of personnel since then, and somewhere along the line, it developed the qualities for which it is known today—a curious mix of news and feature stories, zombie lightheartedness, a parochial, hometown-paper view of Italy and a kind of schoolboy smugness about the American way of life.

What does the *Daily American* write about? Business, for one thing, since most of its hard-core readership is either working for or has an investment in one American corporation or another. (The front page of November 23, 1963, contained a huge headline reading "KENNEDY SLAIN BY ASSASSIN," the start of an item about an incident on the Berlin autobahn, a 250-word story about Kennedy's death—and a 225-word story about how Kennedy's statement on the TFX fighter plane was affecting the rivalry between Boeing and General Dynamics.)

Then there's "society"—high-class American society in Rome, as chronicled daily by Irene Fleming, wife of *Daily American* executive editor Douglas Fleming, in a column called "Lend Me Your Ears." . . . Get it? Irene carries a lot of international-film-biz casting news, tells readers who's filming what and where (it is said that some *Daily American* readers—American and Italian alike—buy the paper just for this information, so that they can look on or maybe even *walk* on) and features folksy little local items, such as: "Come New Year's Eve, a bunch of the Intercontinentals will be whooping it up at Ian Sherrif's saloon—oops—Intercontinental Club on Via Avignonesi. . . ."

Elsewhere in the *Daily American?* "Dear Abby," Carroll Righter's horoscope, some comics (including Joe Palooka), Alfred Sheinwold on bridge, a shopping guide to high-priced, English-speaking shops, editorials picked up from other papers (*The Christian Science Monitor* is a favorite) and even a few truncated hard-news stories now and then: Close your eyes and you're eating in Illinois. —COLEMAN ANDREWS

The French have a word for it.

OUI

It's an international point of view. An exuberant sense of humor. And a wildly sensual spirit. Every month in OUI.

Please enter my subscription for:

- ☐ 3 years $24
  (save $22.50 off $46.50 single-copy price)
- ☐ 1 year $10
  (save $5.50 off $15.50 single-copy price)
- ☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later
- ☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no.

☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐

name _____ (please print)

address _____ apt. no.

city _____

state _____ zip

Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO addresses only.

oui

OUI, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois 60611

7070

WILSON McLEAN

ALONG THE FRONTIERS OF SEX

OUR POST-HIP REPORTER VISITS CALIFORNIA'S SANDSTONE, WHERE SHARING IS GOOD, JEALOUSY IS BAD AND BALLING IS A WAY OF GETTING TO KNOW PEOPLE

article by Herbert Gold

A young professor of mathematics from a Jesuit college in the Los Angeles area is right now doing six things he has never done before. He has taken off all his clothes in public. He is watching people make love, live, in living, X-rated color. He himself is beginning to caress a girl whose name he asks only shortly before penetration. He is being watched by her "primary." Is that not quite six new things, all bunched up together? Just before he comes, he leans over and asks her primary, "David, do you mind?"

The girl, Sharon, answers for him, "No, of course he doesn't."

"I'm going to get some apple juice," says David.

By the time he comes back, balancing three paper cups, the six-first professor and Sharon are finished. Oh, yes, another of the six firsts. Perhaps due to some mild tensions, the lovemaking was on the mediocre side as to performance, but the prof felt good, anyway. They all discuss it. There is no emphasis on performance here. If it feels good, do it. If it felt good, enjoy it.

"I feel comfortable with you," says Sharon. "There's a good space."

"Me, too," says David.

They sip apple juice and rest together, good, easy friends.

Twenty minutes later, Sharon is rewarding the shy linguist in airplane glasses for his shy

attendance at the previous scene with an extensive, public, expert and tender sucking off. Her eyes are closed and she works very slowly but rhythmically, like a child preventing an ice-cream cone from melting on her blouse on a hot summer day.

The mathematician finds that, like David, he is not really jealous. The primary is not jealous, so neither is the satellite lover. This is a vocabulary we may have to explain later. No freak-outs, all the way down the line. Later, the prof, the linguist, these two satellites, plus David, Sharon's primary, and Sharon herself all rest, rocking on the warm water bed. Sharon says gratefully, "Gosh, I'm not used to so much attention," and they assure her, "You're a wonderful girl, you're really beautiful, you're very special, you're terrific."

"Far out," she says. "I'm not really that good."

•

We are at the Sandstone Ranch, high above the L.A. smog and urk, near Topanga and Malibu. The Elysium Day is a great success. The Jacuzzi health-giving whirlpool bath and the swimming pool—large, maternally warm, friendly—are occupied. There is plenty of soap, plenty of towels, plenty of apple juice and coffee and no hard liquor. What is happening is not an orgy, not a swinging party. There is a large group and it is sex, OK, but more like sensuality. It's *cool* sex. It is, the Sandstone family would insist, a kind of love.

A girl named Lanie, 24 years old, a buyer of electronic parts and a UCLA graduate, informs me, "Hey, man, voyeurism is a turn-on, you know? I call him"—the black guy over there—"the Uncle Tom Peeping Tom. Hey, he's a scopophiliac, man. Personally, after fucking, I like best to listen. I like the sound of my own words. Lemme try some of yours now. Speak, man, give me some vocabulary."

The party is a happy one, but problems, always there are problems at a party. The band, Stitches, is a good one, strong on percussion. Vocals are not so strong, a little hoarse for the taste of someone bred on Schubert lieder, but percussion counts most at this meeting of minds. Few dance, at first. They walk around nude, about 100 of them; they fuck in public—things not usually done at high school proms, for example. But at any high school hop, they'll dance. And these liberated public ballers are too shy to exhibit their steps dancing until later in the evening.

The spirit of Sandstone finally cleared that problem up, too.

WELCOME, ELYSIUM, said the sign over the mantel. Well, come. Everybody made the little joke and felt at home. A buxom nude staggered out of the ballroom (she wasn't drunk, no hard liquor here, but something made her stagger): "Whew. Does anybody have an Empirin? Wow. An aspirin will do. A vitamin C. Something else I can swallow."

"Hey, I got something here you can swallow."

"You again. Didn't I swallow you once already?"

"That was nearly an hour ago, man."

"Don't call me man or I'll spit it all out."

And, laughing, they retreated into the ballroom, postponing the lady's little headache gratification until later.

•

Esalen happened. Drugs, sex and growth fluttered into the relay race of the affluent Sixties. Drugs won. Sex won. Growth came in third. The affluent Sixties turned inside out, insight out, and *voilà*, the impecunious Seventies. Esalen no longer thinks of taking over the world with mass roll calls. It has even restricted expansion of the San Francisco center. Big Sur is interested in sports, in Zen, in quietness, the unravished bride of quietness.

Sandstone happened in a canyon of Malibu, up from the ocean, up from the swinging San Fernando Valley, up from all that unbreathed L.A. air and psychology. It is high above it, it's the Sandstone Ranch, with horses and horseshit and clean living. And with no bones about it, drugs and hard liquor are forbidden, growth is accepted and sex comes first as Sandstone residents explore the perimeters.

Sex as the means to growth. To giving up smoking. To interpersonal, interrelating intersecting amid the lonely freeways of fantasy. Music helps. Good food helps. Easygoing nudity contributes. No pressure is a definite plus. Selection by paying keeps out some of the freaks and tends to restrict to upper income or the really serious-minded poor. Difficult to pay for your groovy group sex with food stamps unless you also have energies to exchange in the form of useful work. (Linda gave me a brilliant haircut. We don't waste time up at the ranch.)

I arrived at Sandstone amid the cooking and cleaning, incense-lighting and water-bed-heating preparations for the summit conference with Elysium, a growth center that had a history of unacknowledged rivalry with the more frankly radical and sexual Sandstone. We all remember how mainland China and the U.S.A. finally got together to eat *dim sum*, exchanging forks and chopsticks, chuckling and posing for snaps, Nixon and Chou En-lai, Kissinger and Mao.

Well, it was a little like that, only the summits with China didn't end, so far as we know, in mass sexual exercises all around the palace of celebration. Elysium may be more cautious, conservative and middle class, but somehow the influence of the Sandstone scene—Ho Chi Minh parking cars in two packed lots, wearing nothing but a silver chain and hiking boots, just for openers—the spirit of Sandstone present and past got to them. A woman was fixing the road, clearing out boulders. A man was scrubbing the kitchen. "We've licked the role problem here," said Marty Zitter, your friendly host and guide. I could tell he spoke with true tongue when I watched an arrival in a red Pinto. The fat woman driver had trouble getting out of seat belt and deep bucket seat, but her man, in a caftan of the sort worn by veiled women in Libya, didn't help her. His hawk nose, under iron-gray hair, scanned the view. Yes, Catalina Island was visible today. And no piggish manipulation in the parking lot. She huffed and puffed and finally climbed free.

"You all seem to have perfect teeth," I said, generalizing like a true philosopher.

"Really."

"You're all so nice and easy."

"Really."

At Sandstone, they are specialists in assent to reality.

Paul Paige, social worker, brave and fearless leader, projected the immediate future of the revived Sandstone Ranch. They will have a community of 30—ten working for Sandstone, ten working down in town and living there, ten artists and artisans doing their work within the Sandstone universe. (Examples: Alex Comfort writing a new book, Gay Talese finishing his total-sex-in-America confection, an architect setting up tepees.) There will be three complementary operations: the soon-to-be-tax-exempt Sandstone Center for Education and Research, the Club, or Sandstone Retreat, and the Sandstone community itself, including land development in this canyon and on the mountainside, with its view of Catalina Island, its accessibility to sea and the walloped, staggering exurb of L.A. "We're exploring new types of communities. We're not a commune. We're just a good shared space with a variety of talented people. And we have private space, too. It's a variety. We have rich and famous people—writers, actors, artists, bankers, lawyers. And we have people on welfare who exchange energy—work—for membership. We have blacks, sure. We avoid the white-upper-class uniformity of your average fuck club. *(Continued on page 117)*

Dunlop
Anyone for Tennis?
Clothes to stroke balls in

DOUBLES
In the crossed rackets on the previous page, warming up for a hot and heavy match, our couple wears the latest bright, easy-care tennis gear for summer. Left racket: He's almost conservative in Adidas-Libco from head to toe: shorts ($17), carefree shirt ($13), sneakers ($25) and visor ($3). Her tennis dress ($26) is by Quantum, matched with lots of pink: terrycloth turban ($7), Pom Pom peds ($1.50) and panties ($4), all from Tennis Lady. Her blue sneakers ($12) are classic Keds, from Uniroyal. Right racket: His red shirt ($16) and tricolor sweater vest ($15) are from Oleg Cassini Tennis Club by Munsingwear; white pants ($14) by Barclay and hat ($2.50) by Bancroft. Her perky cross-racket tennis panties ($4), peek out from under a white nylon Oleg Cassini tennis dress ($28) teamed up with blue Keds ($12).

GAME
The *sportif* couple, left, are taking a Calypso break between sets. His brown terry shorts ($50) and matching jacket ($225) are from DiMitri of Italy, with a pink cotton pullover ($22) by Sal Cesarani for Country Britches.

Hair and Make-Up by Riccardo

She's wriggling out of a Tennis Lady dress ($38) and sweater ($22); and flirtatious ruffled panties ($8) by Quantum.

SET POINT

He's getting warm, warmer, warmest in his White Stag fire-red warm-up suit ($32) and white Adidas ($25). She's still playing hide-and-seek in her Oleg Cassini tennis dress ($30), tennis panties from Tennis Lady ($4) and traditional red Keds ($10).

DROP SHOT

He's heading in for the service line in green-and-white-checked shorts ($14) and matching shirt ($13) from Catalina. His big Dunlop bag ($14) holds all sorts of game equipment. Her white cotton skirt ($18) is by White Stag, with a green and white Tennis Lady sweater ($22), chiffon and plastic visor ($15) by Don Kline and sneakers ($16) by Dunlop. Tennis rackets in this section ($68 model) are by Dunlop, as are the screaming-yellow balls ($4 for a collection of three). Hair and make-up for the tennis players by Riccardo of Roma.

tennis wear should be functional...

FOOT FAULT
Left: He's stepping on toes in a yellow polyester and cotton shirt ($13), blue and yellow vest ($16) and yellow polyester shorts ($19), all by White Stag. The blue visor ($15) is by Don Kline. Her eminently crushable dress ($26) by White Stag features embroidered flowers, a gored skirt and a ribbed midriff. The visor ($3) is by De Sind, terry wristband ($1 per pair), peds from Tennis Lady and sneakers ($22) from Bancroft.

...but it can also be flattering

LET BALL
Far left: She's demonstrating the long and leggy way to a winning game, in a rainbow-striped skirt ($15) and tank top ($15) by White Stag, sexy black panties ($4) from Tennis Lady and sturdy Dunlop sneakers ($16). He's as warm as toast in his McGregor-Doniger lime-green warm-up suit ($35), paired with Dunlop sneakers ($16). Keeping hot and active on the court may lead to a lot of friendships; it can also court a lot of wrinkles. Some people opt for the pure fabrics—like cotton—even though they wrinkle. Others prefer synthetic blends because they yell about wrinkles the way Ilie Nastase deals with linesmen.

BLOOD IN THE STANDS

THE RUGGED PLAY IN A BRITISH SOCCER GAME IS GENTLE SPORT COMPARED WITH THE VIOLENT BATTLES AMONG THE FANS

ARTICLE BY GORDON BURN

The teenage boy, goose-fleshed in his skinny-rib, well drunk and moving with the crowd as it swayed shoulder to shoulder in the customary call and response—"United! *Shit!* United! *Shit!*"—had stumbled upon a lark, something he thought was quite different. He was peeing into a copy of the London *Daily Mirror*, which was rolled up and attached to him like one of those virility adornments African tribesmen wear, not sticking up and angled out from the body, like theirs, but sloping downward and dead ahead, straight into the raincoat pocket of a middle-aged man standing under a flat cap. The urine soaked slowly through, turning the pocket's contents—bus tickets, cigarettes, balls of fluff—to mush, and, eventually cooling, ran down the man's leg. But the man didn't bite, didn't whip around and

BLOOD IN THE STANDS *For millions of British workers, Saturday's match became an institution and the booze-up on the way to the game became a ritual.*

swing one, didn't lunge at the punk—giggling now, scoffing and calling out names at his back—didn't show that he felt a thing, that he was aware of anything but the noise and the players. Ears flushed, eyes burning, he didn't even move to take so much as a glance over his shoulder. He didn't retaliate, because he didn't dare.

He had read the reports and the newspaper headlines: "4 MILLWALL FANS STABBED AT EVERTON." . . . They waited—with knives, picks, broken glass and acid. "BIRCH THEM, SAYS GRANNY VICTIM OF FOOTBALL MOB," "BOTTLE SMASHED IN DETECTIVE'S FACE." . . . The kids are at war again—but now it's tougher and rougher. . . . Dare I allow my children to run the violent gauntlet? . . . "THE SOCCER SAVAGES." He'd seen the pictures—one that stuck in his mind had shown a crumpled young blonde in the arms of a policeman, a bread knife penetrating her skull—and he'd witnessed more than a few outrages himself: routine pummelings and thrashings, ribs cracking as the boot went in. What was a pocketful of piss, anyway?

England's soccer stadiums never were genteel; they've been roughhouses since they were built, their terraces awash with piss and rancid with the smell of onions, free-flowing sweat and belched-up beer. At first, they were not much more than patches of wasteland, with raised rubble banking from which to spectate. Permanent stadiums were put up at the turn of the century, right where the workers' homes were, down among the endless back-to-back streets and warehouses and factories. And they were, without exception, gloomy places—primitive, cavernous and without amenity—as they mostly still are. Thousands stand crushed onto concrete terraces every Saturday, trapped, for a couple of hours, in a swaying crowd, hemmed in by it and moving only when the rest decide to move.

After a bloody early history, the game of soccer, known in Britain as football, was banned by British kings as a menace to archery. The modern idea of soccer took hold after the Battle of Waterloo and then was sieved through a number of weird public school codes: Eton, Harrow and the rest promoted it as being good for character, self-control and all-round stiff-upper-lipness, until, by 1850, it had become an acceptable activity for gentlemen. The game was codified and civilized by these chinless wonders, and while the workers were at work—the Industrial Revolution was by now, of course, steam-rollering—they put together teams among themselves. The class monopoly was short-lived.

For millions of British workers, Saturday's match became an institution and the booze-up on the way to the game a ritual. To see one's team win was personal success, to lose was another clout from life. For 90 minutes every week, whole communities abandoned themselves to the game, fell in behind heroes they could readily identify with and rightly claim as their own. They were from the same mean streets, and the fervor, affection and folklore have reverently been passed on from generation to generation. "I feel *dead* when they get beat. Sick. I don't know how to put it. All sort of . . . hollow inside." Craggy face, beer belly, squared and callused hands, the speaker is an unremarkable man. Sheet-metal worker, married, four kids. No crank. "I can't eat, can't—— Nearly said 'can't drink.' Not quite true. But real disheartened, like. I only get back to normal come Monday."

The fortunes of the 92 clubs that make up the English Football League, ranging from the very wealthy in Division One down to the impoverished stragglers at the bottom of Division Four, form the existence of who knows how many millions, the devoted for whom the club has become a way of life. Whole lives consumed by the game. "There are some people who think that football is a matter of life and death," Bill Shankly, the manager of Liverpool, once said. "They are fools. It is much more important than that." Regularly, he receives requests from widows that the ashes of their dear departed be scattered across the Liverpool football turf.

"What," asked a program note for the 1970 Mexican World Cup, "is football?" Answer: "It is the madness of the English!" Once upon a time, maybe, but no longer exclusively. Enter the "hot-blooded" people.

If the British aristocrats regarded soccer as a game invented by them, to be played only by them, they were entirely misguided. Once the Brazilians, Uruguayans, Argentineans and Italians had the game under their skin, they went from strength to strength. And the thing about soccer, and a large part of its appeal, is that there is no *right* way to play. Once the Europeans and the South Americans took it seriously, it fast became clear that the British had no monopoly on efficiency. The real end to England's lording it, the final collapse, came in 1953, when the Brits lost at Wembley Stadium, cherished home ground, to Hungary. "England, at last, was beaten by a foreign invader on solid English soil," mourned the London *Times*.

The new soccer supremacists were the Brazilians, for whom football came to serve needs met in other countries by politics and culture. Towns built huge stadiums that could accommodate twice as many people as they had population and, in the space of 50 years, an entire nation was persuaded to accept a ball game as a basic element of its life, not just as a peripheral pleasure. Wrote Joao Maximo, a journalist: "There is a paradox at the heart of Brazilian football. It has brought beauty into the hearts of millions of people who might not have known much without it. It has given to the poorest something to identify with and a means of expressing themselves. But, of course, it is a limited instrument of expression. A people cannot fulfill itself through a game. In the end, through distracting from more fundamental issues, football can be said to do considerable harm."

• Brazil clobbered in 1950 World Cup. Rash of suicides in Rio de Janeiro.

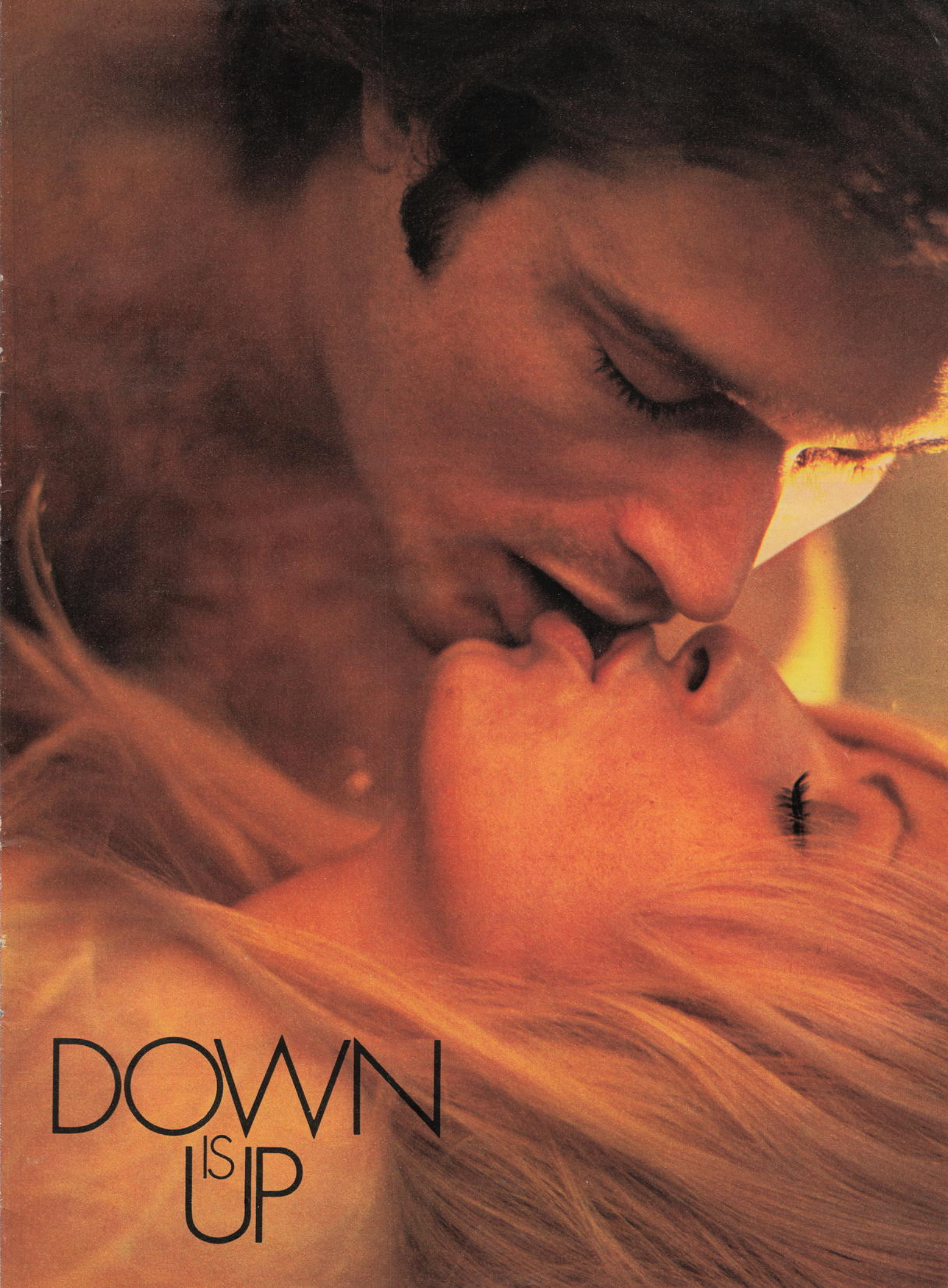
• Indonesian soldiers, refused free admission, shoot their way into stadium. Six-hour battle with police. Many killed.

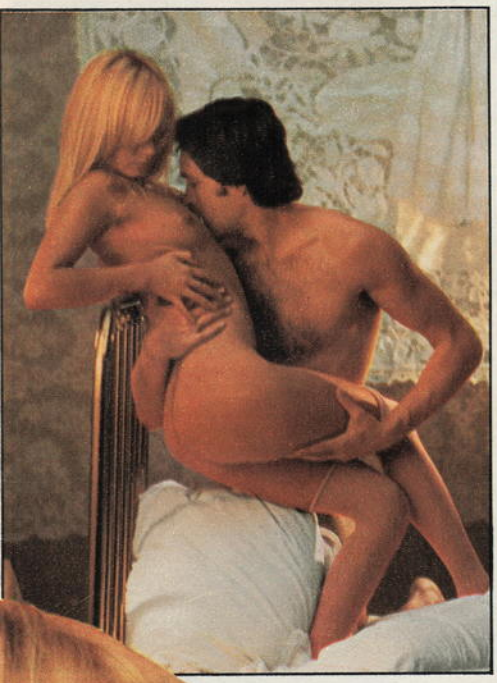
• Nineteen Argentinean and Peruvian footballers given 30-day jail sentences for their part in a brawling finish to a South American Cup match in Buenos Aires. Three suffer brain damage.

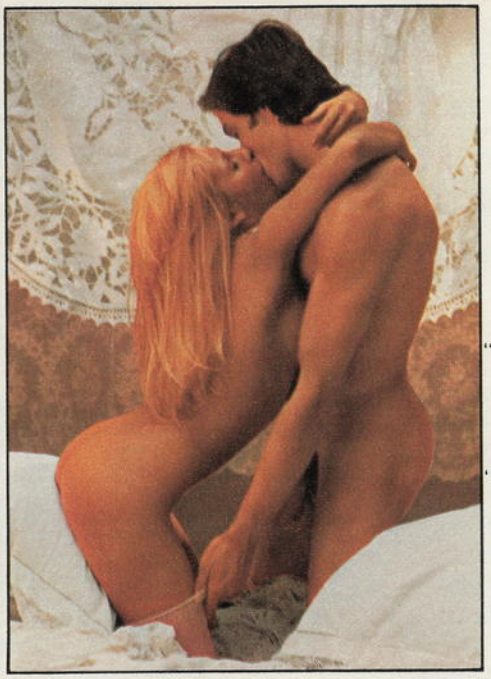
• February 1974. Forty-nine people killed, 47 injured when Egyptian football fans storm Cairo ground of Zamalek Sporting Club before match with the Dukla Club of Prague.

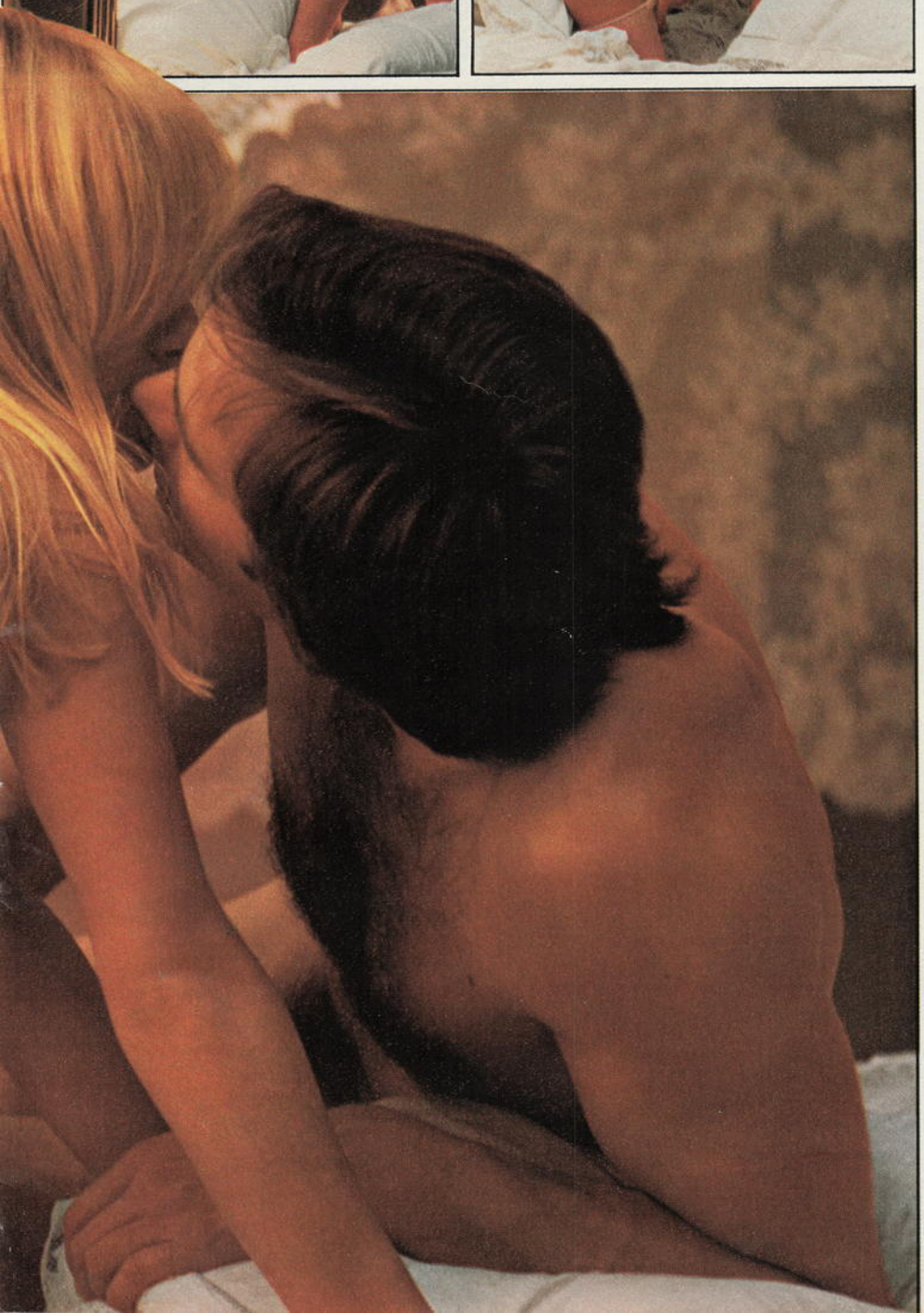
In South America and in Italy, matches have long been played behind walls and trenches and barbed-wire fences. Tear gas, police clubs and riots have been endemic to the game for a generation. But not in Britain. That is, not until recently. Not until the coming of the pimply pests—"boot boys!" The British, watching the antics of the hot-bloods all these years, had been very aloof. "Animals," England's team manager, Sir Matt Busby, called the Argentineans at the 1966 World Cup, and both the press and the sport's higher-ups had made such comments as: "I don't think it will ever be necessary to build fences around pitches in Scotland. The Scottish fan is different from the Continental"; and, "People are getting to dislike authority more and more. But wire fences are not necessary. I never want to see them in this country. Their introduction would be a terrible indictment of our crowds." (The first of these statements was uttered by the chairman of the Glasgow Rangers in 1963; the second, by the secretary of the English Football Association in 1961.)

Then there were Mod and Rocker riots, and Rolling Stones tours and dropping pills and "Why don't you all f-f-fade away." And then skinheads. And then the *(Continued on page 96)*


DOWN
IS
UP

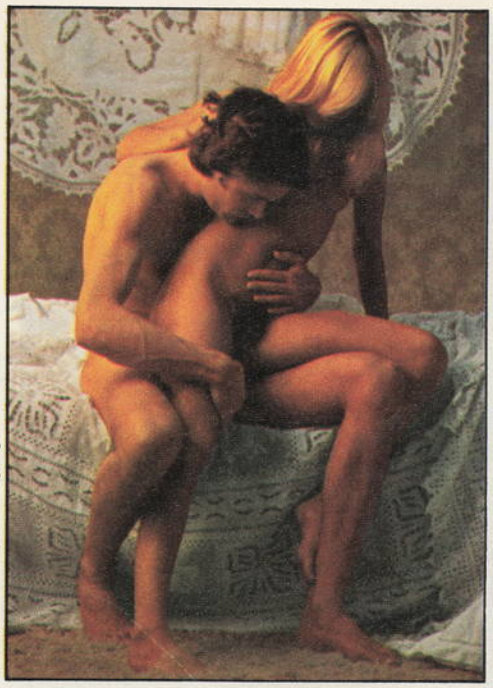


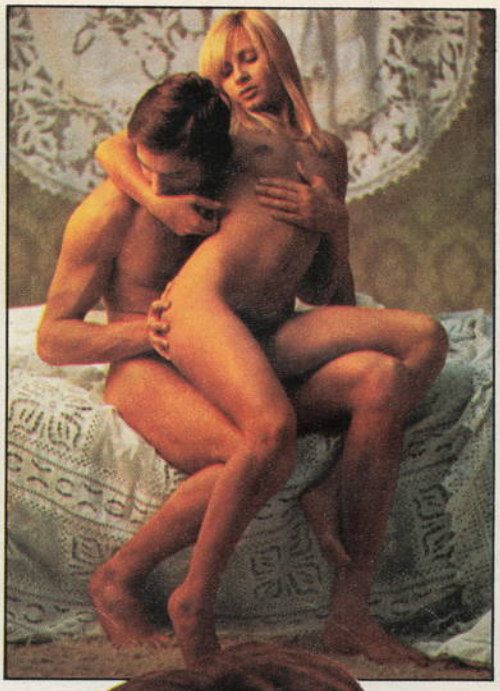




"IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS," SAYS CLAUDINE, "THE BED IS BETTER THAN THE TRAPEZE. I *LIKE* RISK. I *LOVE* SECURITY."

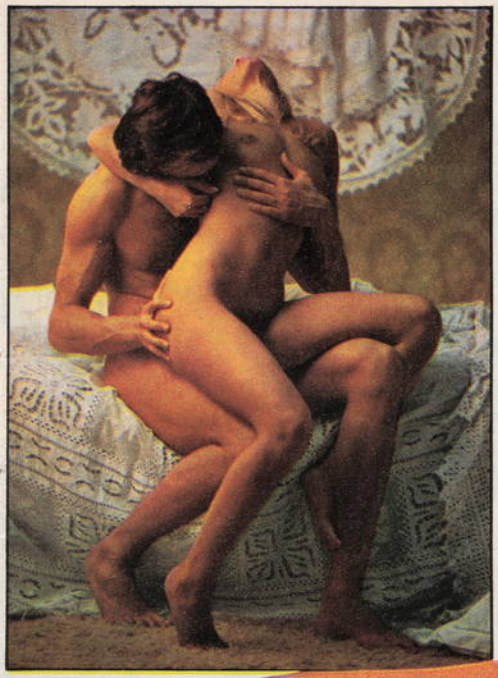
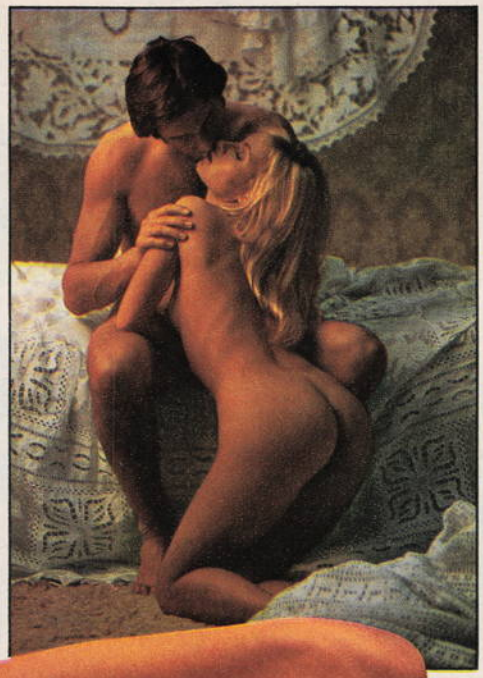
Didier and Claudine do a flying-trapeze act in a minor circus that works the Low Countries and the warm parts of Scandinavia six months of the year. "We virtually met in the air," Didier explains. "Forty feet up. Me with my knees cocked over the bar, my head aimed toward the floor, and here's this beautiful girl flying at me in somersaults—not into my arms, exactly, but hands clasped tight to my wrists. The truth is, we didn't exactly meet that way, but I think it was the first time I got my hands on the little sexpot." Death of the circus: part the umpteenth, to be continued. Didier, a Belgian, is first generation in the business and probably the last. "For me, it's just a fantasy," he claims. "I was good in gym, but I became a trapeze artist in the same way that Spanish boys become matadors." Claudine is a distant relative of the Cristiani family on one side, of the great aerialist Alfredo Cordona on the other. Sometimes, she thinks she'd sooner be a model. "We don't try anything fancy up there," Claudine says. "No triple somersaults, like Cordona—not even a lot of double somersaults, unless the net's very wide and I'm not minding





"I CAN GET OFF ON HEIGHTS," SAYS DIDIER, "BUT I CAN ALSO GET OFF ON MATTRESSES. SOFT IS NICE."

rope burns. All the same, if I'm hanging there by his wrists or his ankles and I've just flown from 20 feet away, I feel, let us say, a bond between us: something even stronger than love. And then, when we are on the ground again, I want to thank him. So I am always taking him to bed with me. One night after we had practiced, I couldn't wait to get to the hotel room. There was no one in the tent but a sleepy old watchman, so I got Didier into the net, pulled his little suit off him and we did it right there. In my mind's eye, I could still see all those Danish children who'd been watching us in the afternoon, and that excited me." "The thing is," Didier says, "there is something incredibly sexual about high-wire and trapeze work. There is something psychological that I'm sure Freud could have explained. And there is also something genital." "Yes," says Claudine, "there's this throb in the groin, this sensation. I think nonperformers feel it a little when they're on a roller coaster. Sometimes, I come down from there and my crotch is soaking wet." "That is why we spend so much time in bed," says Didier. "When we are not on the trapezes, we are in bed."

The American Journey

IN WHICH A VERY HORNY COUPLE ON A CROSS-COUNTRY TRIP FINDS THE RAUNCHIEST ACROBATICS IN THE LEAST LIKELY LODGINGS

HUMOR BY THOM RACINA

The publication of a book called *The Best* makes me want to write its antithesis—*The Worst*. The worst of everything imaginable: the worst-tasting instant coffee, the worst-tasting vaginal douche, the worst airplane you can fly in and the worst prophylactic you can wear. Everything, the bottom of the list. And topping the bottom of the list—and this is where I have some expertise—will be the lousiest motels this country has to offer.

I've already found them. I've done the grand tour, found the lowest of the low. There are three of them (so far, that is—God knows, this kind of thing takes time and effort, searching for the crummiest lodgings known to man) and each has its own special quality. All of them have something to do with sex (after all, what are motels for?). One is a jerk-off establishment

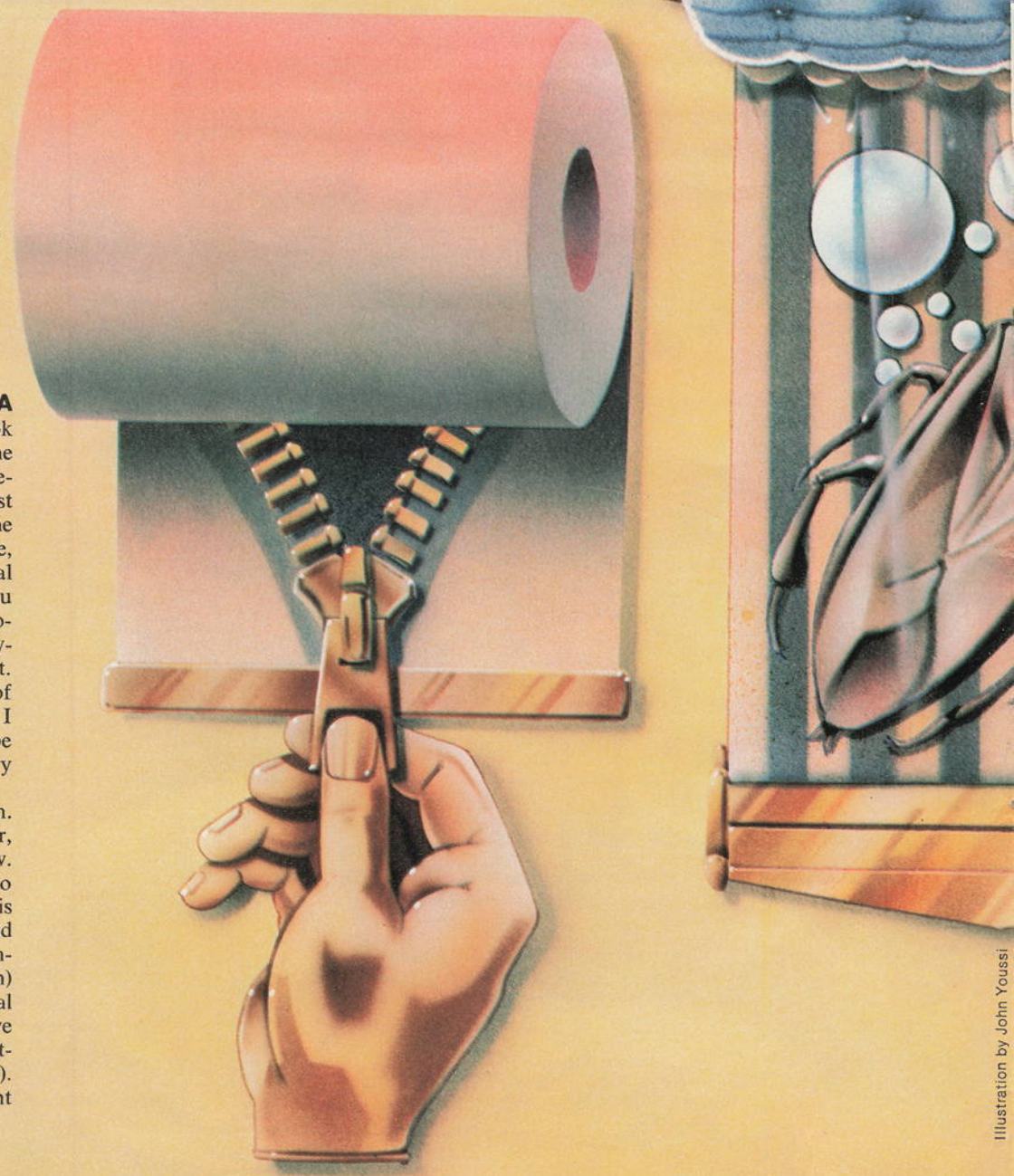
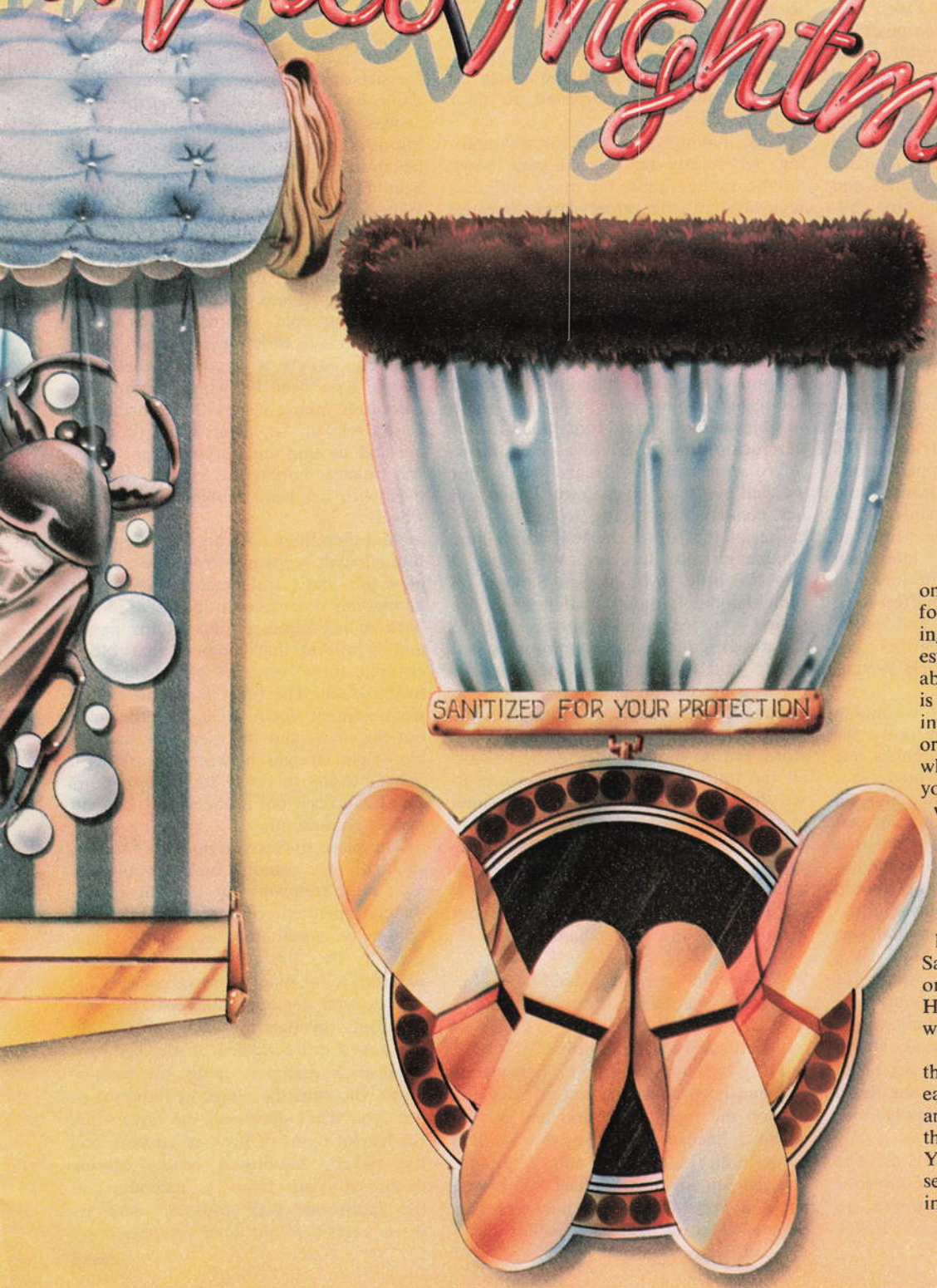


Illustration by John Youssi

Through Motel Nightmare



only; another is there purely for laughs, conducive to balling with the giggles. The finest of the three (meaning the absolute rock-bottom dump) is a haven for folks who are into screwing with no style or class whatsoever—a place where you're afraid to take your shoes off, if you know what I mean, so you fuck with them on.

But we'll have to work down to that place. Let's start at Casa Del Sol, the motel where *Psycho should* have been filmed. Call it the San Simeon of cheap motels or the LaBrea tar pits of Hyatt Houses, this spot is the third-worst motel in the country.

It began, this journey to the motel at the end of the earth, in San Francisco. Carol and I had decided to get into the Javelin and drive to New York, and we set a goal: to search out the crummiest lodgings known to man. To talk

GREAT AMERICAN MOTEL NIGHTMARE *The room was tiny, the size of most suburban broom closets, dank, hotter than hell and it had to have been furnished by the Salvation Army.*

about the whole trip would be to give too much credit to places that were just mediocre (or pretty awful, if you're using most people's standards); thus, I'm going to tell you about the three highlights, the three hellholes.

We had planned to take our time, so we drove down to Carmel on the first night, and the trip was terrific. We rolled down the Javelin's windows and breathed the clean, fresh air off the Pacific as we wheeled our way down California's beautiful Highway One. And there it was, suddenly, the famous Carmel, with the beach of pure-white sand. We figured we'd find a junky motel and have a good, quiet evening.

Wrong. It was the middle of summer and the streets of Carmel were lined with Dior-frocked women with Afghans on leashes, men in linen suits and panama hats, manufactured-looking children who should have been on leashes—not your idea of a basic let-it-all-hang-out resort. I was already muttering as we drove toward the beach, and Carol, who gives everything a chance, even Holiday Inns, told me not to be so harsh—hell, maybe the beach would be just a little bit trashy!

Yeah, sure. I parked the car and stepped out. Right into the biggest pile of dog shit I'd ever seen. I swear, 15 poodles got together and crapped in one spot, just *knowing* a jerk in jeans would take a step from his car and slide all the way into the ocean. It took us nearly an hour to clean it off my shoe, and then we buried it (my shoe, not the turds) in the trunk, which wasn't the smartest idea, because the fumes came up and nearly ate us alive. So much for Carmel. We were longing for something less pretentious, something . . . simple.

And we found it, but not without a nerve-racking search. Driving down the winding coastal highway at night is one thing, because on one side, you have a deathly drop into the Pacific, and on the other, pure rock, pure mountain that goes straight up. But driving down that highway at night with no gas is quite another. Carol suggested that we should have gotten gas in Big Sur but admitted she didn't remember a station that was open. Big Sur? Was she kidding? I couldn't even remember being there: It's all a hoax for tourists; there is no such place. Just a few mansions built above the water. Maybe Kim Novak would have let us siphon some out of her tank: She has a house there, and if she has a house there, she can afford a few gallons of gas for fans.

Anyhow, I was getting nervous. The gauge needle was below E and my eyes were beginning to close. No towns, no cars, nothing—just blackness. Police don't even patrol that road at night; they're afraid to drive on it. Carol tried to soothe me by rubbing the back of my neck, but that just got me horny, so she whipped out my cock and played with it and sucked it for about 15 minutes, which was terrific (I figured that if you're gonna die, you might as well go in ecstasy), until she suddenly sat up and yelled, "Stop the car!" Just when I'm going to come, she yells, "Stop the car!"

I immediately thought of pulling over to the side of the road, which was, at the time, nothing but air, so I slammed on the brakes right there in the middle of the highway. I mean, there was no *over* to pull to. Carol opened the door and threw up.

Now, having sex in the car was nothing particularly new; she'd gone down on me many times, on many different highways in this great land, because driving is boring and a good blow job makes it less so. But what was happening now? She was throwing up, for God's sake.

Car sickness. The winding road had taken its toll on her and had ruined her for the night. She sat back in the seat and moaned while I stuffed my half-hard cock back into my jeans. I asked if there was anything I could do. "Get us off this fucking road!" Boy, was she a mess.

We were near the Hearst castle, but we had no fears that Patty/Tania and her cohorts were going to get us, because, at that time, she was still a nice college girl in Berkeley. We chugged into the little town of San Simeon on fumes alone. It didn't matter where we stayed now, we would lower ourselves to a Ramada if necessary. Anything seemed better (and warmer) than spending the night in the car on Highway One.

San Simeon, alas, had no motel. A gas pump (closed, of course) and a grocery store, but no motel. "Where the hell do all the tourists stay when they come to see the castle?" I asked. Carol moaned in reply; she was still feeling miserable. I didn't know what to do. I stopped the car and said, "Look, Carol, I don't know what to do."

"Go back to the motel we saw about a mile back and wake them up."

"What motel?"

"You didn't see the place?"

"No." I was telling the truth. I hadn't seen it.

"We passed it. I told you. . . ."

I'd given up listening to her moans and had been concentrating on McCartney on the tape player and had missed it. So I headed back the way we had come and, on a fart and a prayer, chugged up to the Casa Del Sol Motel, about a mile and a half north of San Simeon. The fog had been rolling in all night and we could barely find the door to the office. We rang the night bell, which didn't work, and then kicked, banged, blew the car horn, sang . . . anything to arouse the owner. I had visions of Tony Perkins, in a dress, coming to the door with an ax in his hand.

Finally, a fat man appeared and assured us that he wasn't very happy about it. He overcharged us (six dollars for a room that, before inflation, would have gone for something between 78 cents and two bucks) and tossed us a key. We dragged ourselves to our room.

If you could call it that. It was tiny, the size of most suburban broom closets, dank, hotter than hell, because the heater was on full blast (it was that or nothing at all, and the cold fog had already penetrated our souls), and it had to have been furnished by the Salvation Army. Wilted plastic roses adorned the nightstand, which was wilted itself. The saving grace was the hard bed, which took up three fourths of the room. Silently, Carol stripped and fell onto the mattress and was out cold. I think she was so out of it that she didn't even know where we were. Maybe it was better that way. People have been known to commit suicide after taking a good look inside the Casa Del Sol. So, after hours of twisting and turning and throwing up, Carol was asleep, horizontal instead of bent over with her head rubbing the steering wheel.

And then there was me. For one thing, I still hadn't recovered from the aborted blow job, and Carol's naked body wasn't giving me a chance to put sex in the back of my mind. I took off my pants, and it was at that moment that I discovered there was no bathroom door in the place. The toilet faced the bed. I went and sat down on it, just to check out the view, and the view was incredible—right straight between Carol's legs. What's a guy to do in such a situation? Zing! My cock did a dance and I found myself beating off.

The place *makes* you do it! It's so hot, so small, you couldn't fuck if you tried. You must remove your clothing immediately upon entering or else take the option of smothering to death. Then there is the doorless bathroom (kinky idea there, fat man who overcharged us, and do you get onto the roof and take Polaroids through the fake vents?) and the naked girl sprawled on the bed (another trick dreamed up by the mastermind who runs the place; he makes it so hot, you don't dare pull the covers up, for fear of dying of heat exhaustion) and the naked, big-busted beauty staring down at you from a calendar on the bathroom wall (out of date by three years *(Continued on page 111)*

NOTORIOUS
NINA
THE CASE
OF THE
COUNCILOR
AND THE
BEAUTY
QUEEN

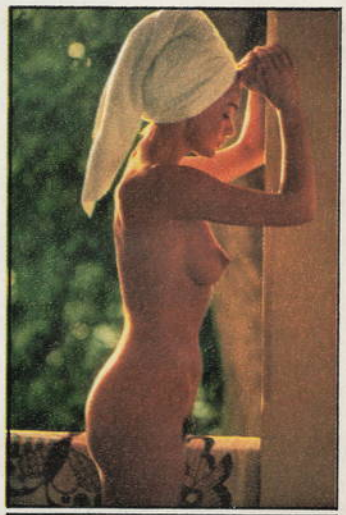
IT MUST HAVE SEEMED LIKE THE CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF THE SUGAR DADDY AND HIS SEXY BIT OF STUFF."

She's called Nina Carter, but that's not her real name. The change was a matter of necessity, an effort to escape the winks and knowing leers whenever she introduced herself as Penny Mallett. To readers of the more sensational tabloids of the world press, that name should be instantly familiar. Nina, it seems, caused a small ripple in the British Empire recently as one of the defendants in a minor scandal. It was labeled by the local media as The Councilor and the Beauty Queen Case, a Holmesian title of which

Dr. Watson surely would have approved. "It was all a huge, silly misunderstanding," says Nina, "blown out of proportion by the scandal sheets." Which is, of course, highly possible. "But it must have seemed, on the face of it, like the classic example of the sugar daddy and his sexy bit of stuff. Who was going to believe that a middle-aged man who went out with a girl young enough to be his daughter, showered her with thousands of pounds' worth of presents—including a car, clothes and jewelry—and finally took her off on a three-week cruise of the Canary Islands hadn't been getting something in return?" Some mean-minded people might find it difficult to believe, she acknowledges, but Nina insists that it is the truth. "We never went to bed together, we never even kissed, apart from an occasional peck on the cheek. Holding hands was about as intimate as we ever got. The councilor has never seen me without my clothes on, except in the newspapers and magazines." After the story appeared, she

THE COUNCILOR HAS NEVER SEEN ME WITHOUT MY CLOTHES ON, EXCEPT IN THE NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES."

AFTER THE SCANDAL, ONE OF THE FEW LEGITIMATE OFFERS SHE RECEIVED WAS TO POSE FOR THOSE NAUGHTY MAGAZINES



was deluged with offers. "One of the few legitimate ones was from a photographer to pose for those naughty magazines." Now the 23-year-old former Miss Mallett lives by the sea with her boyfriend, who stood by her through the ordeal. She was eventually cleared and, if all goes well, by the time these words are read, they will be married. "Now I make good money as a model and I am very happy. The only punishment I received was being called a very naughty girl." Justice triumphant.

Photography by Brian Aris and John Kelly

oui

CONVERSATION WITH

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

The greatest living philosopher shows where Freud went wrong and where Marx went right and gives several good reasons why he's not likely to sell out in 1975

For two decades after the Second World War, the name Sartre was on the lips of bright college kids all over Europe and America. Sar-truh. Sart. It was nearly unpronounceable in English, and the name of the philosophical movement he both led and popularized—ex-is-ten-tial-ism—was unlikely to bring out Groucho's duck with a check for ten dollars. Yet the two names cast a kind of magic spell of seriousness, and Sartre became influential far beyond the reach of anything he wrote—wherever there was heavy cigarette smoke and purposeful talk and people who were hip and beat and cool.

In two major philosophical works, "Being and Nothingness" and "The Critique of Dialectical Reasoning," Sartre established himself as a philosopher's philosopher in a tradition more Germanic than French: as a Marxist who believes in human freedom. But he was also an eminently accessible novelist, the author of "Nausea" (the story of a man who is literally sickened by the purposelessness of the universe) and of the politically committed trilogy "The Roads of Freedom." He was also a playwright, with "The Devil and the Good Lord," "The Flies," "The Condemned of Altona," "No Exit" and "Dirty Hands." Anyone who had come to think of the world as a living room in hell, with its combination of anguish and rectitude, probably had Sartre to thank for it, because such was the setting of "No Exit" and, generally, of the world that Sartre and existentialism described: absurdist to its short hairs—meaningless, painful and without God. In that world, it was the condition of men to be alone yet free to create their own destinies. "Condemned to freedom," Sartre would say. That was the twist. As "Dirty Hands" seemed to suggest, the human situation would always be ethically ambiguous, but a man would have to act, anyway, and take the consequences of his actions.

Sartre was born in 1905 to a middle-class Protestant family in Alsace and was brought up by his grandfather, a teacher of German. He was graduated from France's prestigious Ecole Normale Supérieure and taught philosophy in various lycées until World War Two, when, because of bad eyesight, he was put to work in a clerical capacity just behind the Maginot Line. When the Line cracked, he was captured by the Germans. But he escaped by faking his health status and returned to Paris, where he tried to set up a Resistance group with other independent intellectuals. This, in his words, was "a total fiasco: All we knew how to do was write fancy phrases." He rode out the war in the occupied capital, coming close to the Communists without actually joining them; then, on the basis of his plays, essays and an occasional contribution to the clandestine press, he emerged at the Liberation as a hero of the patriotic movement, identifying existentialism as a mere ideology of Marxism but with important differences, especially on the question of human freedom.

He has played hide-and-seek with the Communists ever since. He worked with them in the Fifties against the French war in Indochina, broke with them over the invasion of Hungary, sided actively with the F.L.N. against the French in Algeria and, in 1968—the year in which French workers and students nearly toppled the government—took to distributing illegal tracts and newspapers in the streets. He has become both a cult figure and a nuisance: As the glamor of existentialism has diminished, he has identified increasingly with the Third World liberation movements and has become a French national resource. Given the opportunity to jail him in 1968, De Gaulle supposedly commented: "France does not jail its Voltaires," loftily ignoring the fact that France had jailed Voltaire himself.

Sartre was interviewed for OUI *by the American writer John Gerassi, who has known him for years and is now preparing his authorized biography. "I have never met a more generous man," Gerassi says. "He gives away most of his money to needy writers and artists and he finances many New Left groups and newspapers, even some that he disagrees with. He is also generous with his time and energy. He lives modestly in the two-room flat, just off the Boulevard du Montparnasse, where this interview took place, and though he still likes to eat well, he is utterly unattached to things and unpossessive of people. He really does cherish freedom, yours as well as his own, and he is always careful not to impose his needs on others. That is why he is so well loved by the long-haired young people who militate in the loose group of Maoists he belongs to: They feel that he genuinely sees himself as just another member."*

OUI: We hear you're going to become a television star.

SARTRE: Well, I'm going to do ten one-hour shows on French television, starting in October. It's a sort of wrap-up: 75 years of this century pitted against my own 75 years. Of course, I'll be only 70 then, but I feel as old as this century, at least in terms of its politics. What we'll do is divide each program into two parts, one subjective and one objective. In the first part, I'll try to explain how a particular period appeared to me or how it affected me—World War One, the Spanish Civil War, and so forth; in the second part, I'll try to be objective, showing how it was through film clips and interviews.

OUI: Don't you have a political objective, too?

SARTRE: Of course. I am preparing the programs with Simone de Beauvoir, the staff of our magazine, *Les Temps Modernes*, and the political group I work with, known here vaguely as the Maoists. Our plan is to show that the world has a future only if we head

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE *Marxism is the philosophy that reflects our times. But Marxist philosophers have not tried to update their system since Marx himself. That is what I've tried to do.*

toward a humanitarian, decentralized, socialist, collectivist society.

OUI: When the authorities offered you programs, did they realize what they were getting into? I mean, you're the most outspoken leftist intellectual in France. Weren't they worried that you'd come down pretty hard on the regime?

SARTRE: Sure they were worried, but this regime wants to create the impression that it supports total freedom of expression and it hopes to prove as much by using me. But we'll see who uses whom. As of now, we have a contract guaranteeing not only that they won't censor us but also that we can hire all our own staff and make the whole package without interference from them.

OUI: Who is "*them*"?

SARTRE: Officially, the director of national television's second channel. He's the one who signed the contracts. But, actually, "them" is the government and, specifically, President Giscard d'Estaing, who must have given his approval.

OUI: In these programs, will you be discussing your own influence on the 20th Century?

SARTRE: I'm not so sure I've had much. In philosophy, I've left—well, a mark.

OUI: And in the theater?

SARTRE: Much less, I think.

OUI: What about the theater of ideas? The theater of commitment?

SARTRE: It's true that, by and large, my plays have been successful, certainly throughout Europe. But they didn't do so well in America. Oh, I know that one shouldn't judge by Broadway, where the economics are such that only plays that appeal to Westchester housewives are hits. My plays have been—and are still—put on by small theater groups all over the country, especially in university drama centers. But, perhaps with the exception of *Dirty Hands*, I don't think my plays have been influential. *No Exit* had an impact, yes, but that was more philosophical than political. And I think that even the peculiar success *Dirty Hands* had was due to the fact that it was misinterpreted, especially in America (where, I dare say, it was deliberate), as a Cold War anti-Communist play. You know that in America, it was called *Red Gloves*; that goes to show you. I had to sue my publisher, but by the time I won, years later, the damage was done. The public had lost the real meaning of the play, which was to pose a simple yet difficult question: Can any political organizer, no matter how dedicated, succeed without using men as means? Anyway, besides *Dirty Hands*, do you think that my plays influenced the theater?

OUI: Absolutely. They made it respectable for playwrights to deal with ideas on the stage, ideas of our times, or, in other words, political ideas. They influenced Albert Camus directly and, indirectly, the best playwrights of the Fifties—Osborne, Albee, Mercer, Wesker.

SARTRE: No. Those writers were merely reflecting their times, as I was. If I did have an influence, in general, it was by helping to make writers aware that one cannot escape commitment, that in writing books or plays that do *not* confront the system's alienation of their fellow men, they are actively supporting the system. I may have helped intellectuals understand that they have a responsibility toward their audience, but I don't think I influenced their writing or the way they wrote.

OUI: Then where do you think your greatest influence lies—or, put another way, what accomplishment gives you the most pride?

SARTRE: Everything that I have tried to write or do in my life was meant to stress the importance of freedom. In our society, despite all the rhetoric about freedom, the traditional forces, both political and philosophical, try to limit us, try to suppress us as free agents. Man is controlled by economics and politics, but he is alienated by doctrines and by his fellow men. To combat alienation, we have to be able to think clearly about what we really want and what we really feel. There are lots of people talking about freedom but in an abstract manner. Even Marxists, who talk of man's liberation, describe man as determined by his circumstances. They say that man will be free when his determinism comes from within himself—that is, when there are no outside coercions on him. But that's not freedom. Freedom is being able to make choices, admitting to oneself the needs and feelings on the basis of which these choices are made and accepting one's responsibility for making them. Freedom has to have authenticity within the circumstances of one's life, whatever those circumstances are. If I've helped spread this notion, I've been useful.

OUI: And don't you think you have? After all, existential psychoanalysis is now taken seriously almost everywhere. Look at the whole antipsychiatry movement, the appeal of R. D. Laing and David Cooper, even in America, where psychology, under the influence of the behaviorists—of the stimulus-response models—has traditionally viewed man as merely a reflex machine.

SARTRE: I'm afraid that is still the dominant view. But it's not only behaviorism that alienates man. Freudianism does the same thing by making sex the cause of everything. And our own facile Marxists do likewise by making it all economics. It's always made me laugh to hear the viciousness with which a behaviorist puts down a Freudian, when the effect of both theories is to reduce man to exactly the same kind of dependent object. And, mind you, none of those behaviorists or Freudians behave according to their own theories. Have you ever heard one analyze his own choices, such as the steak he ate, the movie he went to see, the friend he decided to invite, according to the electrical impulse that his body registered when he saw or imagined the object? Have you ever met a facile Marxist who analyzed the lust he felt for a particular woman according to the financial class he or she belonged to? What is missing in their lives, and missing in our times, is a philosophical view of man's freedom.

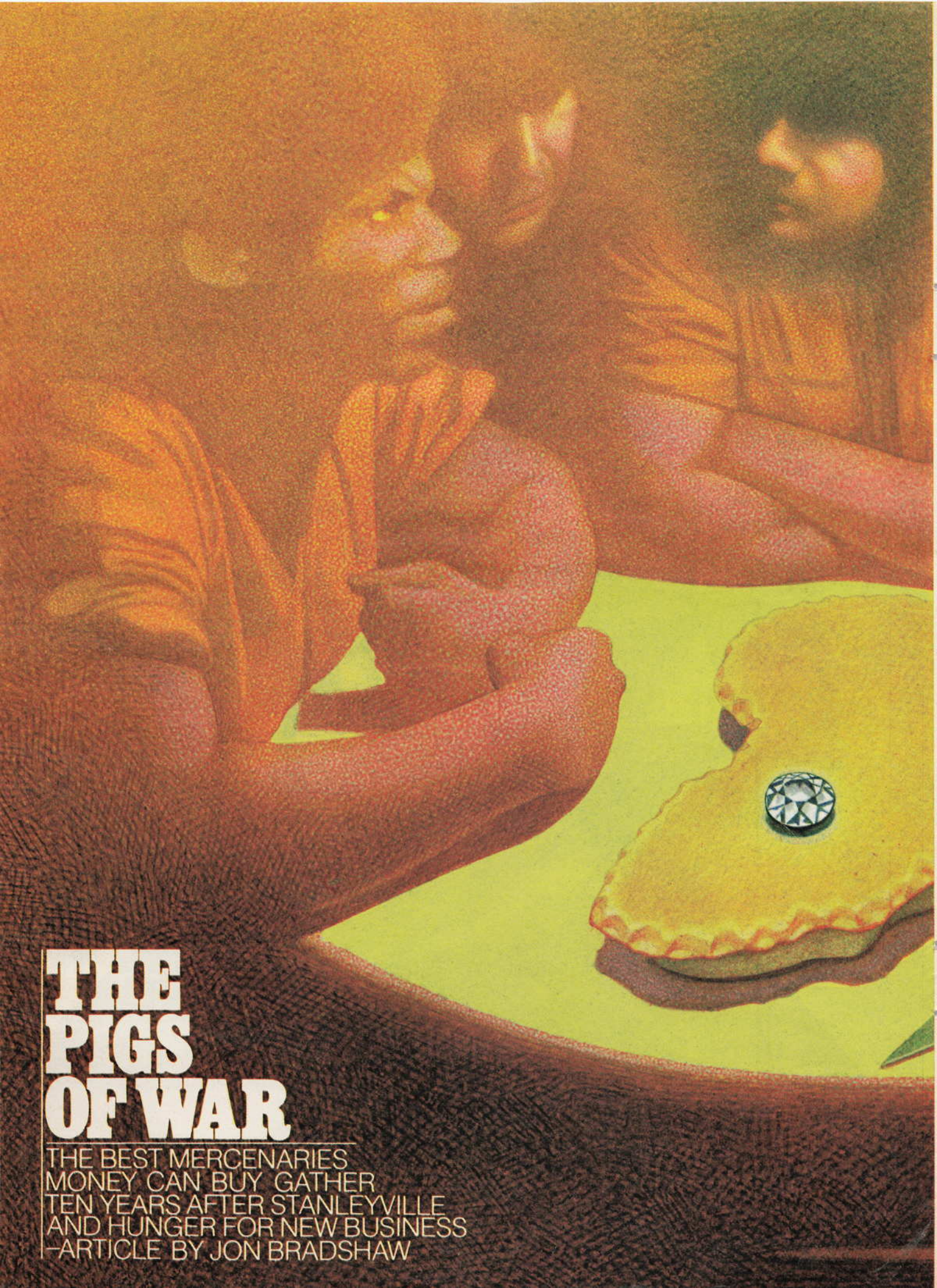
OUI: Once, you said that even in an ideal Socialist state, philosophy would not disappear, because philosophy is not a way of interpreting the world but a way of explaining man *in* the world.

SARTRE: That's right, and that's why I say that the philosophy of our times is Marxism. Both on an international scale—the poor Third World countries against the wealthy nations—and within each country, the class struggle is impossible to understand without using Marxist glasses. Marxism is the philosophy that reflects our times. Of course, it has serious shortcomings. Marxist philosophers have not tried to update their system since Marx himself. That is what I've tried to do. I've tried not only to rejuvenate the dialectical method by which one analyzes events but also to turn it around, so that it can begin with the subjective, with the "I," with each one of us in his own situation. I remain a Marxist philosopher. And, like Marxism, my philosophy is relevant now because history is still the enactment of the class struggle. Once that stops being the case, once we live in an ideal Socialist state, in which there is only one class, my philosophy will no longer be valid. But man will always need to explain his own subjectivity—his needs, his feelings, his sensations—in an objective world. He will always need to understand his very particular relationship to the world. That's why I've said that there will always be philosophers, whose tasks will be to explain man *in* the world, explain the historical process.

OUI: And you feel that only Marxism explains that process today?

SARTRE: Objectively, yes, because that process *is* the class struggle. Subjectively, however, it is man's struggle against alienation. Hence, the subjective philosophy of our times is the description of man's affirmation of his freedom—existentialism. *(Continued on page 122)*

"Love is the whole history of
a woman's life; it is
but an episode in a man's."
—Madame De Staël



THE PIGS OF WAR

THE BEST MERCENARIES MONEY CAN BUY GATHER TEN YEARS AFTER STANLEYVILLE AND HUNGER FOR NEW BUSINESS
–ARTICLE BY JON BRADSHAW

After dark, Johannesburg—the city the blacks call Egoli, The City of Gold—becomes a white domain. On any weekday toward five o'clock, the black exodus begins. From the balcony on the 23rd floor of my hotel, it is possible to see the black mass spill from the city's shops and office blocks, converge and swarm down Bree, Eloff and Jeppe streets toward the central train depot, from which they will be carted south to Soweto—the main black suburban township where, depending on whose census figures you believe, between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 hapless Africans are locked away till dawn. Not all Africans are required to leave the city after dark. Those with special passes to work the night shifts in clubs, hotels and restaurants or those engaged as domestics in private homes are permitted to spend the night in Johannesburg. One of these, a Zulu bellboy who is called Nimrod or Noah, now stood stooped and subservient at the door of my hotel

room. In a high, melodic voice, he explained in English that it was no longer possible to get my jacket pressed in time for dinner. There was a look of brute resignation in his shiny features, and his head bobbed back and forth as he spoke: "Master, I am believing the pressing service is closed down for the night." He looked uneasily at the floor and wrung his hands. Suddenly, as though he had divined the one acceptable solution, he looked up and smiled. "There is tomorrow, master," he said. It was difficult to know just how to handle him. There was no animosity; worse, there was the dulled look of defeat in his milky eyes. "Now, listen, Noah," I said. "I have not come ten thousand miles to be told the valet has decided to have an early night." I took a note from my pocket. "Here's two rand. See if you can't get me a pressed suit by seven."

The Zulu took the note and grinned. "I am thanking you, master," he said. "I will speak to the valet myself. We are of the same tribe. It will be done, I think." He padded to the door and then turned around again. "Master," he said, "one thing: My name is being Nimrod."

"OK, Nimrod. So it's Nimrod. My mistake. Oh, and while you're at it, Nimrod, see if you can't dig me up some medals."

"Medals, master?"

"That's right—medals. War medals. Anything will do. I'm not fussy. Congressional Medal of Honor, Victoria Cross, the *Croix de guerre*. I'm going to a military banquet tonight and the invitation says dinner jacket and medals. You understand?"

"Yes, master," he said. "There is a pawnshop in the next street. There are such things in the window. It will be done." He left the room.

A curious Zulu, I thought. The pressing was tricky, but the finding of medals was well within the range of his abilities.

The dinner that night was supposed to be an exclusive affair and was shrouded in more than a little secrecy. Given by a clandestine group called the Wild Geese, the dinner was to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the liberation of Stanleyville in the Congo by Colonel "Mad Mike" Hoare's band of mercenaries, known as Five Commando. The Wild Geese, named after the group of 18th Century Irish mercenaries, publicly purported to be an ex-servicemen's organization devoted to Friday-night get-togethers, reminiscence, drinking and good, clean fun.

In fact, the Wild Geese club had been formed only months before by Major Sam Cassidy, formerly of the Scots Guards and Mike Hoare's second-in-command in the Congo, as a front for recruiting mercenaries in southern Africa. The club was a convenient method of compiling an up-to-date dossier of those who would be available, should the call to arms come. Within weeks of its formation, Cassidy claimed to have 1000 men on his books. Soon afterward, he and Hoare had a falling out and Cassidy left South Africa. The club's activities were taken over by two of Hoare's subordinates and, despite widespread rumors of imminent action, of possible pushes into Angola or Mozambique, of renewed contracts at higher prices, they continued to insist that the club's main functions were social and recreational, that their meetings were merely an opportunity for the boys to get together and gossip about the good old days.

Given South Africa's sudden and surprising *détente* with black Africa, talk of mercenary activity is almost sacrilegious in the country today. It is, for example, common knowledge that BOSS (Bureau of State Security) has informants everywhere, more than a few of whom have been assigned to a permanent mercenary-watching detail. As a result, the mercenary is a suspicious man, overly given to outbreaks of paranoia. It was only earlier that afternoon, after two days of pained but hilarious negotiation, that I had wangled an invitation to the reunion dinner from Jack Carton-Barber, Hoare's old sergeant major and currently chairman of the Wild Geese club.

Carton-Barber was a large slouch of a man in his middle 40s with a fondness for whiskey and regimental mustaches. He had spent intermittent periods of his life in the army. Lying about his age, he had joined the South African army at 13, fighting in Italy in the last year of World War Two. He had completed four contracts in the Congo—as one of Tshombe's men in Katanga in 1961 and with Five Commando from 1964 to 1966. Today, he is employed by a Johannesburg security agency. That afternoon at lunch, between mouthfuls of roast beef and Lion Lager, he and another ex–Congo mercenary called Danny assured me that the reunion dinner would be a swell affair.

"I expect a turnout of around a hundred," he said. "We could've had two, three hundred ex–Congo boys there tonight, but we didn't want the riffraff." He took another gulp of beer. "No beach bums, man. A lot of them are barroom soldiers, y'see. They're bullshitters. They'll tell you anything. They'll tell you they knocked off whole battalions—*personally*. We don't need that, for Christ's sake."

"We don't need that," said Danny.

"Some of the real good guys won't be there, though," said Carton-Barber. "We had a lot of calls and cables and letters from guys who couldn't turn up. Five Commando guys. Also, a lot of the guys are broke, so they're out of the country."

"Or dead," said Danny.

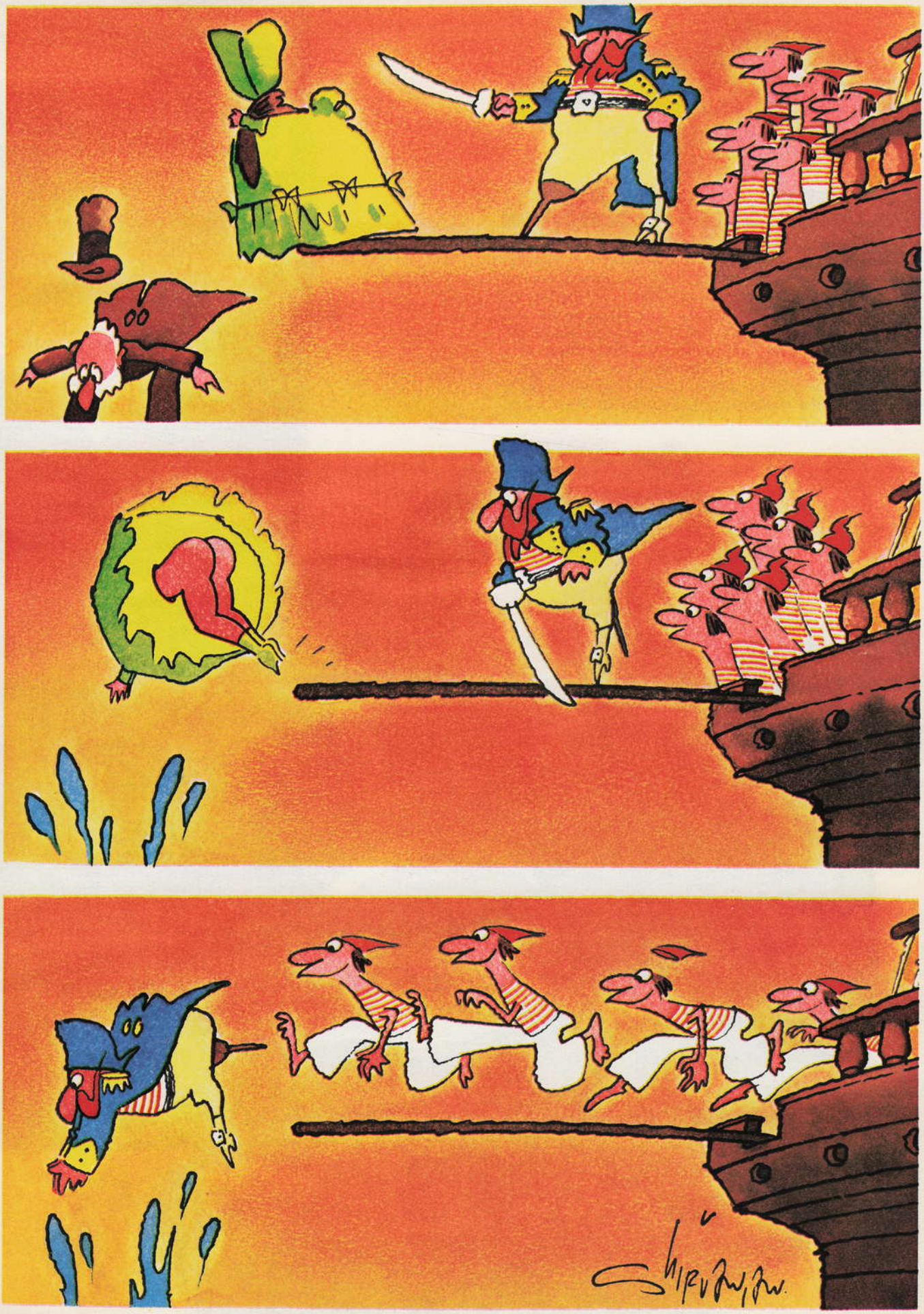
"Yeah—or dead. We're being very selective," he continued. "When they hear about it, a lot of the guys will try and come, anyway. But I'll tell you this. There'll be a sergeant major at the door with a billy in his hand, and anybody who tries to get in without an invitation will be knocked out. Bombed. And that goes for the press, too," he said, giving me the evil eye.

There was, as long as I remained with mercenaries, a lot of scared talk about the press. And not only among mercenaries. Entering South Africa, I had innocently walked through customs with a copy of PLAYBOY under my arm, only to be told at the hotel that it contravened the *(Continued on page 102)*

RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE
A Short History of Mercenaries in the Congo

In 1960, Moise Tshombe first recruited mercenaries in an effort to effect Katanga's secession from Patrice Lumumba's newly independent Congo. After barbaric fighting in which Lumumba was killed, the mercenary-led Katangan gendarmerie *was overwhelmed by UN and Congoese forces. Katanga was reintegrated, Tshombe exiled and the mercenaries deported.*

But in 1964, Congo president Kasavubu recalled Tshombe in order to quell continuing chaos and rebellion. Tshombe reorganized his mercenaries, who then joined the regular Congoese army to fight rebels in Kivu province. The army was poorly equipped, with few medical supplies, and had little disposition to take and hold prisoners. The result was wholesale slaughter. As it moved toward Stanleyville, the army, led by the mercenaries, looted and burned villages, executing any suspected rebel. The rebels, who were holding 1300 white hostages in Stanleyville, began to retaliate with executions of their own. The United States and Belgium sent troops to help Tshombe, and Stanleyville was taken. The rebellion was over, but not the fighting. Within a few weeks, 12,000 Congoese were dead, killed by mercenaries and army regulars.



BUGATTI

HOMAGE TO AN AUTOMOBILE UNSULLIED BY MASS PRODUCTION

Between 1901 and 1939, Ettore Bugatti hand-produced over 7500 automobiles at a surgically clean factory compound in Molsheim, France. Only about 1800 of those cars remain in existence. While few were manufactured, the Bugatti had an immense impact both on the automotive world and on the high society of the Thirties. The Bugatti was a hybrid, combining the luxury and finish of a Rolls-Royce with the performance of a Ferrari. Kings would go to Molsheim and wait nervously for an audience with Bugatti himself, hoping to induce the maverick genius to design them a car.

TYPE 57, 1934

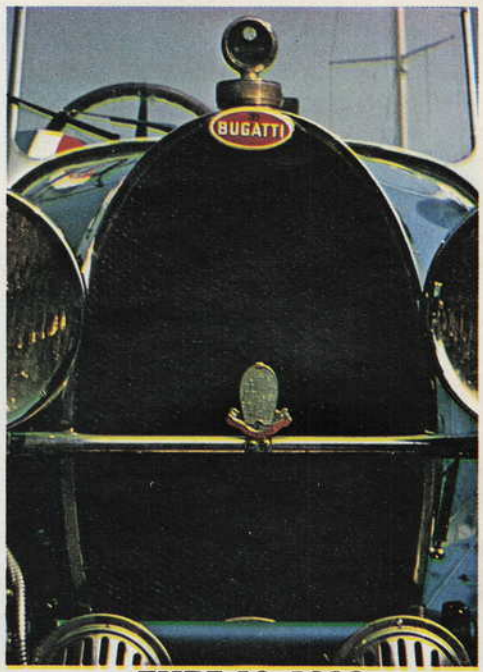
The Type 57 was produced in a dazzling variety of body styles. This particular Type 57 Atlantic Coupé, shown here in two views, was designed by Ettore Bugatti's talented son Jean.

TYPE BRESCIA, 1923

The Brescias earned their name when they swept the Italian Grand Prix in Brescia in 1923. They had no front brakes, an oversight *Le Patron* put into proper perspective: "My cars are designed to go, not to stop."

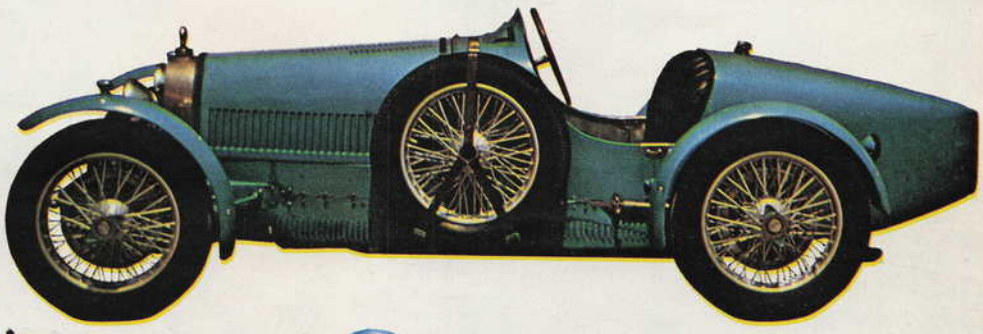
TYPE 37, 1924

The Type 37 was a four-cylinder version of the Type 35 eight-cylinder Grand Prix racer. It was brutally fast, easily topping 90 mph. Gilding the lily, *Le Patron* also produced a Type 37A, with a supercharged engine.

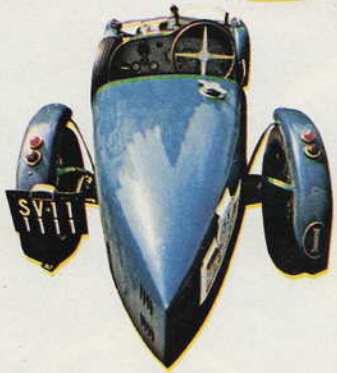


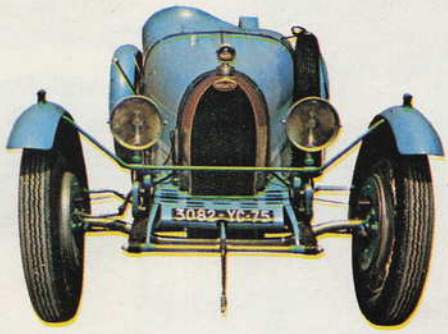
TYPE 40, 1928

The Type 40 was a consumer version of the Type 37. It was moderately fast (70 mph), but the price was right—$4000—making it the least expensive Bugatti ever made. Between 130 and 140 of them still survive.

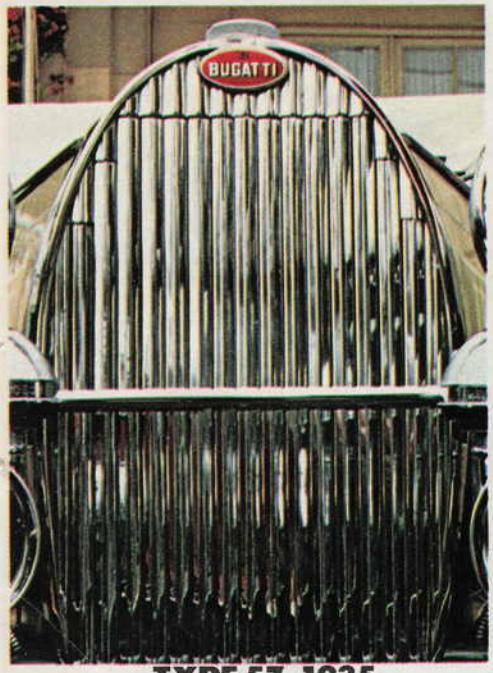


The Brescia *(above) was greatly respected for speed and endurance but lacked the style of the more highly refined Type 35 Grand Prix racer (below). The Type 35 was the most successful race car ever built: Between 1924 and 1926, Type 35s won over 2000 races.*



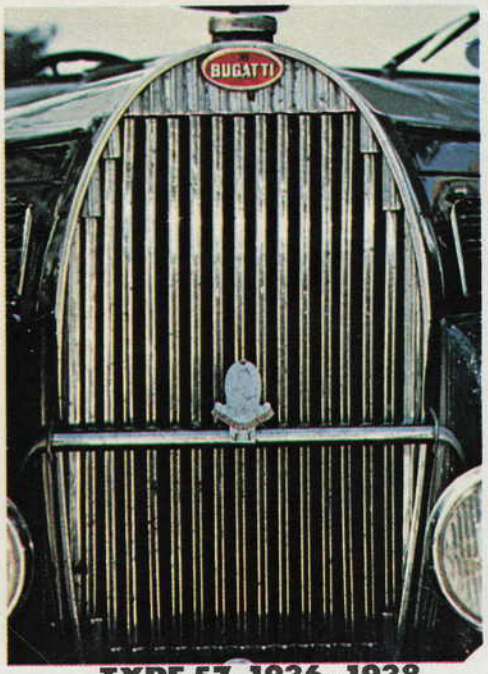


The Type 37 Bugatti *(three views shown left and above) followed the stylish lines of the Type 35, with a different engine. Design was determined more by aesthetics than by engineering, but Bugatti's innate sense of mechanics seldom produced a striking shape that wasn't mechanically perfect.*



TYPE 57, 1935

Some 750 Type 57s were rolled out of the factory in Molsheim, most of them carrying striking coachwork designed by Jean Bugatti. The car was as fast as it was elegant; a Type 57 was once timed at 137 mph.



TYPE 57, 1936–1938

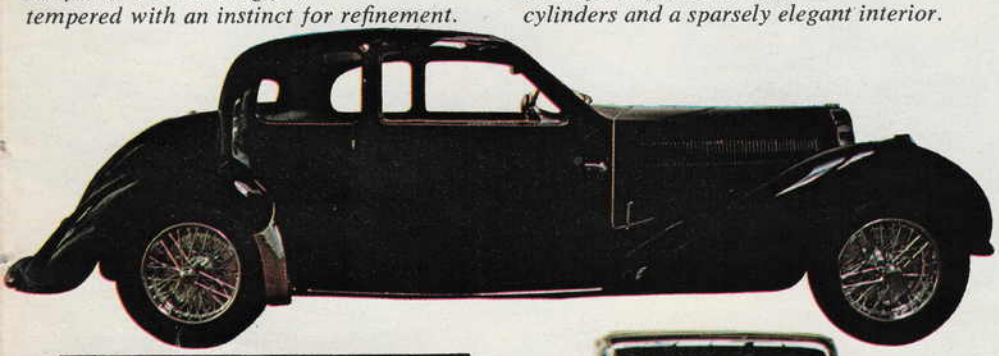
The Type 57 was a superbly refined automobile but had a reputation for being tough to start in cold weather. When one client complained to Bugatti about this deficiency, *Le Patron* told the man to build a heated garage.

TYPE 57, 1937

The horseshoe-shaped Bugatti radiator was as functional as it was classy. The vertical slats of the Type 57's radiator were thermostatically controlled, allowing the engine to operate at just the right temperature.

The Type 57 *chassis was often embellished with custom-designed coachwork. The Stelvio-Cabriolet above was a Jean Bugatti design. Jean inherited his father's aesthetic gifts, tempered with an instinct for refinement.*

The black Type 57 *(three views shown below) was also designed by Jean. The steeply raked windshield was a Bugatti innovation. The car had a four-speed gearbox, eight cylinders and a sparsely elegant interior.*



Ettore Bugatti was arrogant, humorous, iron-willed, cultured, talented, impeccable, observant and the finest automotive talent of his time. Italian both by birth and by temperament, he lived most of his life in France. By the time he was 18, he was racing cars of his own design. At 29, he founded the Bugatti factory at Molsheim. *Le Patron* based his car designs on a function-follows-form philosophy. If a part *looked* right, it would *work* properly. The delicate lines of his automobiles, combined with their astonishing speed and road-holding ability, are ample tribute to his genius. His highly capable son Jean, who was one day expected to take over the factory, was killed in a road accident while testing the Type 57, a car he had designed himself and one of the most popular Bugattis ever built. Bugatti production ceased during World War Two. Employees subsequently attempted a revival, but it was not to be. A new era had arrived, and both Bugatti and his cars were out of sync with the post-war sensibilities of the rich and the powerful who had made up his clientele. The factory closed without a whimper, leaving a fabulous legacy. The cars that survive sell for upwards of $100,000; but judging a Bugatti on price alone was always a fatal mistake. Bugattis are unique because Ettore Bugatti was unique. *Le Patron*'s genius enabled him to imbue his cars with spirit and style, transforming mere metal into living and fast-moving sculpture. ▣

Photography by Michèle and Rémy Poinot and Frank Gitty

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT LOU REED

BENEATH THAT FLASH EXTERIOR THE DARLING OF THE ANDROIDS IS POSITIVELY STREET PUNK

ARTICLE BY DAVE HICKEY

I am sitting in the Cleveland airport, waiting for Lou Reed and his band to arrive from Toronto on their way to Akron—reading a mimeographed book of Lou's poems—when the shallow splatter of automatic-weapons fire distracts my attention. The gunner is a 20-year-old Brylcreem junkie (four-inch platforms and one of those Japanese jackets he has brought home from Vietnam or Guam); he is studiously blasting away on an ersatz .30-caliber that is mounted on one of those machines where, for a quarter, you can blow the entire *Luftwaffe* right out of the Kentish skies. There is an alcove of these machines, half of them occupied by low riders who will never take a commercial flight except to Fort Bliss or to some unknown point of debarkation. They are all blasting away.

This tableau gives me hope for the future as I look for Lou Reed. I mean, here are five street kids, 15 feet from the flight-insurance counter, holding a perimeter right here in this nirvana of American mobility, blasting away at aircraft while the amplified aluminum lady announces arrivals and departures. They wouldn't know pop art from Art Garfunkel or Andy Warhol from Andy Panda, but they are Warhol's natural children. They would understand the insolence of Andy's *Brillo Boxes* in the pristine chic of Leo Castelli's uptown gallery. It is as natural for them to be shooting down airplanes in an airport as it was

Illustration by Peter Lloyd

LOU REED *Nothing much was happening except at Warhol's Factory, where the Seventies were being fabricated, and the Velvet Underground was the musical wing of the Factory and Lou was its singer.*

revolutionary ten years ago for Andy to shoot down art in an art gallery. (Later, Lou Reed will tell me: "The Velvet Underground was to rock-'n'-roll bands what Andy's *Brillo Boxes* were to Brillo boxes.")

Today, of course, there is no more Underground, Velvet or otherwise. Lou's hit single, *Walk on the Wild Side*, is on the jukebox at the Carnation in North Dallas, so SMU coeds with Robert Penn Warren under their arms, Kristofferson patches on their jeans and Quaaludes in their beaded bags can drop in their quarters and find out about all those people who don't go to Max's Kansas City anymore (which isn't Max's anymore), some of them because they're dead. It is a long way to the East Village and back then and too many myths have sprung up around Lou Reed and the Velvet Underground.

The first time I heard Lou Reed sing his songs with the Velvet Underground, I was compelled to record the encounter—wrote it down in the front room of an apartment on Avenue D that some demented citizen had painted into a black, viscous cave, blotting out every exposed surface with soupy black kitchen enamel: floors, ceilings, fixtures, walls, furniture, windows, sinks, faucets, even the commode was rendered opaque with thick black strokes oozing toward the black linoleum floor. This was in 1966 and I had heard some loud rock 'n' roll, But heavy metal? Megafeedback? White noise? Designed distortion? Flex-Mylar? Multiple strobes? Simultaneous film projection? I could apologize for the style of the following extract from my journal, but, like that apartment, it was in the style of the day—pharmaceutical self-pity:

> Seeing the Velvets at the DOM, you are at flashing white ground zero with the bottom of hell exploding up around you, releasing damned souls to flicker and swarm in every direction, grinning grotesquely or smiling wan Isherwood smiles as they turn inside the music. The band wears black. John Cale abuses his Viola from Hell. Sterling Morrison operates the bass, looking benign and dangerously out of place. Maureen Tucker, butch angel, inflicts a whimsical blitzkrieg on the drums, while up front, listing at 20 degrees from the vertical, guitar cocked forward, stands Louis Reed of Brooklyn, with his sleeves rolled down, motionless in the strobe, like a ruined Donatello in dark Italian sunglasses, the very picture of ravaged youth and beauty, with the sound blowing around him like an electric gale, so loud it stops being sound and becomes another chemical—another rush to ride the leading edge of, and he is singing a song about a junkie in a flatted-off voice that would wilt your philodendron—the verbal equivalent of Mitchum's sneer. . . .
>
> *I . . . don't know . . . just where I'm going*
> *But I'm . . . gonna try*
> *For the kingdom if I can*
> *'Cause it makes me feel like I'm a man*
> *When I put a spike into my vein*
> *Then I tell you things aren't quite the same*
> *When I'm rushing on my run,*
> *And I feel just like Jesus' son*
> *And I guess that I just don't know*
> *And I guess that I just don't know.*

Remember, this was the avant Lower East Side, where the streets ran with ersatz hip and the sky stank with overripe commitment as the Sixties stewed in their own juices. There was a lot of talk but nothing much happening except at Andy Warhol's Factory, where the Seventies were being fabricated, and the Velvet Underground was the musical wing of the Factory and Lou was its singer, and the songs came down like something from outer space—*Heroin*, *I'm Waiting for the Man*, *Venus in Furs*, *Femme Fatale*.

In fact, Lou had made a daring escape from Syracuse University in 1963 and fled to Greenwich Village, where he took up with a Welshman named John Cale, who, having graduated from the Royal Academy of Music and come to the United States on a Bernstein Fellowship, had made his own escape from the world of classical music to the multimedia scene of the East Village. Then one day, Lou ran into his old Syracuse rock-'n'-roll buddy Sterling Morrison getting off a D train; Sterling moved into the house on Ludlow where John and Lou were sharing an apartment, and with the addition of Angus MacLise—percussionist, aesthete and world traveler, who also lived on Ludlow—a band was formed. "We had no ambition at all," Lou told me. "I mean, we needed money and we liked to play, but we had no musical career mapped out. We were underground people and, basically, we were into the *scene* and people were into a lot of different things—making movies, doing performances. . . . People were into make-up then, too, and doing a lot of amphetamines.

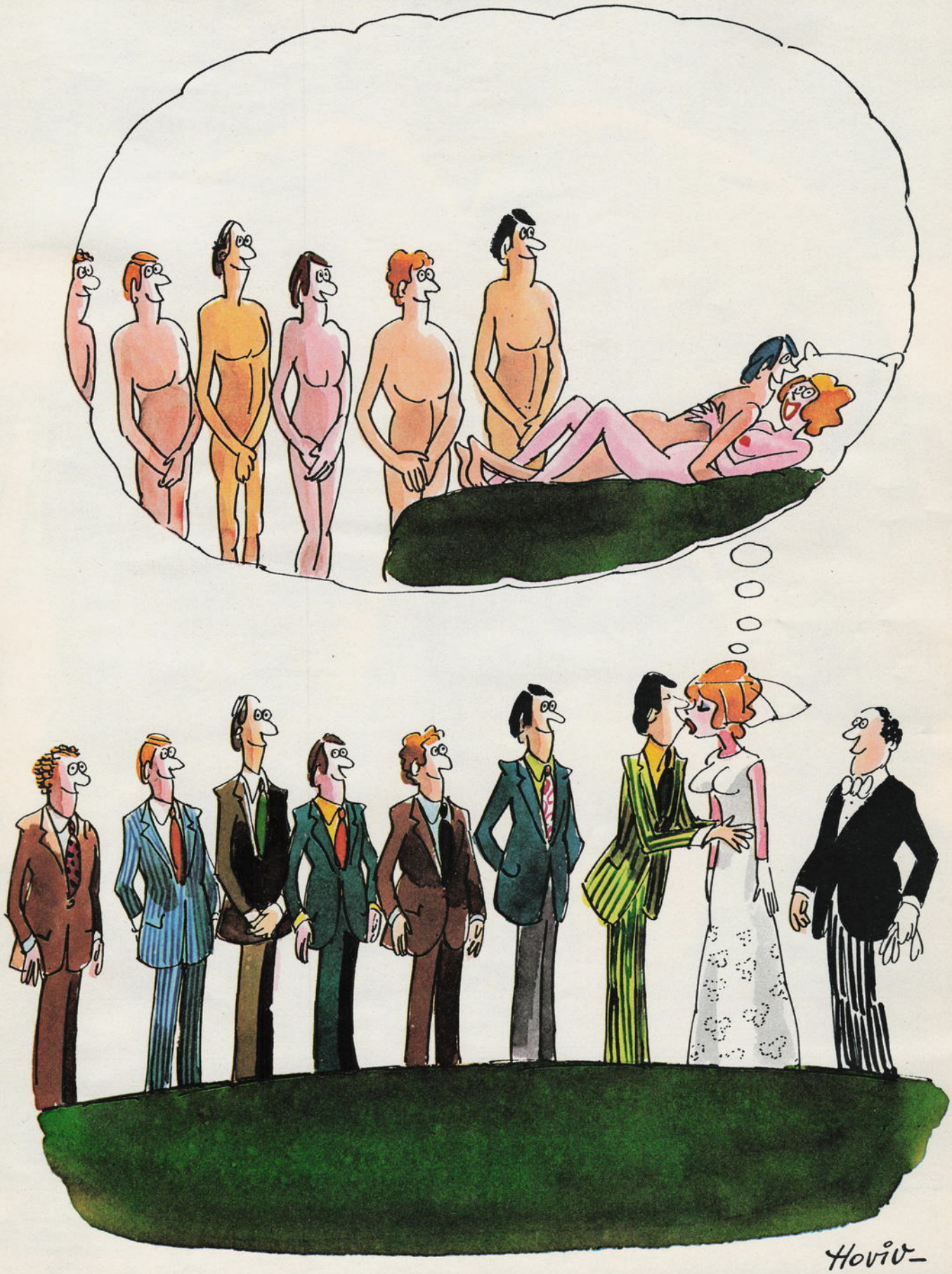
"But it was *fun*, you know, and the music was tough. In fact, ever since I recorded *Transformer* with David [Bowie] and became the darling of the glitter queens, everything I've done has been heading back toward where I was in 1965 . . . as far as attitude is concerned, that is. I mean, we didn't really *play* real well. The Velvets were a rock-'n'-roll band; we didn't think we were artistically heavy—we were *basic*. We didn't think we were weird at all until people told us—and everybody *hated* us; but what the hell? It was just a *scene*."

On a sunny afternoon in Austin, Texas, Morrison would use the same words . . . "We had no ambition at *all*," he would say, "it was a *goof*; we were playing around at the old Cinemathèque and at the Bridge and everything and Lou was writing songs, *The Black Angel's Death Song*, but we never even *considered* playing professionally. I mean, Lou's stuff was not exactly Top 40. When we finally *did* get a gig—and it was totally by accident—Angus quit the band. He said he couldn't do it; there was no way he was going to be a professional musician, because then he would have to be at a given place at a given time. We said, 'Angus, we're not gonna *do* that. We're just gonna go play for seventy-five dollars. Just this once.' But Angus was getting worried because we'd had pictures taken. I still have one; Lou, I remember, is wearing an Arab headdress and Cale has on his English duds—you know, vest and all—but in general, we looked like the street trash we were.

"It was Angus, in fact, who found the book: *The Velvet Underground*. It was this sleazy novel about wife swapping in the suburbs and it had an S/M cover—you know, whips and boots and all—and it was a *dangerous* association, since Lou already had an S/M song in existence, *Venus in Furs*—you remember:

> *'Kiss the boot of shiny, shiny leather*
> *Shiny leather in the dark,*
> *Tongue of thongs, the belt that does await you,*
> *Strike, Dear Mistress, and cure his heart.'*

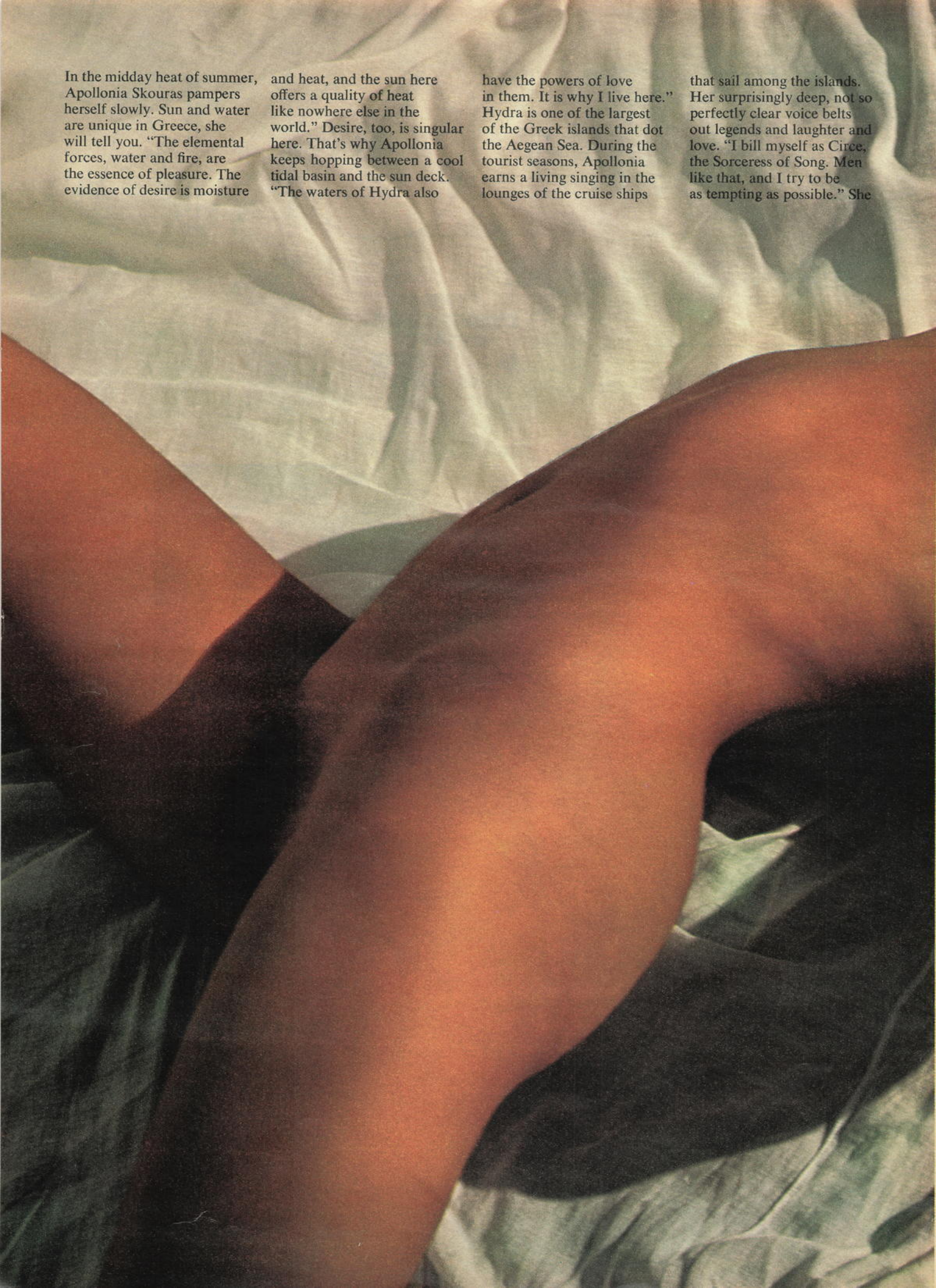
"Anyway, we said, 'Jesus, this is incredible: Here we are, underground something, with an S/M song and here's this lame book. . . .' And we said, 'This is too good to pass up. OK, we're the Velvet Underground.' So, then, all the connotations of the cover of that book, adequately reinforced by *Venus in Furs* and *Heroin*, plus Warhol—that was enough degeneracy and deviation for ten groups *(Continued on page 127)*


Hoviv

APOLLONIA

(OR CIRCE)

"THE EVIDENCE OF DESIRE IS MOISTURE AND HEAT."



In the midday heat of summer, Apollonia Skouras pampers herself slowly. Sun and water are unique in Greece, she will tell you. "The elemental forces, water and fire, are the essence of pleasure. The evidence of desire is moisture and heat, and the sun here offers a quality of heat like nowhere else in the world." Desire, too, is singular here. That's why Apollonia keeps hopping between a cool tidal basin and the sun deck. "The waters of Hydra also have the powers of love in them. It is why I live here." Hydra is one of the largest of the Greek islands that dot the Aegean Sea. During the tourist seasons, Apollonia earns a living singing in the lounges of the cruise ships that sail among the islands. Her surprisingly deep, not so perfectly clear voice belts out legends and laughter and love. "I bill myself as Circe, the Sorceress of Song. Men like that, and I try to be as tempting as possible." She

"I'M LIKE
THE LEGENDARY CIRCE:
I NEED MEN
IN ORDER TO LIVE."

"A WOMAN IS LIKE THE SUN. YOU MUST LEARN TO LIVE WITH HER HEAT."

smiles. "I'm a lot like the legendary Circe in that way. I need the love of men in order to live." An interesting, though not uncommon, dilemma. "Oh, yes, I'm sure it is nothing unusual. In fact, Circe lured men to her bosom in these very seas. And Circe couldn't even dance the bump." She pauses. "Of course, I use more than my song as a lure. And more than the bump." The smile gives way to laughter. Most of the time, she lives in a large rented house overlooking Hydra and the sea beyond. She alternates between water and sun, deriving a clearly erotic pleasure from the textures of each. And they seem to do her much good. "Oh, yes, I'm 22 years old, but people tell me I don't look a day over 19." We agree, which seems to please her. Her smile is startling, as if it were for you alone. She is a temptation few men could resist. "I have many men friends," she adds, confirming our suspicions. "They come all the time. Usually musicians or songwriters. Some of the songs they bring for me to sing are simply terrible, but you'd be surprised how much even a mediocre song can heighten the heart and loosen the afternoon." No doubt. Business must be excellent. "It is always good. There are many tourists, especially now that the government has changed. And they spend a lot of money on me. Some even buy me gifts. But I return them . . . most of them." The smile appears again, distant and tempting, like Circe's. We notice that the air is becoming quite warm. "That is part of the effect. There is no cure for the sun here. You must learn to live with its heat. Immediately, one becomes encumbered by clothes. It is like a woman." Like Apollonia Skouras, we have no doubt.

Photography by James Baes

THE ENDLESS SUMMER SCHOOL

SEARCHING EUROPE FOR THE PERFECT EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCE

ARTICLE BY KATE CHRISTIN GAGE

There are schools where you are taught and there are schools where you can learn. What follows is a survey of European schools that stress the latter. They do not have classrooms, lectures or pop quizzes. What they offer is the opportunity to gain experience in virtually any pursuit you can name. There are schools here for everyone—whether you want to supplement your formal education or take off in a totally new direction—and the one thing they have in common is a pedagogical philosophy consisting of two words: Do it.

GETTING THERE

Use the airlines for more than transportation. For example: Swissair will arrange a ski course in Zermatt, hiking lessons in Austria or sailing instruction on Lake Geneva; it will put you in touch with the best Swiss schools for riding, mountain climbing, gliding, canoeing, primitive-art study, wood carving, flying, ballooning and parachuting. And then there's British Airways, which sponsors apprenticeships in painting, sketching and interior decorating and design; or it will set you up (in a group of 20) with two weeks of expert instruction in soccer for a mere $725.

ADVENTURE SCHOOLS

CONNEMARA HORSE CARAVANS: Travel through Europe in a horse-drawn trailer that looks like a gaily decorated Quonset hut while you learn how to feed and care for your horsepower: $75 weekly charge includes all equipment and a guide; contact

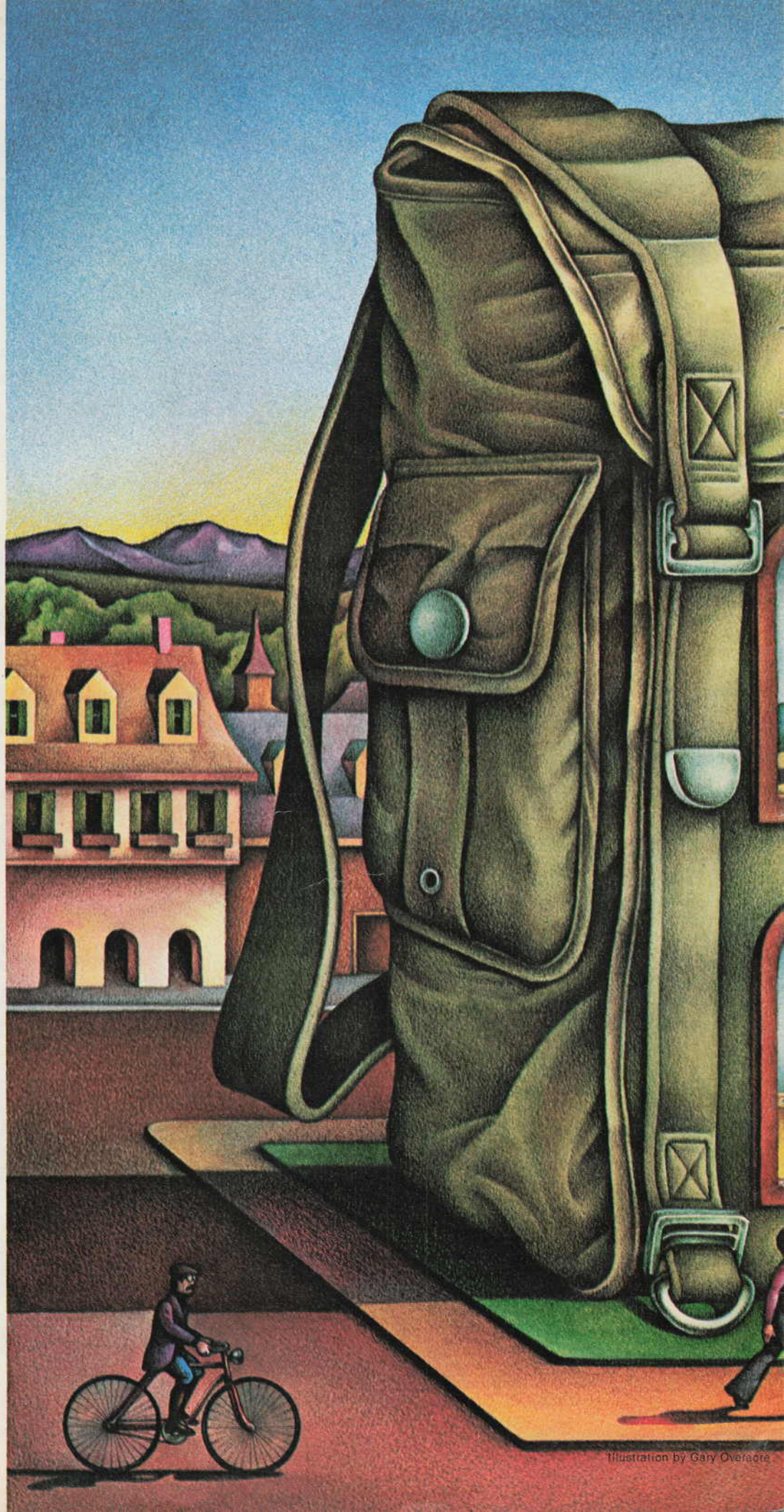


Illustration by Gary Overacre

THE ENDLESS SUMMER SCHOOL *This one-of-a-kind adventure school is directed by the man who once rowed from America to Ireland and then sailed from there to Brazil.*

Caravans, Marquess of Sligo Estate, Westport, County Mayo, Ireland.

"DESCENT HANDBOOK": Not a school in itself, of course, but a guide to the many spelunking clubs and courses available throughout England, where you may explore caves and potholes graded from easy to supersevere; write *Descent Handbook*, 14 Central Parade Villas, Main Road, St. Paul's Cray, Kent, England.

JOHN RIDGWAY SCHOOL OF ADVENTURE: Located in the northwest Highlands of Scotland, this one-of-a-kind school is directed by the man who once rowed from America to Ireland and then sailed from Ireland to Brazil, where he led the first expedition from the mouth of the Amazon to its source in the Peruvian Andes; school is open year round; curriculum includes sailing, canoeing, fishing, shooting, climbing and hiking; contact the school, Ardmore, Rhiconich, By Lairg, Sutherland, Scotland.

LOCH INSH CANOEING SCHOOL: Expert staff, approved by the British Canoe Union, provides beginner-to-advanced training in handling both the kayak and the canoe in still and white waters; five days of instruction, culminating in a two-day expedition; cost is about $30 without accommodations; contact the school, Insh Hall, Kincraig, Inverness-shire, Scotland. For information on other canoeing clubs and schools in the British Isles, write to British Canoe Union, 26-29 Park Crescent, London, England.

ARCHAEOLOGY SCHOOLS

ADVENTURES IN SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY: Program in marine archaeology conducted by the Undersea Academy, an affiliate of the Smithsonian Institution; field-trip excavations of sunken ships around the world, which, in 1975, will include a Grecian vessel sunk off the coast of Cyprus and a 17th Century Spanish galleon lying off the Bahamas; search teams usually limited to 25 members; each trip lasts 21 days and the cost, including air fare, is $1430; contact the academy, 1060 Wildlife Lodge Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068.

MAJORCA, SPAIN: Four weeks of digging and of study seminars, about $760 with room and board; contact Professor Daniel E. Woods, Manhattanville College, Purchase, New York 10577.

OXFORD, ENGLAND: Three-week course with field work at a site near this university city costs $650, including room and board; contact the university extension, Studies Abroad, 2223 Fulton Street, Berkeley, California 94720.

ART SCHOOLS

ACADEMIE INTERNATIONALE D'ETE: An all-arts center in Nice that attracts nearly 1500 participants in two consecutive three-week sessions beginning in July; instruction is in both English and French for theater, art, dance, voice and music; tuition about $60 per session, room and board another $100; contact the academy, 89 *bis*, Avenue Sainte-Marie, Saint-Mandé, France.

APPLIED ART IN AN ARTIST'S WORKSHOP: French program, the name of which is to be taken literally: Pupils study with an artist in his *atelier*; hours are flexible, the living conditions casual and the cost about $650, sometimes including fare; contact Didac Service, 3 Channing Place, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

FONTAINEBLEAU SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS: Designed for serious American students, with classes held on the grounds of the famous French palace; courses run from June 29 to August 29 and tuition is about $1035 with full accommodations; contact Fontainebleau Association, Inc., 1083 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10028.

LA ROMITA SCHOOL OF ART: Housed in a beautiful 16th Century Italian monastery, the school offers a four-week program in July that includes painting, discussion groups and many side trips; the fee, $1648, covers everything; contact Mrs. Adabelle Hill, College of Continuing Education, Elmira College, Elmira, New York.

PARIS-AMERICAN ACADEMY: Six weeks of private or group study, with the emphasis on fun and games rather than on theory; the cinematographers' workshop provides closed-circuit TV, film turntables and editing studios; photography students use Paris as their subject; there are also courses in *haute cuisine*, theater, music and dance; cost is about $700; contact the academy, 9 Rue des Ursulines, Paris, France.

PYTHAGOREION INSTITUTE: Caters to the arts in Samos, Greece; practicing artists, college students, art teachers and beginners gather in informal workshops on painting, drawing, sculpture, ceramics, archaeology, choreodrama and poetry; sessions are from four to six weeks and tuition ranges from $200 to $450, accommodations not included; contact Russell Kordas, Director, Pythagoreion Institute of Painting, P.O. Box 8, Samos, Samou, Greece.

COOKING SCHOOLS

CORDON BLEU: Simply the best in the world for learning classic *haute cuisine*; programs range from one- or two-day concentrated sessions to exhaustive courses lasting several weeks; prices are expensive and reservations should be made at least a year in advance; contact Mme. E. Brassart, Le Cordon Bleu, 24 Rue de Champs-de-Mars, Paris, France.

FRENCH CUISINE IN PROVENCE: A Provençal school that is part of the Ecole Technique and teaches all types of French cuisine; classes are limited to 20 students and the $490 fee includes tuition, room and some meals; contact Mme. Madeline Kamman, French Cuisine in Provence, 8 Rue Gibelin, Aix-en-Provence, France.

FRENCH CULINARY ARTS: Also located in Aix, this school offers, in English, instruction in Continental cuisine, as well as in regional and improvisational French cooking; two-week courses begin in June and cost about $1000, which does not include transportation, room or board (other than meals you make yourself); contact Richard Olney, The French Culinary Arts, 8 Rue Gibelin, Aix-en-Provence, France.

KLESHEIM COOKING SCHOOL: Located in the Klesheim Castle in Salzburg, Austria, and provides instruction in the cuisines of all European nations; specialized courses in appetizers, entrees and desserts, and there is a seminary on table service; 28-day programs available each July at a cost of $1865, which includes round-trip air fare from New York by special arrangements in groups of 15; contact Eurostudy/Eurotour, 680 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

YETABO: Small, with excellent instruction in the basics of *haute cuisine*; courses are taught in French, but language courses are also available; contact the school, Pailly, Sergines, France.

CRAFT SCHOOLS

COLLEGE OF CRAFT EDUCATION: English program offers summer courses at York and Winchester in pottery, embroidery, print-making and painting; ten days in residence cost about $125; contact the college, 35 Park Road, Hemel, Hempstead, Hertfordshire, England.

DANISH GOLDSMITHING: Six-week courses in which a basic knowledge is expected, but beginners are welcome; from San Francisco, the over-all cost is $1200, and Easterners are asked to deduct air fare from this figure and make their own flight arrangements; contact Dr. Robert Coleman, Department of Art, San Jose State College, San Jose, California 95114.

DANCING SCHOOLS

ENGLISH FOLK DANCE AND SONG SOCIETY: Provides tent-camp study centers throughout the country from June till August; weekly fee is about $30—if you bring your own tent—and the classes

GIN.

THE ENDLESS SUMMER SCHOOL *Roman Polanski's alma mater—the finest film school in the world—is free to residents and reasonably priced for foreigners.*

are interspersed with crafts instruction; contact the society, 3 Barnfield Crescent, Exeter, Devon, England.

FIGURE SKATING: In Davos, you can learn to dance on skates at an artificial-ice rink; in September, there are daily classes in the waltz, the *rumba* and the quickstep, and during the third week in November, you can master the tango, the blues and the rocker fox trot; contact the tourist office, 7270 Davos-Platz, Davos, Switzerland.

DRAMA SCHOOLS

THEATER BUFFS INTERNATIONAL: Puts the devoted fan in line to see everything from Shakespeare to experimental theater, with seminars, lectures and lots of free time in between; two-week sessions begin in July and cost $325 for a room, breakfast and instruction; contact Symposium Seminar Abroad, 714 Park Towne Place West, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19130.

WEBBER DOUGLAS ACADEMY: Another London program, this is designed for serious students; intensive study in voice, movement, improvisation, mime and make-up; afternoons are devoted to rehearsal of classical and modern drama, and evenings are spent in the theaters of London, Stratford on Avon and Chichester; the 35-day course costs $1890, all inclusive; contact Eurostudy/Eurotour, 680 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

GLIDING SCHOOLS

AUSTRIAN SCHOOLS: Austria is reputed to have the world's best atmospheric conditions for gliding, and there are some 180 gliding schools open year round to take advantage of the thermals; only four of them are rated excellent, however—the Spitzerberg Segelflugschule (situated between Hainburg and Bad Deutsch-Altenburg, in lower Austria), the Zell-am-See Alpine Segelflugschule (in Salzburg Province), the Aigen Union-Alpen Segelflugschule (in the Styrian Enns Valley) and the Wien-Donauwiese Segelflugschule (on the outskirts of Vienna).

SCOTTISH GLIDING UNION: Five-day courses in T-21, T-49, Swallow and Olympia gliders; school open from April to September, with private instruction available during the off season; cost is about $75 for instruction, glider use and accommodations; contact James Hempseed, 16 West Chapelton Drive, Bearsden, Glasgow, Scotland.

SWISS AERO-CLUB: English-language courses in one- and two-seat gliders, with beginners accompanied by experienced teachers and encouraged to work up to solo flights over the Alps; open all year; contact Aero-Club in the towns of Grenchen, Berne-Belp, Birrfeld-Brugg, Schanis, Altenrhein or Locarno-Magadino.

MOUNTAINEERING SCHOOLS

ALPINSCHULE INNSBRUCK: Major facility offering 124 courses to everyone from greenhorns to experienced climbers, the largest number of programs available during the summer months; tour groups are kept small (from five to seven students per guide) and trail accommodations consist of staffed huts; contact Alpinschule Innsbruck, P.O. Box 33, Innsbruck, Austria. Inquire about other Austrian mountaineering programs—called Ramble Weeks and Wander Weeks—at your nearest national-tourist agency.

BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL: Instruction in all types of climbing, as well as in map and compass reading, nature study and survival fitness; contact the council, room 314, 26 Park Crescent, London, England.

GUIDES DE HAUTE NOMTAGUE: Students learn to climb the French Alps, June through September; to ensure an English-speaking guide, contact Erna Low Travel, Ltd., 47 Old Brompton Road, London, England; otherwise, contact National Union of Sports Centers, 62 Rue de la Glacière, Paris, France.

LEYSIN SCHOOL: An American-run facility that is one of the best for learning to climb the Swiss Alps; beginners start by walking on glaciers and finish the course on the highest peaks; rescue techniques and first aid are also taught; contact Ecole Internationale, d'Alpinisme Moderne, Leysin, Switzerland. For further information on Swiss Alpine climbing, write to Swiss Mountain Climbing Institute, Rosenlaui, Bernese Oberland, Switzerland.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND FILM SCHOOLS

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC WORKSHOP: Color photography supervised by the Rochester Institute of Technology; workshop consists of three weeks of travel through England, Holland, Poland and Czechoslovakia and two weeks of preparation at R.I.T.; the tuition of $925, including airfare, hotels and some meals, plus $30 per week at R.I.T.; contact the institute, College of Continuing Education, 1 Lomb Memorial Drive, Rochester, New York 14623.

POLISH STATE FILM SCHOOL: Roman Polanski's alma mater and probably the finest photography and film school in the world; programs available for one October–June term or for the full four-year-degree course; training in production, directing, acting, basic and advanced camerawork, still photography and optic chemistry; equipment is top-notch—cutting rooms, a large studio and a complete film library; the atmosphere is highly professional and instructors tend to outnumber students; everything free to residents and reasonably priced for foreigners, the only catch being that instruction is in Polish; contact the school, Lodz, Poland.

RACE-CAR DRIVING SCHOOLS

JIM RUSSELL RACING DRIVERS' SCHOOLS: Four schools, one each in California, Canada, Austria and at the original site on the Snetteton circuit of Great Britain, where racing greats Brian Redman, Chris Irwin, Derek Bell and the late Mike Spence all trained; basic course consists of five demanding lessons in controlled laps, turns and determination of the quickest line; tuition about $550. Contact P.O. Box 911, Rosamond, California 93560.

SWISS AUTO-RACING DRIVERS' SCHOOL: Three-day courses at the Autodrome at Monthery, France, with concentration on the basics of cornering, downshifting and braking; theory and practice are stressed equally in ten short lessons, with very good private instruction; students must provide their own car—and they come in everything from Volkswagens to Aston Martin DB-4 Zagatos; contact Auto-Racing Club of Switzerland, P.O. Box 1266, Bern-Transit, Switzerland.

RIDING SCHOOLS

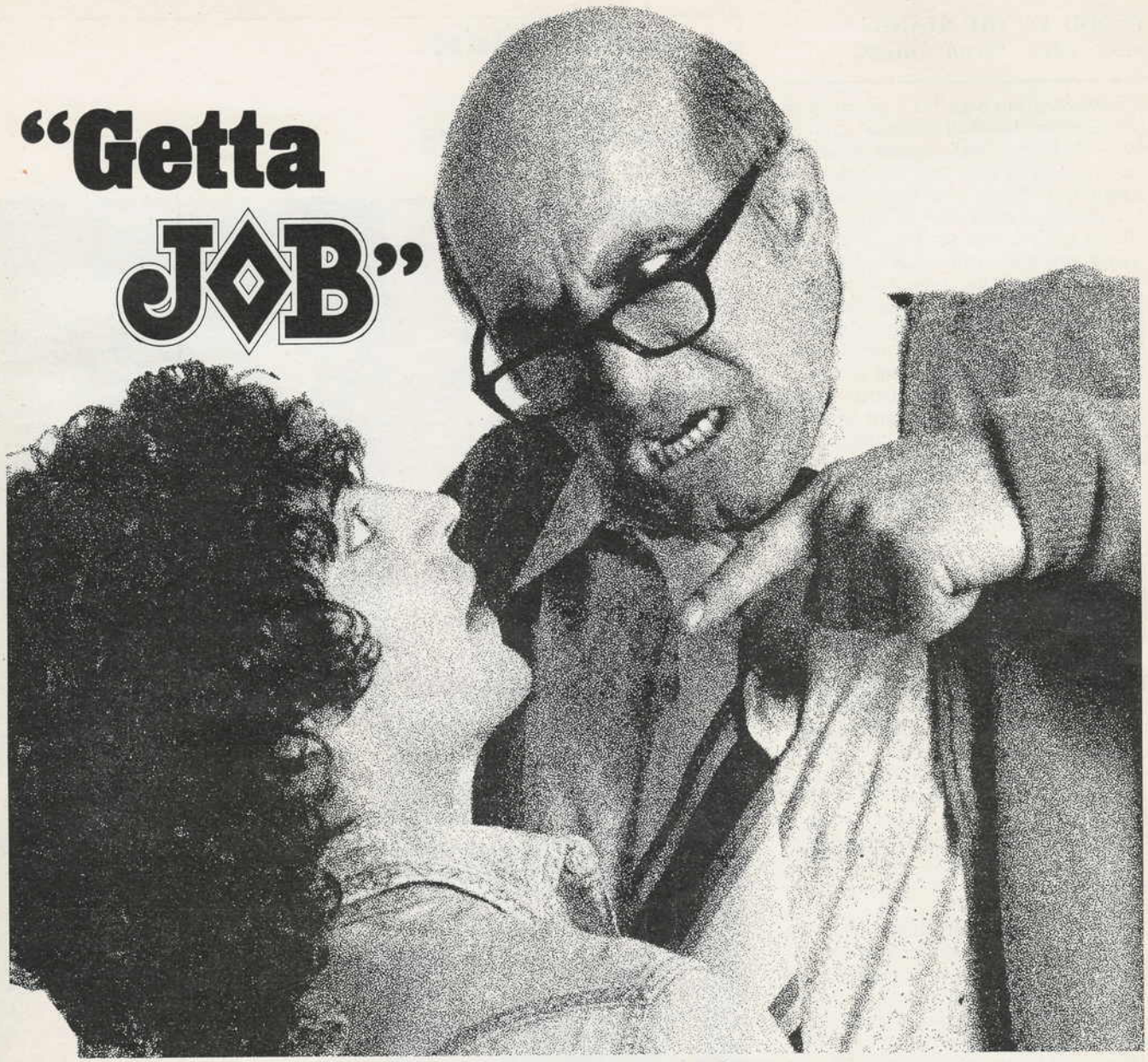
ALLERTON EQUITATION SCHOOL: Internationally renowned school for courses in show jumping, dressage and other English-style riding techniques; all-inclusive cost is about $75 per week; contact the school, Moat House, Alconbury Hill, Huntingdonshire, England. The Porlock Vale Equitation Center, at Porlock, Minehead, Somerset, England, is equally excellent.

DEVELIER: Swiss facility providing leisurely rides through the Jura Mountains that take six days or more, with guesthouse accommodations along the way; instruction costs $91 from May to October; the rest of the year, it costs $83, and a week's meals is $70; contact 300 Jura-Trekking Gueterstrasse, Basel, Switzerland.

FLYING-G RANCH: Western-style riding school in the heart of England that boasts of its good ranch food and comfortable accommodations; extensive network of trails available, and daily riding time can extend to five hours; cost per week, including room, board and instruction, is $75; contact the ranch, Burley, Hampshire, England.

NATIONAL CENTER OF POPULAR RIDING AND SPORT: Belgian school offering intensive beginning and intermediate training; 15-day sessions cost about $130; contact the *(Concluded on page 121)*

"Getta JOB"



Have we got a JOB for you

You may *not* have a job right now, but JOB, that French Cigarette Paper Company, is making an offer you can't resist.

We've put together a kit, containing four of our favorite easy rolling, clean smoking JOB papers.

For $1, you'll receive one pack each of our two favorite, one lick, no mess, double wide papers—White and Strawberry. And for you die-hard, traditionalist, single paper rollers, a pack of JOB Wheat Straws *and* a pack of JOB 55's white.

CIGARETTE JOB PAPERS

JOB APPLICATION

I certify that I am over 21 years of age.

Adams Apple Distributing Company
Dept. OUI-01
2835 N. Sheffield • Chi., Ill. 60657

So, send me my JOB Sample Kit. I enclose my check or money order for $1 to cover cost, postage and handling.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State/Zip_____

Only one sample to a family, please.
Please allow four weeks for delivery.
Offer good only while supply lasts.

BROUGHT TO YOU FROM FRANCE BY ADAMS APPLE DISTRIBUTING COMPANY • CHICAGO

BLOOD IN THE STANDS *Crowbars, axes, bread knives.*

(Continued from page 50) president of the English Football League said in 1973, "More ruthless action is necessary. . . . The time has come for the return of the birch"; and the manager of Nottingham Forest said in April 1974, "In all my years in football, I've never seen a crowd react like that and I never want to again. It's time we put our crowds behind fences, like the Continentals do, if they're going to act like that." According to the London *Sunday Times*: "The accelerating spread of terrace violence is like a cancer. Either it is cut out or it grows until we start witnessing terrace corpses." "INTRODUCE DETENTION CENTERS!" "VIGILANTES!" "SAVE OUR SOCCER!" "BRAND THEM!"

Skinhead style was ankle-short trousers, clip-on suspenders, shaved heads, boots that were extravagantly heavy duty and acne. It was butch and functional, uncluttered, ferocious and, best of all, perfect for violence, for stomping heads and mashing ribs. While the boot boys ruled, from 1968 to 1971, Britain's soccer-stadium terraces became battlegrounds where the weapons were no longer just knuckles but meathooks, wooden mallets, crowbars, axes, bread knives and rubber tubing filled with lead shot and sand. And always, that most special aid, the boot—a pair of Dr. Martens, big as vintage Dodges and buffed with oxblood polish to the deepest cherry red. Then you were "tooled," comprehensively prepared.

The most terrifying thing about the skinheads was their disengagement. At least, when the Latins fought, it was over the game. With the skinheads—whether going to, coming from or actually at a game—it didn't seem to matter. They could be brutal, callous, indifferent and, the toughest of them, almost stoic. "Their formalization of workingmen's clothes . . . was the most dourly anti-romantic style yet arrived at," Jeff Nuttall wrote in *Bomb Culture*. "The skinheads were, and are, striving to form a dissident group that enjoys all the security of working-class identity. Thus they throw their lot in with Enoch Powell [the extreme-right-wing Member of Parliament] and the local football team." Peter Terson, the English playwright, thought that it was almost like the age of chivalry: "Combat with all the gear. I certainly think that with the methodical violence you get now—the ritual violence of a Saturday—a political leader, a Hitler, if he had something to smash against, could easily harness it."

Only thing was that as a uniform, skinhead style was altogether too conspicuous and, in no time, came to signify only one thing: bovver, a skinhead expression meaning trouble. The police

CLOCKWORK ORANGE ON THE PLAYING FIELDS OF BRITAIN

The violent face of modern soccer is dramatically reflected in these photographs from the English press

1. Post-skinhead rowdy in full bovver gear (mid-calf khakis, cherry-red Dr. Martens) is searched for weapons before admittance to a match in Leyton. **2.** Manchester United fans pummel an opponent spectator, following a game in Cardiff, Wales. **3.** A policeman carries off a young girl who had been knifed in the head during a spectators' clash at an Aberdeen-Celtic match in Scotland. **4.** After numerous incidents of violence, United owners were forced to erect a high steel fence to prevent the team's own fans from invading the field and disrupting games. **5.** A bobby loses his helmet while attempting to clear the field after United supporters had besieged the pitch and stopped a United-Orient game. **6.** Derby partisans get set to assault the terraces occupied by supporters of the rival Chelsea team, with that battle's outcome as important to the participants as the score of the game. **7.** Fist-pumping suedehead who had charged the playing field is taken away before the jam-packed terraces at London's Arsenal grounds.

BLOOD IN THE STANDS *That they could secrete a solid-steel cap in each toe was further recommendation. The boys were starting to box clever.*

wised up, became vigilant and, urged on by the press and the public alike, started to crack down. Detention huts were opened at several grounds, at least two of them equipped with wall shackles and manacles. Arrests were made for singing the song *If You See a Chelsea Fan, Kick His Head*, and hobnailed boots were deemed offensive weapons by the courts after five supporters kicked a policeman unconscious. As a nationwide fad, the style had gone over the top. It was over. Or so it seemed.

And then, at the end of 1973 and totally without warning, the kids set to it again. The same stomping and riots and running chaos—only more protracted this time and farther-reaching, blowing up in places that had long been regarded as sedate backwaters.

They were, most of them, either just out of school (16 was the new legal minimum age for leaving school) or else unskilled and hardly literate, the new wage earners: clerks and messenger boys, shop assistants and factory hands—the sons of the Victorian terraces and, increasingly, of the new edge-of-town housing estates—squat, square miles of concrete and asphalt and reflecting glass, Pruitt-Igoes, blank and without warmth. No cinemas, no pubs, no dancing, only church-attached "youth clubs," namby-pamby joints—all table tennis, chess and darts. Better the street corner, by far, or a prowl downtown with the lads. Whiling away the days, building up toward . . . Saturday!

•

"U-nit-ED! U-nit-ED!" It was a chant that rose and basso-rumbled around the station. Six hundred voices in unison and a mass of fists piston-punching, one, two, three, on the beat—"U-nit-ED!"—hard and high into the air. The platform had started to fill and run red and white with the team colors even before the train, a chartered "special" bringing Manchester United's supporters the 200 miles south from Manchester to London, finally snorted to a halt in Euston, the first of Britain's white-tile-and-Muzak, temperature-controlled, air-terminalesque Eurocenters.

The train doors were left to swing on their hinges as the boys hurled themselves from the decelerating rear coaches and, regaining their balance, made a dash for the gate, to be first out. The bravest. Because—and, of course, they knew it—once past the ticket check and out onto the concourse, they were wide open for . . . well, ambush: open attacks from the gangs of other, rival supporters that might already be gathered there, either newly arrived, like them, or ready to travel out of London to an away game, on this first Saturday morning of the 1974–1975 football season.

Although by this time—late summer 1974—the traditional skinhead look had long gone out of favor in London, in the towns of northern England, whose football teams could lay claim to the most fanatical followings, it was a style that had caught the imagination and had lingered. And on this first match day of the season, skinheads were to be glimpsed in the rush of United supporters making loud progress along platform number nine, the bullethead-and-suspenders sorts, clenched fists pumping, pressing on ahead, looking forward to the first rumble of the day.

"Fight!" They took up the chant. "Fight! Fight!" And another. "United Aggro!" For the most part, though, this vanguard crowd was made up of suedeheads and smooths, the young workers, two, three or four years out of school, skinheads themselves, once, but for whom the style now was merely emblematic, a stance. The hair was longer, swept back and shining healthy, either layer-cut or coarsely barbered into spiked Rod Stewart cockades, feathered out at the back just so, over, yet not obscuring, the collar. And the trousers, instead of stopping dead at mid-calf, as in earlier days, flapped, cuff against cuff, about the ankles, contriving, in combination with assortments of pop-print T-shirts and U. S. campus-style wear, a look that was infinitely less brutal.

Which is not to say that they were in any way tamed or even remotely disapproving. Just older. And less . . . indiscriminate when it came to bovver. Look at the feet, examine further. No six-inch platforms there, no wood-block stacked heels, no rococo, no glitter. Too disparate, all that, and, more important, should you really have to *move*, too precarious. No, they were stepping out in the same old cherry reds. The same old high-polish, pneumatic-tread Dr. Martens. A clean-cut, solid chassis of burgundy leather bonded to the famous two-way stretch, secret-formula bouncing sole. Sappy and mellow and molded around the foot. Most dependable of weapons. Otherwise, there were variations on the one-and-a-half-inch tough crepe beetle crushers of the Fifties enjoying a major revival. That they could secrete a solid-steel cap in each toe was further recommendation. The boys were starting to box clever.

But they were not the only United supporters aboard the train. Riding the front coaches, there were others, equally single-minded in their devotion to the team but older and thus said to be more responsible; these fans were holding back, watching at the windows of their compartments, waiting until the first wave of red and white overtook them. And some not just watching, either, but joining in, thumping on the doors, roaring encouragement. "U-nit-ED!" There were a few ladies, too, in among the men, broad in the beam, teased-up hair, true superfans, who, even in their home life, you could tell, surrounded themselves with souvenir merchandise—not just the usual photographs and posters, stick-on patches and the like but insigniaed drinking mugs and ashtrays, ice bins shaped like footballs, with gilded players as the handles.

Asked, they will talk about "our shame," about the unprincipled viciousness of a minority of "louts" and "scum" and "hoodlums," and echo the widely publicized sentiments of the United illuminatus manager Sir Matt Busby: "This hooliganism is a world problem as well as a football problem, but because of the size of our support, we get paid more attention than others. We don't want these troublemakers. The majority of our supporters are good, decent people. Proper sportsmen. That is what our traveling public's reputation used to be. We can do without the rest."

It's true. The club's popular following is enormous and, even within British football, obsessive to a remarkable degree—the kind of devotion generated by success and glamor and United's charismatic climb back to winning glory after a 1958 plane crash wiped out the training staff and most of the team. For a time back then, the team had not only the locals but most of the country behind it as well. But, in recent years, with the players growing older and living on past glory, United faltered until, at the end of last season and for the first time in living memory, it was relegated from the league's first division to the second.

It was an enormous humiliation and, naturally, it rankled the fans, who, almost as compensation, seemed compelled to give demonstrations not only of their fastidious team loyalty but also of their superiority over all the other fans in the country. "Rallying round" is how one supporter, a pimply boy, put it. "They were good to us, now it's the bad times and we've got to support them." After a year of spectator violence on the terraces—knifings, razor slashings, run-of-the-mill thuggery—and with relegation certain, the season's last match at Old Trafford, United's home ground, had to be called off when 1000 fans rioted and stormed the pitch. They had then gone on, in the summer off season, to invade the coastal resort of Oostende, in Belgium, scene of a nonleague "friendly" game, blitzing the sea front and attacking inhabitants with splintered

Treg

BLOOD IN THE STANDS *"We were provoked," the welder said. "It was spontaneous what happened. It wasn't planned—there was no leaders. We don't follow nobody. Just ourselves."*

deck chairs. Six of them were in solitary confinement, awaiting trial, in Bruges prison when the 1974–1975 season began. And now, with the concrete still setting around the bases of the eight-foot, zoo-type fences newly erected, by order, at Old Trafford, and the morning papers in their pockets headlining the minister of sport's "ALL-OUT WAR ON THE SOCCER ROWDIES"—moats to keep fans off the playing fields, miles of new crash barriers to separate opposing supporters, magistrates waiting to hold special Saturday-evening courts, closed-circuit television scanners ferreting out trouble, police leaves in several towns canceled, tougher penalties for the convicted—United's fans squared up to the new season. And they came running.

Ah, but not so fast. There was a bottleneck now at the head of the ramp at Euston, dozens thick and 100 yards long, as uniformed police officers carried out a random check, the kind of perfunctory arms-up, legs-open frisking that had quickly become accepted as a normal part of both air travel and football. After what seemed a long period of inactivity, they singled out for inspection an inoffensive-looking boy of about 17, short and squat and turning to fat, with a pair of large, wire-frame sunglasses slipping down his nose. He was wearing a pair of extravagantly baggy trousers, clumpy shoes, a red-satin scarf bearing the legend DOC'S RED DEVILS knotted around each wrist and bore a marked resemblance to Elton John.

With the near section of the crowd encouraging him, the boy—he said later to call him Moey, just that—came on arrogant, posturing and rolling his eyes to the sky, and when the policeman reached into his crotch and the supporters went "Whoo!" he played up to them, wiggling his bottom and puckering up his lips, acting fey. The policeman seemed not at all surprised to find nothing, just bored, and Moey was released back into the company of his cheering mates. There were three of them, all about his age: a featureless boy with short back-and-sides hair, who said he was a welder; a sturdy, crop-cut blond kid, going on handsome, with tattoos enough to testify to his being a sailor, presently on leave; and Rhino, a butcher, who looked as if he'd lately had a film of flesh grafted from his face.

"Think I'd be so stupid as to tool up?" Moey said, scoffing.

"Dumb fuckers," said the welder, inching forward onto the station concourse. "Who's goin' to carry stuff to an away game? Thing is, they never think to search the birds." And his eyes wandered after a likely pair, two girls in United's colors, wan-faced, expressionless, arm in arm. "They're the ones who carry the stuff in their handbags for the boys. Razors, knives, steel combs."

"Or down their tits," Rhino chipped in. "I seen one once, at a Leeds game, pulled this fuckin' big iron bar outa her jumper, passed it on to the bloke that she was with. Bomp! Got rid of it the same way."

"Girls can be worse than the boys," Moey said, "egging them on, like, slipping them things. There's one comes to United's games regular, hefty piece. I seen her with two hundred blokes runnin' along, followin' behind her."

Moey, who turned out to be a ladies'-handbag designer, was the bumptious one, a natural extrovert and a spokesman on most things. A onetime skinhead, he was the only one with a criminal record. Although he'd been kicked out of football grounds around the country half a dozen times (and so had Rhino, his special mate), he'd been up before the courts only once. " 'Threatenin' behavior,' they called it. Fuck knows, I was only tryin' to create some room for meself," Moey said, all mock innocence; the other three bit their lips to keep from laughing. "The copper who came to get me, I smashed his walkie-talkie. Still, I gorroff. I mean, look at me. What judge could send me down? I'm too lovable."

They gave up the pretense to seriousness and fell about each other's shoulders, wildly giggling. Rhino, who was wearing a United ring and a badge, besides the standard red-and-white body bunting, was the first to recover. "Anyway," he said, "it doesn't do no good putting them down [sending them to prison]. They just learn new tricks inside and come out harder."

They'd all of them been in Belgium three weeks earlier and in the thick of the beatings and the marauding. As they would again at the end of this trip to London, they blamed the police for all the bovver. "They were real bastards, those foreign coppers," Moey said. "We got to Oostende at five in the morning, pissed as farts from drinking on the ship all the way over, and they was waiting for us, lashing out with their sticks before we done anything. They have *discos* there all night, so we made straight for them, straight back on the booze, like, quite happy. Then these Belgium supporters come bangin' on the windows, wavin' knives an' sticks an' that, so we grabbed bottles and glasses and rushed 'em. One bloke got stabbed serious an' 'e's still in the hospital. The only ones arrested, of course, was our lot—the cops ignored their own. I lay on me belly under a bus until they left."

"We were provoked," the welder said, looking around for the nodding agreement of the others, which he got. "It was spontaneous what happened. It wasn't planned—there was no leaders. We don't follow nobody. Just ourselves."

It was 11 A.M., four hours away from the start of the game at Leyton Orient's ground in East London. United's fans, after the long journey, were suddenly coming alive, scattering everyone before them as they covered the length of the Euston forecourt in gangs, upending

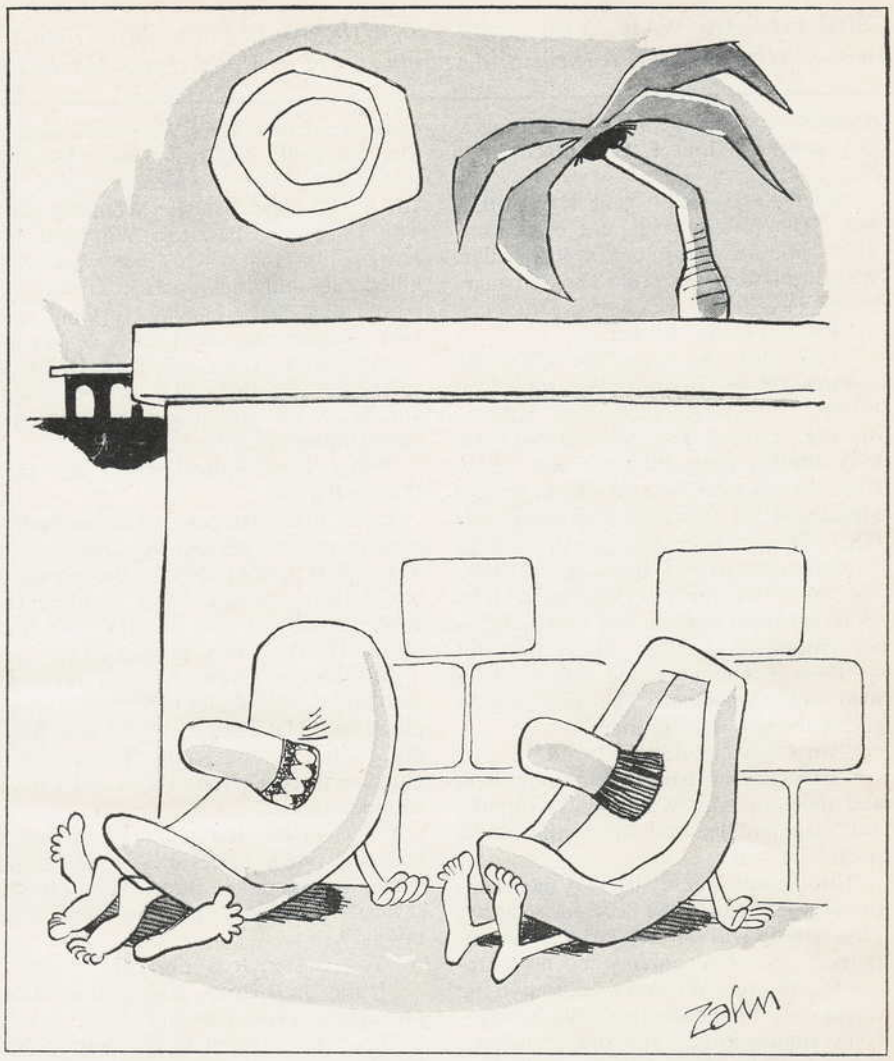
litter bins, stomping on Coke cans, flashing clenched fists, singing and lunging out at unidentified supporters as they went. The special had been met by a welcoming battalion of red and white, either Manchester people exiled, for one reason or another, in London or fans who had made their way down by road, sending up a roar—"U-nit-ED! U-nit-ED! U-nit-ED!"—loud enough to set plate glass shuddering. They were obviously irresistible. Nobody—and certainly not any of the Carlisle, West Ham or Arsenal supporters who were, coincidentally, at the station—was openly going to challenge them. That didn't matter. Regardless, United fans let fly. Wham!—the boots went in.

Strangers, the lucky ones, were screamed at, pummeled with knotted scarves and buffeted; women were knocked to the ground; and running fights—so many and so widely dispersed that even the police dog handlers were unable to contain them—erupted everywhere in the station. Flying glass inflicted spectacular wounds, bodies were indiscriminately pulverized, kicked, lashed and trampled, and all the time, even above the sirens, they sustained the basso chanting: "We are the champions!"

The style had been set for the game at 5:36 this morning, when 20 fans arrived at Victoria Station and started wrecking a train on the London underground. At ten A.M., the engineer of the early-morning scheduled express from Manchester reported that he was approaching Euston and between 80 and 100 fans were running riot through the train, unloading it of its seating, light fixtures and washbasins. At 11:10, the stationmaster at Tottenham Court Road Station sent out a plea for reinforcements, with the message, "In very, very urgent need of assistance. Manchester fans wrecking the place." From his window, he could see a group of them standing on a pedestrian bridge, pissing on the passengers below. His advertising display cases had been either smashed by scarf-wrapped fists or busted open, and the Victorian wall tiles were fast being obliterated by a welter of spray-can graffiti: UNITED OK! UNITED AGGRO THE BEST! SUPER REDS!

At 11:28, an ambulance was summoned to Piccadilly underground to pick up a man who, daring to complain, had been set upon by 25 or 30 supporters, a lot of them wearing Woodstock Nation patches stuck to their thighs. Predictably enough, though, the inscription read not PEACE but UP THE UNITED.

"Tut-tut," Moey said, glimpsing the scene from his passing train. "Naughty boys. Somebody on his own like that, we'd probably take pity on 'im. Still, though, he must've got them mad. Perhaps he said something nasty."



"Somebody gets me mad," Rhino said, "an' I'll brick 'em."

"Oh, yeah," Moey said, not to be outdone. "You're going to jump on any fucker that makes too much noise. Somebody calls you a red bastard or something, then you might do a bit a' damage. Like last season, this Leeds bloke come out an' shouted somethin' about United goin' down, some fellers jumped him an' he was stabbed over a car. Fair enough. Stupid fucker asked for it. Not that I'd ever carry a knife meself—I don't believe in it.

"Just give 'em enough to hurt 'em but not make 'em a hospital case, that's what I think. Gerrim down, put the boot in, get one kick each an' that's it. Somebody goes back for a bit more than his due an' the others'll pull 'im off."

"Like that fat bloke," Rhino said, his face looking even more red and raw now and running with sweat in the crowded train. "About thirty of us had jumped on him, an' he was standing in the corner, bleedin'. We just told his mates to transfer him, like, to another part of the ground."

" 'Course, you never can tell." Moey, somehow in the crush, had kept a space clear all around him. "You tend to do more damage if you've got a particular grudge. Like, some hate Cockneys [Londoners], some hate Geordies [people from Newcastle]—we all hate Scouse [Everton and Liverpool supporters]."

United's reputation had preceded them to Leyton, and everything in the vicinity of Orient's ground was shut, barricaded, locked and boarded. The pubs hadn't opened and the shopkeepers, in the darkness of their premises, wouldn't serve them. And so, there was only one thing for it: In their frustration, they lashed out—bricked windows, bulldozed and pillaged, stole drink and guzzled it. And when the time came, they didn't pay at Orient's turnstiles but scaled the walls. Fires were lighted on the terraces, and bricks and bottles and sharpened pennies rained on the police patrolling them. Twenty-nine arrests were made altogether, and by the end of the match, which United won, upward of 200 had been turfed out of the ground. Next Saturday, at Blackpool, the holiday town, British football would have its first murder.

"If we'd lost," Moey said on the train going back home, just before his chin hit his chest and he dozed off, "if we'd lost, we would've wrecked London. Believe me." ▣

(Continued from page 74) pornography laws and that I was subject to a heavy fine.

"You've no idea," said Carton-Barber. "The press exaggerates everything. They get it all wrong, out of perspective. We've got to be careful. The old man, he said——"

"The old man?" I asked.

"Yeah, the old man. The C.O., the colonel—Mike Hoare." He smiled at Danny. "I've never called him Mike in my life, y'know. I've never dared." He took another long drink of beer. "Anyway, the old man, he said, 'Jack, you go ahead and vet this guy. You see if he's OK.' There's been too much bullshit written in the papers. It creates bad talk. We don't let reporters in, as a rule. Don't let them near us. But they're buzzing around us like flies. There are a lot of them running around Joburg with their noses in slings. They're dying to get in tonight. Dying, man."

"Am I alive or dead?" I said.

Carton-Barber gave me a long look and then smiled. "We'll check with the old man and let you know this afternoon," he said.

Throughout lunch, the two men continually referred to the need for security. "Everything will be very strict," Carton-Barber said. "No cameras and no weapons are allowed. We don't want anything to get out of hand. Some of the boys become high-spirited. The old man even wants us to be clean-shaven, just like we were in the field." He fingered his mustaches delicately. "I guess I'll have to cut my tashes off," he said.

"It's going to be a real bash-up, though. It'll be mostly South Africans. Christ, the South African soldier is one of the best soldiers in the world." He looked at Danny. "Do you remember what Colonel Vanderwalle said after we took Stan? 'They're not angels,' he said, 'but, my God, they can fight.' "

Danny said he remembered.

"The South African soldier is also one of the world's best looters," he continued. "You could put a thousand-franc note down in the jungle and one of our boys would run through a thousand rebels to get at it."

"I don't think we have to go into that," said Danny.

"And he's a great drinker. He really likes his grog. But that doesn't mean we're going to have any drunks tonight." Carton-Barber belched and wiped the back of his hand across his mouth. "No drunks. We're having only gentlemen. Soldiers and gentlemen. We were always professional soldiers. The old man hated the title *Les Affreux*. That's French for The Terrible Ones, y'know. But they call us everything—soldiers of fortune, mercenaries, paid killers. We were doing a job, that's all. *You* can think what you want. But if I were hired to fight the I.R.A., I'd go in a hurry. Wouldn't you? The I.R.A. are bastards. We were exterminators, that's what we were. We killed rats and cockroaches. They're no more than that. They're vermin." He took another gulp of beer. "Do you remember what *Time* called us, Danny?"

"Yeah. Something like, man for man and given the conditions, we were the best fighting force there was."

"Man, you'd better believe it," said Carton-Barber.

Later that afternoon, Carton-Barber rang to tell me the old man had said it was fine if I went along. "But no cameras," he cautioned, "and no tape recorders. The old man wouldn't like that at all. This is a very private affair."

Just before seven, Nimrod returned with the pressed dinner jacket and a small paper bag. He seemed pleased with himself. "Master," he said, "I have been going to three separate shops and I have found a medal."

I opened the bag and took it out. I had seen such things before in comic books and mediocre films. "You bloody savage!" I shouted. "Do you know what this is?"

"Yes, master. It is a medal."

"It's an Iron Cross, goddamn it, Nimrod. An Iron Cross second-class."

"I am believing it is tin, master, but I am told it is a medal, also. A very important medal. It cost ten rand."

"I can't wear this, Nimrod."

"It will be going well with your new suit, master. They are of the same color and that is good. You will make a popular appearance."

•

Five Commando's tenth anniversary reunion dinner was held at the MOTH Memorial Hall on Noord Street, near the central train depot. The initials stood for the Memorable Order of Tin Hats—a First World War ex-servicemen's organization—and the mercenaries had hired one of its basement dining rooms, or "dugouts," for the evening. Drinks had been set up in an adjacent bar, and waiting for the guests to arrive, the waiters jabbered among themselves in Zulu, Xhosa or Telugu. Between seven and eight, the mercenaries drifted into the bar. They were a rough collection of men—some in dinner jackets, others in seedy suits, sporting medals on their left lapels. The medals represented honors won in various parts of the world. Some were British decorations from the Second World War or from subsequent campaigns in Suez, Malaya or Borneo; but the most prominent were the Katangese *Croix de guerre* and the *Croix de bravoure militaire avec palme en bronze*—known simply as the Military Cross. I thought it strange that many of the men wore no medals at all, until it was explained that in times of comparative penury, they had been obliged to pawn them.

Not all the men were of Five Commando. There were, in fact, relatively few of the old guard in evidence. One of them, Peter Duffy, an Englishman in his mid-30s, explained that there were certain complications that had made their presence impossible. Duffy, a professional photographer from Durban, was taking pictures at the dinner that evening. He had come to South Africa some years before via stints as a crop sprayer in Kenya and a long-distance truck driver in Mozambique. "Outside of those who live too far away to have come, a lot of the Five Commando guys have respectable jobs now," he said, "and they can't afford to be seen in this rough company. Jesus, some of these guys are *rough*." He looked around the room. "Some of them are bums or brokes or drunks or jailbirds, and one or two of them have jumped ship and are in hiding. Motley. Very motley." Mike Hoare's chief lieutenants were all abroad: Alistair Wicks was in London, George Schroeder had disappeared and Sam Cassidy and John Peters were in England and officially listed as *persona non grata*. Earlier that day, there had been rumors that Sam Cassidy was in town and would almost certainly make an appearance. "He'd better not," said the now-clean-shaven Carton-Barber. "A lot of the boys are looking for him. If he shows up, they'll break his legs." Duffy grinned.

There was a predominance of younger men—men in their late 20s and early 30s who would have been too young to have fought in the Congo. Dressed, for the most part, in dark, ill-fitting suits, they had a collectively cruel, impassive look—like a convention of school bullies. "Don't underestimate them," said Carton-Barber. "They're fine boys. Some of them fought in Biafra, the Sudan, Yemen, Aden or Cyprus, and some are ex–South African police and saw action on the Rhodesian border. Just keeping in trim, you might say. See that guy there? That's Ron Gregory. He was captured with Rolf Steiner in the Sudan. They beat his head in with rifle butts. That's why he don't think too well today. And see that guy?" he said, pointing to a squat, dark man. "He can strip a gun in thirty seconds. He's an expert with a machine gun. That's all he ever thinks about."

Sitting at the bar was a gargantuan man in a kilt and khaki shirt with the Wild Geese emblem on his sleeve. He was

6'5" and over 200 pounds. His name was Sandy King and he was Five Commando's official piper. A former seaman and paratrooper, he was now 72 and could still, according to one of the other mercenaries, "crush a man's skull with his bare hands." The barman asked him if he would like a small whiskey. "There's no such thing as a small whiskey, boy!" he shouted in a gruff Scots voice. "Just fill it up to the top." He turned to me. "My doctor told me if I stuck to whiskey, I'd live forever." He downed the drink in a single gulp.

The bar was now crowded and noisy and the mercenaries stood around in little groups, talking and drinking and waiting for the old man to appear. Shortly after eight, Colonel Mike Hoare walked into the room. A surprisingly small man, he wore a dinner jacket and, around his neck, the *Ordre de Zaïre*, given to him by President Mobutu. It was the only decoration he wore. Ordinarily, he affected a small goatee, but he had shaved it off that morning. The men applauded, and Carton-Barber preceded him around the room, introducing him to those men he did not know. Mike Hoare is probably the best known of the mercenaries and, in his time, achieved the greatest success. As he toured the room, the men snapped to attention and shook his hand. They had the reverential look of those in the presence of real celebrity.

A few moments later, Carton-Barber announced that dinner would be served immediately. Slowly the men filed into the dining room, followed by the colonel, who took his place at the head table. Behind him strutted the huge figure of Sandy King piping *Scotland the Brave*, and the men stood at attention as though on parade. The dining room had been decorated to suit the occasion. Placed just behind the head table were two enormous photographs of Moise Tshombe. Between them were the emblem of the Wild Geese, the Congoese flag and many other flags representing the nationalities of those who had fought in the Congo with Five Commando. The piper completed his military repertoire and the mercenaries clapped and sat down.

There were some 75 men seated at the three long tables. There were no fond references to the social and recreational pleasures of the Wild Geese club; rather, the talk was of war and weaponry, with tedious allusions to the possibility of action in either Angola, Mozambique or on the Rhodesian border. Sitting next to me, an Irishman claimed that the men in this room alone could overcome odds of ten to one against them. "These boys are killers, by God, and they're ready to go." Eating what appeared to be a piece of boiled steak, he leaned over to me and said, "We're only waiting for the call. I figure we'll be in Angola within the month."

It became clear that many of the men expected a call to arms from Mike Hoare that evening and they eagerly waited his after-dinner speech. They were all ready, the Irishman said; he himself could be packed and ready to go in an hour's time. Finally, over coffee and brandy, Major Jimmy James rose to his feet at the head table. The men fell silent. "It's nice to be with nice people," James began, and the mercenaries cheered and tapped their glasses with the cutlery.

James was one of the more successful ex-mercenaries—a director of seven companies. For the next ten minutes, he gave a wandering, beery speech on how good it was to be together again after so long a time. At the end, he paid special tribute to George Clay, an NBC correspondent who had been killed on the drive into Stanleyville. "Gentlemen," he said, raising his glass: "To the ones we left behind." The mercenaries rose to their feet in silence.

Following other speeches, replete with tawdry jokes and banal references to the good old days, Colonel Mike Hoare stood up. The room became suddenly still. "Men of Five Commando," the old man said, "and those of you who have joined our ranks since then. Ten years ago, we took part in the battle of Stanleyville. Thereafter, we helped the Armée Nationale Congolaise repel a Communist-backed rebellion that had overrun

Turn her on with Prelude 2... she'll love you for it!

Bring your partner in touch with her whole range of sensual feelings...stimulate her to heightened sensual joy. Prelude 2, "the sensual awakener" helps you turn her on in ways you never thought possible.

With Prelude 2 you can let your imagination run wild! Or follow the eye-opening, step-by-step guide we include. Soon you'll discover fantastic new ideas to "wake up" both your bodies.

It's the ideal gift. The Special Stimulator adds to her pleasure...helps her attain and intensify orgasms. Your reward for being so generous? Your excitement grows with hers! Your bodies have never been so in tune. What's more, Prelude 2 might even teach you a thing or two about your own sensuality.

Prelude 2, "the sensual awakener" for today's more sensual adults.

Prelude 2, "the sensual awakener" set contains:

- Prelude 2, the main unit, designed and clinically tested to guarantee hygienic, safe and effective performance. Noiseless, for discreet use where, whenever you wish.
- 4 massage attachments to relax and stimulate both of you from head to toe.

The Complete Prelude 2 kit.

- Additional Special Stimulator helps her reach and intensify orgasms. Nothing to insert, or harm delicate tissues.
- Illustrated Sexual Health Care Booklet for step-by-step guidance, and advice.

Women are no longer settling for less than their full capacity for sexual fulfillment. In fact, many doctors are recommending Prelude 2 for women who have difficulty reaching orgasm. Today's woman is ready to explore her sensual potential. You can help! Excite her with Prelude 2. What's in it for you? A lot more fun! A lot more loving!

30-day money-back guarantee. Sensory Research guarantees your satisfaction—or your money refunded. No questions asked.

MAIL COUPON TODAY
Sensory Research Corp., Dept. O-6
5 Lawrence St., Bloomfield, N.J. 07003

Please send_____Prelude 2(s) at $24.95 ea. postpaid. I enclose ☐ Check or ☐ Money Order for $_____.

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
☐ Charge my Account No. Exp. Date

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State____ Zip____

Outside Continental U.S. Please Include $1.50 For Shipping. In N.J. add 5% sales tax.

THE PIGS OF WAR *The mayor of Stanleyville was forced to stand naked before a frenzied crowd of Simbas. One of them cut out his liver, which was given to others to eat.*

two thirds of their magnificent country. In so doing, we changed the course of history, at the same time saving the lives of thousands of blacks and hundreds of whites—innocent victims of the struggle. We may take great pride in our achievements and in the certain knowledge that had there been no Five Commando, there would be no Zaïre today. While remembering those days with pride, let us also remember, with the love that only soldiers know, those hundreds of our brave comrades, killed and wounded, who will never fly with the Wild Geese again.

"Now, I know you are all wondering what the future will bring. Well, perhaps we shall be called upon once more, in the not-too-distant future, to take up arms in the cause of law and order in Africa. I am sure we will. I think there is a seventy-thirty chance of that happening in the months to come. I will say nothing more about that now. But remember, if that should be our privilege, we shall not be found wanting. We shall be worthy of the trust."

The mercenaries stood and applauded wildly. If they had expected more specific instructions, a more passionate battle cry, they seemed not to be disappointed. They were as aware as the old man that there was at least one infidel in their midst, and for the moment, they seemed satisfied. The call *would* come—of that they remained certain—and the colonel had said nothing to complicate their dreams.

•

After dinner, the mercenaries drove across town to the Diplomat Hotel to continue their festivities. There, in an 11th-floor suite, the Wild Geese club held its weekly meetings. Again, the talk turned to those grand days ten years before, and the younger men listened to the ex-mercenaries of Five Commando swapping heady tales of that 11th-hour dash into rebel-held Stanleyville.

The drive to Stanleyville began in August 1964, culminating in its liberation on the morning of November 24.

"We must have killed thousands of Simbas in those four months," Carton-Barber remembered. "We must have rescued about four thousand nuns, priests and other civilians. And up until Stan, we lost only eight men.

"Getting to Stan was no joke," he said. "It was a terrible sight, all those Simbas, hundreds of them, coming toward us down the road, chanting '*Mei Mulele, mei Mulele*,' drugged to the eyeballs and waving palms. They were a horrible sight, dressed in monkeyskins and feathers and bits of foliage sticking from their heads. They believed in something called the *dawa*, the magic. They believed bullets would pass through them. And because they were drugged, they could fight for a few moments even after they were technically dead. The worst were the *jeunesse*. They were the kids from twelve to twenty—the terror troops. They had no fear at all and committed the worst atrocities.

"The Simbas were well armed. They had pangas, F.N. rifles, mortars and what we called Chinese bazookas—hollow pieces of bamboo filled with explosives and such things as nails. I once saw a guy's stomach ripped apart from a blast of nails."

On the night of November 23, Five Commando was delayed by ambushes on the Stanleyville road and did not reach the city till nearly nine the next morning, some two hours after Belgian paratroopers had been dropped in. A massacre had already taken place, which Mike Hoare described as "one of the most hideous and barbaric crimes of the century." The Simbas had threatened to massacre 400 white hostages if the mercenaries attacked. Earlier that morning, in the city's main square, hundreds of Congoese were murdered in front of Patrice Lumumba's monument. The mayor of the city was forced to stand naked before a frenzied crowd of Simbas. One of them cut out his liver, which was given to others to eat while the mayor died before their eyes.

The 400 whites—mostly women, children, nuns, priests and old men, as well as Paul Carlson, an American doctor who the Simbas claimed was a spy—were huddled in the main square. The Simbas were commanded by a certain "Major" Bubu. "He was a gross monster of a man," Hoare said. "A deaf-and-dumb Mongoloid wearing a monkey-skin robe. He had done such things as cut off a man's legs, driven stakes into the stumps and then told him he was free if he could walk away. When the paratroopers landed, Bubu gave the order to kill and, suddenly, machine guns ripped into the crowd. Anyone who attempted to run away was shot. Dr. Carlson almost made it over a wall, but he was gunned down."

"There were three or four steps leading up to Lumumba's monument," said Carton-Barber. "It was decorated with tinsel and plastic flowers and a huge photograph of their dead leader. They had butchered many of the whites on the steps, and the pavement was bright with blood when our column raced into the square. We saved some of them. When we captured the butcher, we shot the fucker and paraded his body around town on the hood of a jeep. When the Congoese soldiers got to him, they chopped off his arms and left him on the remains of Lumumba's monument for all to see. His body was horribly swollen."

Thus the talk continued through the night, each new tale more grotesque than the one before. It was a kind of theater. The mercenaries leaned against the bar, recalling the ambushes they'd survived, the friends they'd lost, the towns they'd saved from massacre, the hordes of drugged and raving Simbas they'd gunned down, the terrible atrocities—the maiming of priests, the raping of nuns—and the time Sam Cassidy, in an argument over a woman, shot an Englishman in a Congo bar and was pardoned by Mobutu. There was much talk of looting. They remembered when they had liberated three quarters of a million francs from a rebel paymaster, the times they had blown up safes in liberated towns "in order to see if any rebels were hiding in them" and the sign one of their colleagues had placed in a Stanleyville bar: TWELVE MORE LOOTING DAYS TILL CHRISTMAS.

Hans Germani, a journalist with a local magazine, remembered one mercenary who had looted 15 refrigerators and sold them in Dar es Salaam for a goodly sum. His favorite tale concerned a Frenchman who, after the liberation of Stanleyville, when most of the resident Belgians had fled, commandeered one of the larger villas in town, gave dinner parties, drank up the Belgian's extensive wine cellar and, two weeks later, when he had to leave, rented the villa to an American for an immoderate sum, which he insisted be paid in advance. A month later, when the Belgian owner returned, the American was evicted.

Despite the fact that Mike Hoare had always forbidden looting, it happened all too frequently. When he resigned his command in late 1965, it became even worse. Part of the monetary arrangement with Mobutu's government was that the family of any mercenary killed in action was reimbursed £7000. "A number of men were reported as killed in action," recalled Peter Duffy, who remained after Hoare left. "They were known as the phantom brigade."

"That Peters was something," said the Irishman. "Do you remember the time he was chewing a stick of jerky and the CIA man asked what he was eating and John-John told him it was a baby's arm and the CIA bloke ran out and got sick?" The mercenaries broke into raucous laughter.

Christ, they were bloody good times, the men agreed, none better. "I wish I could go back again," said Carton-Barber. "I wish I could have another

"You should really leave now. Sitting Bull will be back any minute."

taste of action." The others nodded and silently sipped their drinks. Although most of Five Commando are now in their late 40s and early 50s, they seemed generally agreed that as soon as the battle cry sounded, they would go into action again. "I'd leave tomorrow," said Carton-Barber. "Sure, just like that and my old lady knows it. Last time, in '64, I got the call late one afternoon and I went right to my company director and said, 'Right, I'm off.' I told my wife when she came home from work. We had a bitch of a fight during the night, but she drove me to the airport in the morning. That was in August and I didn't get back till February. If the call came now, I'd do the same thing. I wouldn't be able to stop myself."

"Hear, hear!" said Jimmy James.

Every mercenary in the room felt more or less the same. "When you have an itch, it's got to be scratched," said Carton-Barber. "I can't tell you exactly why I'd go again. It's partly the money, partly the adventure, partly the fact that you're doing somebody some good. But most of all, I guess, to be a mercenary is to be a man. It's to have hair on your chest. You understand?"

"War is the best orgasm I ever had," said the Irishman. "It's my only pleasure."

"I know it doesn't make a lot of sense," said Carton-Barber. "I know I'm eight years older. But since the Congo, I've joined a military unit. I've learned about compasses and the stars, I know more about guns and other weapons and I'm a better shot than I used to be. I do a lot of target practice."

Thrown continuously into the company of mercenaries, one almost came to share at least a portion of their belief that glory was in the offing. Their stubborn sense of the absurd was incomprehensibly contagious. And yet, in spite of their beliefs, their interminable prattle of new contracts and imminent insurrections, there seemed little likelihood that they would see action—at least as mercenaries—again. Even so, it was a particularly popular subject in South Africa. At least once a week, the local press headlines stories of Swiss, Italian or Portuguese millionaires who have recruited mercenaries for possible pushes into Angola or Mozambique. There are constant rumors that mercenary forces are concealed in various parts of the uninhabited hinterland, reports that French mercenaries are about to invade Cabinda or that John Peters and Sam Cassidy were drumming up serious business in London and claimed to have 1000 men on their books but no immediate backers.

The ranking officers of the Wild Geese club regarded such reports as journalistic pap. Still, they remained on guard. Fearful of indiscreet disclosures in the press on the one hand and of governmental harassment on the other, they tended to harbor the most serious suspicions. They were deeply concerned that the Bureau of State Security had already infiltrated their organization. One mercenary who preferred not to be seen in the company of other mercenaries agreed to meet me, but only late one evening in a movie theater. And the paranoia did not stop there. The day before, a journalist friend of mine telephoned to warn me that I should be more circumspect in the course of my researches. "My military correspondent came into the office today," he said, "and told me he was onto a good story. He said there was a man in town called Bradshaw who was recruiting mercenaries. I don't know where he got his information, but you can bet it came from BOSS. This is a small place," he said. "There are informants everywhere."

"You mean the next knock on the door won't be room service?" I said.

"Listen, I'm not kidding," he said. "Your phone's probably tapped and you can bet your room's been searched."

"Christ, do you suppose they found my copy of PLAYBOY?" I said. "I was very careful. I concealed it in a plastic bag in the cistern of the loo. They're not *that* good, are they?"

Back in the bar of the Diplomat Hotel, the now-drunk Irishman cursed both the press and the government. "The press prints lies and the government tries to make them stick," he said. "There's no law in this country against recruiting mercenaries. I've been offered all sorts of contracts. There's a lot of action around—in Yemen and Oman, a bloody good war in Ireland and one in Iraq with the Kurds. There's a civil war in Chad and unrest in Laos, Cambodia and Singapore. There's action in the Philippines and in Ethiopia and terrorism on nearly every border in southern Africa. But nobody will come up with the necessary scratch. Jesus, a couple of years ago, I was offered ten thousand pounds to shoot Daddy Amin. But it wasn't enough. They offered to take me into Uganda, but they couldn't guarantee to get me out. I said, 'Forget it, man.' I didn't like my chances. And besides, I'd rather wait with the rest of the boys until a real war comes with real backers."

Despite the boasts of prompt employment, these are lean times for mercenaries. The most famous of the Congoese and Biafran mercenaries have been driven into peaceful retirement. The Belgian, Black Jacques Schramme, is farming in Portugal, raising chickens

Isn't Black Velvet smooth?
Just the thought of it can give you a good feeling.
Black Velvet® Canadian Whisky. The smooth Canadian.
IMPORTED
BLACK VELVET
BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY
BLACK VELVET ® BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. 80/86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY © 1975 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

Why we call him Big MaMa John.

There we were, sitting around in a circle at John's place, when Marsha said "Hey, let's do something different tonight."

Quicker than you could say "_____" John was at the sink with this huge pitcher. We watched silently as first he poured in 2 cups of Jose Cuervo Tequila and then added 2 cups of Triple Sec and a cup of lemon juice.

"What's that?" Billy whispered.

"That's a Margarita, son. But instead of making ten little ones I just made me a Big MaMa Margarita."

We all passed the pitcher around. But when it came back to John there was no more left. So he had to make another batch.

And that's why we call him Big MaMa John.

80 PROOF. JOSE CUERVO® TEQUILA. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1974 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

and his adopted Congoese children. The German, Rolf Steiner, is ill at his home near Düsseldorf. The Frenchman, Bob Dénard, is reported to be in Paris, working for the *Sûreté*. The Welshman, Taffy Williams, apparently out of desperation, joined the Spanish Foreign Legion and the Irish-born Mike Hoare lives quietly in Durban. But such facts did little to dispel the unbridled hopes of the Wild Geese. When I left at four in the morning, the bar was still crowded and the room loud with talk of glory.

•

Some four hours later, my bedside phone began to ring repeatedly. It took me several minutes to find it, and when I did, a man called John, "a friend of a friend," said that he was down in the lobby and wondered whether he could see me immediately. "I know no Johns," I said, and I hung up. But he was back a minute later. Too slow to think, too tired to argue, I suggested that we meet at ten o'clock and went back to sleep. At ten, he rang to say that he would wait for me in the poolside coffee shop. It took me 20 minutes, and when I managed to find the pool, I was hailed by a man I had never seen before. Tanned and in his middle 30s, he wore a white shirt, white shorts, white knee socks and white shoes. He said good morning in the thick, guttural accent of the Afrikaner.

"What can I do for you this morning?" I said, looking for the waiter in order to get coffee and a double brandy.

"I'm security," he said.

"You're what?"

"State Security," he said, smiling.

"No jokes," I said. "I happen to have one of the most serious hangovers of my career. I am not in a light mood."

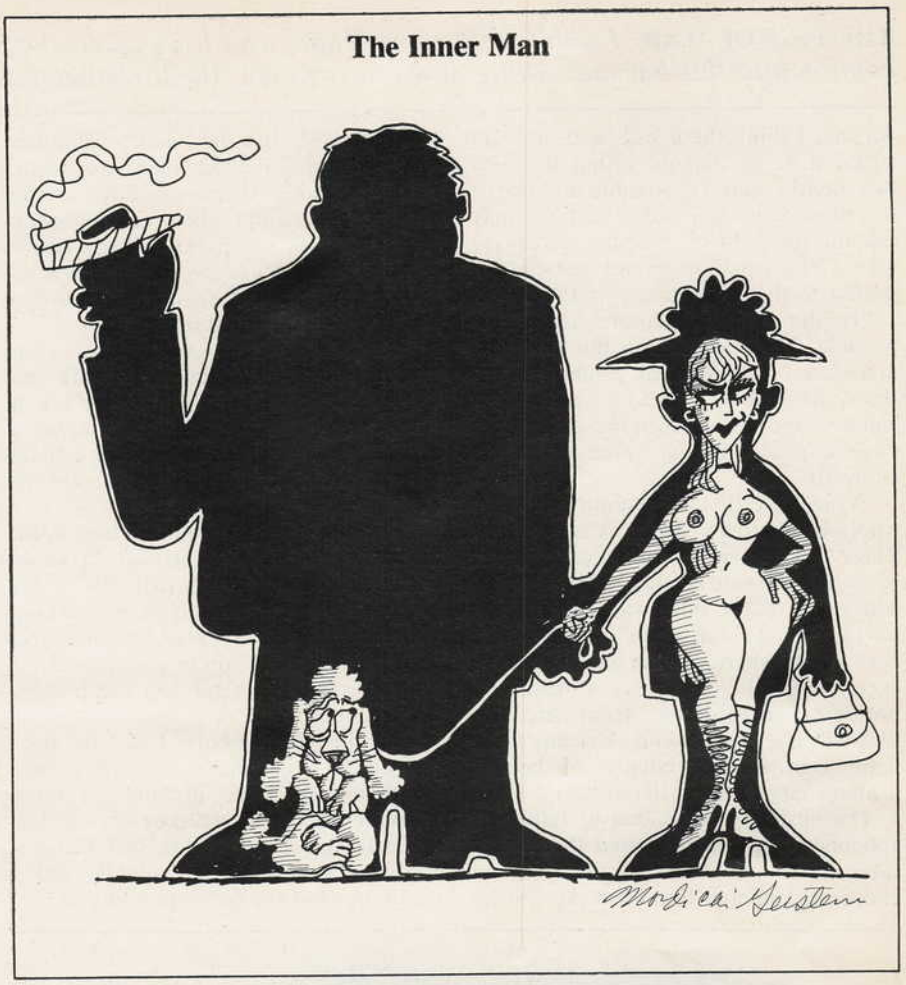
He smiled again and, pulling out his wallet, showed me the colored identification card, encased in plastic, with the dreaded words of BOSS written across the top. So they had discovered PLAYBOY, after all, I thought. "What can I do to help you?" I said, looking frantically for the waiter.

He continued to smile. "Are you with the CIA?" he asked, as casually as though he had asked me to pass the sugar. "You look surprised. You might be. I just thought I'd ask."

"There's a lot of paranoia around," I said. "I just haven't gotten used to it yet."

"I just wanted to see what you looked like, what sort of guy you were," he said. "Just wanted to find out what you were doing in South Africa."

I tried to explain what I was doing, that I was not recruiting mercenaries, but he interrupted to say that he already knew that. He wanted only to assure himself that it was not a cover, and for the moment, at least, he seemed satisfied. Over brandy, we continued to talk. He said that there could be no



mercenary activity in South Africa: The state would see to that. "Between you and me," he said, "the only real money in the country comes from just two sources—the government and the CIA. And neither agency is about to give any of it to mercenaries. Mercenaries must be paid and it costs a lot. It cost the CIA millions of dollars in the Congo. No one else has that kind of money. Not in South Africa, anyway."

"Is recruiting mercenaries against the law?" I asked.

He shrugged. "Not officially," he said. "But what is the law? The law is like the Bible. What is condemned in *Deuteronomy* is applauded in *Isaiah*. The law is very flexible."

When we had finished, I walked him to the hotel lobby. Turning to leave, he shook my hand and said, "If you get into any trouble while you're here, give us a ring. We're in the phone book. Just ask for John."

I said I'd keep it in mind.

A few days later, I flew to Durban to see Peter Duffy and Mike Hoare. Duffy met me at the airport. He seemed dispirited, somehow lacking his customary look of bright insouciance. "I've got some bad news for you," he said. "We've lost the color film."

"Christ, Duffy, you told me you were a professional. You didn't tell me photography was one of your party turns."

"It wasn't like that," he said, and for the first time, he seemed angry. "I sent them out to be processed, and the lab told me yesterday that none of the rolls turned out. All duds, all four of them. That couldn't be. Never had my films not turn out before, and besides, the films the lab did return to me weren't mine. Mine have been intercepted. You understand? I'll give you one guess where they are."

"BOSS?" Nothing surprised me now.

He nodded. "It isn't the first time this sort of thing has happened. In South Africa, sometimes things just disappear. I still have the black and white," he said hopefully. "There isn't much, but I developed it myself."

We met Mike Hoare in the bar of the Royal Hotel. He was neatly dressed in suit and tie and had begun to grow back his beard. I explained the events of the past few days, and he was not surprised to learn of my visit from BOSS. "I get visits from them all the time," he said. "I think they want to make sure I'm still in the country and that I remain here."

We discussed the possibilities of a mercenary force's taking the field again. "I think it's quite likely," he said, "but there are many variables. Mobutu could end up being the key for the mercenaries again. There's little doubt that he has his eye on Cabinda and on much of

Angola. I think there will be serious internal strife in Angola within the next two months, and it is possible that one of the three rival nationalist factions may ask for the help of a white mercenary force. The situation would not be dissimilar to that in Katanga in 1961.

"In the case of Mozambique, it is possible that not Frelimo but the new, moderate black coalition might become the *de facto* government in a part of the country and would then be entitled to raise a peace-keeping force under its authority.

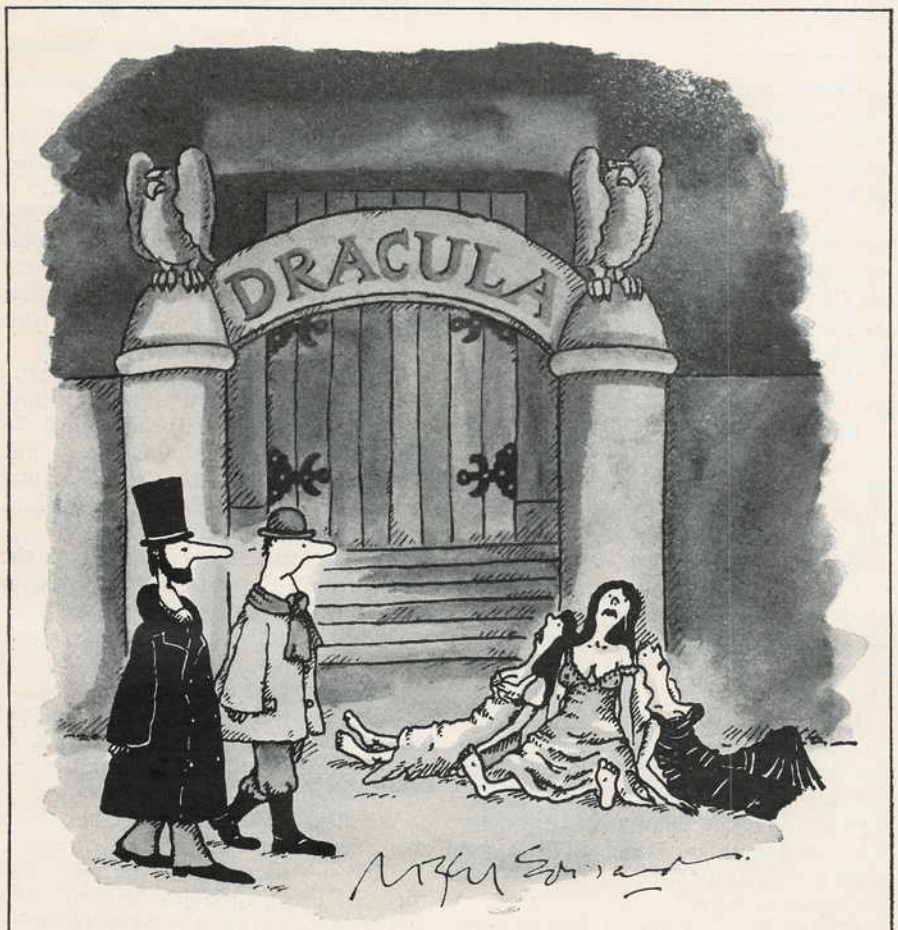
"You have to understand that the whole of southern Africa is in turmoil. There are strong revolutionary forces at work in all our neighboring countries. There is a black tidal wave descending on us. Yes, I think there will be a role for us somewhere. At the moment, however, the South African government will not permit us to operate from here. But that will not deter South Africans from fighting in another country. I believe a mercenary force is the answer."

The next day, I decided to return to Johannesburg and suggested that Duffy take me to his studio so that I could choose the photos I wanted. At first he was hesitant, but he finally admitted that he could not let me have them. "The top boys, the smart boys in the organization won't allow it," he said, a baffled look on his face. "My hands are tied. The fact is, we don't know who you are. You don't check out. No one in London ever heard of you."

Christ, I thought, everything, even paranoia, has its limits. "I'm with the CIA and the Mafia," I said. "It's a two-pronged offensive. I'm the advance man. I've been sent ahead to collate a complete dossier on every mercenary in the country."

"Look, I know it sounds like a lot of James Bond stuff," he said. "I know it sounds corny, but it's real. We're not playing games and we're not taking chances. We've sent a photograph of you to London, and if you're who you claim you are, then I'll send you the photos, but not otherwise."

Back in Johannesburg, I paid my final visit to the Wild Geese club. They were all there, the same discouraged men, drinking beer and whiskey at the bar and talking over old times. Jack Carton-Barber was flushed and affable, and I told him what the old man had said.



"I'll say one thing for him—he always returns the empties. . . ."

"The old man's right," he said. "It's an explosive situation. Here in South Africa, we got our backs to the wall. There's nowhere to run and hide. Don't you think we know that? We've been here for three hundred years and we sure as hell aren't running now. The Rhodesian borders are our borders. I don't know what they're up to, but I know they want the whites out. But we're not going to leave. Not without a fight, anyway. There ain't never been a black soldier in the history of the world that could hold a candle to a white one. Less, of course, he was led by a white officer."

"They're savages," said the Irishman. "Don't let the smooth-talking ones fool you, boy. You can take the African out of the jungle, but you can't take the jungle out of the African."

Carton-Barber stared out the window, a grim, almost demented expression on his face. "I'll tell you one thing: I don't want some Kaffir who lives up in the hills with six wives and four goats and doesn't know a knife from a fork coming into this bar and sitting down next to me. I don't want it. We'll change in this country but in our own good time and not before. I wish the rest of the world could get that through their heads.

"It's funny," he continued. "We put Mobutu in power and now he hates our guts." He stared into his drink. "Still, if anyone hires mercenaries again, it'll be Mobutu. He's a bloody crook, but you can trust him."

"Well, he sure as hell ain't a Tshombe," said the Irishman.

"Now, there was a man," said Carton-Barber. "Do you remember, in '64 . . . ?"

He was gone again on some interminable Congo tale, and the other mercenaries settled back to listen. It was more than a little sad to hear them talk of Stanleyville (now Kisangani), of the Congo (now Zaïre, and of the dead Tshombe, whose name has been expunged from all Zaïre history books. Doubtless, the Wild Geese would continue to gather here and wait faithfully for the call—going about their jobs as accountants, security men, photographers, taxi drivers, barmen, salesmen—approaching 50 and yearning for a dream that would almost certainly elude them. But that would not deter them. When Carton-Barber finished, he ordered another whiskey. "Well," he said, "do you think you have all you need? The facts and the color? Hey, I almost forgot. Do you know what *Time* said about us?"

I said I had read it.

"You'd better believe it," he said. "Southern Africa needs a white mercenary force. Without us, Africa is black." ▣

GREAT AMERICAN MOTEL NIGHTMARE *The Royal Armpits is the last motel on the Las Vegas Strip, just behind the airport (jet-engine exhaust gets sucked into the rooms by the air conditioners).*

(Continued from page 58) and seven months). The place forces you back in time, right smack into high school, to one of those nights when you went home and jerked off after getting a fast feel of Maryann's left boob. Remember? It was the only way to get to sleep.

So I came, and it was a good one. Carol slept like a baby through it all, and I realized, in my passion-racked head just as I was about to shoot, that she had never looked more beautiful. She's really very elegant and ethereal-looking—put her in a dump like the Casa Del Sol and it can drive you mad with incongruous desire!

It had been a good 15 minutes. I wadded up some toilet paper (not bad stuff, I recall: *The owner of the House of the Sun cares about your asshole!*) and wiped the wall next to me, and then the foghorn blew and I thought the goddamned thing was in the room with us. Carol sat up. And remember, she had been in a coma, for Christ's sake. "An earthquake?" she asked.

"Fog . . . foghorn," I said, sitting there, ridiculously wiping myself with toilet paper.

It sounded again. And then we could hear the ocean, the roar of the surf pounding against land. "We really must be close to the water," Carol said and dropped back to the bed, dead to the world. You know . . . like when the Bride of Dracula gets the wooden stake pounded through her heart? *Bam!* Out.

"Yeah, near water," I mumbled, and I stood up and clicked out the light in the bathroom. I didn't move; I let my eyes get used to the darkness. I sensed something strange. Then I saw it—a crack in the cement blocks that formed the back wall of the room and the light of the moon coming in.

Light of the moon, hell. It came and went every minute or so. The light of the lighthouse. I looked down and saw that a complete chunk of the corner of the room was missing. I didn't have the guts to bend down and look to see what was or wasn't out there. I went to sleep and took my chances. What the hell, maybe the land was settling . . . why get worried?

The next morning, I realized that the land was not settling, it was disappearing, right into the Pacific. We could see the water through that hole in the corner of the room, and the reason the horn had been so loud was that it was not more than 50 feet from the building, which stood out on a rickety pier that was also falling into the water. The whole back of the motel was suspended over the eroding earth, perched there, waiting for the big wave, like a surfer.

We got the hell out of there, fast. In the light of day, we discovered that rooms 15 and 16 had already been carried out to sea and number 14 was well on its way. We kissed number 13 goodbye, knowing we'd always remember it, and hurried to the gas pump in town and then to a different *casa*, the one Hearst built. It was all right, but I'd never spend a night there. Too glitzy.

The joke of the day, however, was on us. As we left town, driving south on Highway One, we passed a row of about ten motels, all waiting, welcoming, ready. Had we gone another half mile the night before. . . .

No, they were too good for us. The Casa Del Sol had given us a good bed, a good scare, a good orgasm, good toilet paper. And the feeling that morning, when we could *see* the place! Ever wake up and find you've fallen asleep on a carnival ride? I would recommend the Casa Del Sol to crummy-motel freaks and masturbators alike, but I'm not sure it's still there. Last I heard, the bed Carol and I had slept in was seen floating toward Hawaii.

•

We spent the next night in Los Angeles, in a motel that looked perfectly terrible from the outside; but, once in the room, we were disappointed. It looked good. The TV worked. It had hot water. It even had a Magic Fingers bed. It didn't make the list.

But the next day—oh, man, we were in heaven. This time, we *knew* where we were heading; we'd been there before. It's our favorite spot in the world, and whenever we get bored with the niceties of people and life, we run there for a good dose of pure wretchedness. It took many trips before we found it, but now that we know it, we'll never let it go (unless it just falls down one day, which is likely). In any case, it takes the prize as the second-tackiest motel in the country.

It's on the Strip in Las Vegas and it's called The Royal Arms. Sounds pretty chic, huh? You wouldn't believe it. Instead of Christmas cards, Carol and I send picture postcards of this hole. It's a wonderful photo, with a sign in the foreground announcing, POOL, TV, CONNE TING ROOMS (Lanford Wilson should write a play about it) and KITCHENETTES, and the place that's become dear to our hearts (and hard on our bodies) in the background. A nice blue sky, too. But the sky clashes with the building, which is painted the most vile shade of blue you've ever seen.

I shouldn't knock the color, because last year, Roy, the enterprising cripple and alcoholic who runs the place, went all out: He had the entire place spray-painted white with little specks of silver that shine in the desert sun. Now we call it our glitter-rock motel because of the tacky glitter on the outside and the rocks on top. Yes, the roof is covered with huge rocks, and most people think they're there for decoration ("Look, Harry, how quaint and Southwestern those rocks are!"), but we know better. See, we're in good with the female version of Roy, a broad named Verna who cleans the rooms and does "the bookkeeping," though I've yet to see a book in the office other than an extra copy of the Gideon Bible. She told us the real story of the roof one day, when she was pouring her heart out to us: "My husband and me, we hadda sell the car wash in San Bernardino, so we figured, what the hell, we'd come to Vegas. Poor guy, he had a coronary at the crap tables downtown, died right there at the Fremont." She admitted that the rocks held the roof down. Tar paper does have a tendency to take off on windy days, you know.

Ah, The Royal Arms, our favorite of the revolting motels, the one we visit most often. Hell, we've stayed there so many times, our friends think that the place is famous. Some ask, "Does it have room service?" Sure—you open your door and yell across Las Vegas Boulevard to the Hacienda Hotel's coffee shop. "Is it terribly expensive?" Are you kidding? Roy (we like to call him the Abominable Motelman) can't count past ten. And when we drove up on our Christmas trip, he had to turn the date indicator on his Master Charge machine forward eight numerals: We were the first customers in eight days. He was so excited, he gave us a discount.

But The Royal Arms has a pool and is, as I said, on the Strip. Of course, people don't know that it's the *last* motel on the Strip, just behind the Vegas airport (jet-engine exhaust gets sucked into the rooms by the air conditioners), and that the pool (which Roy calls the plunge—he has a big sign above it that says, PLUNGE!) is unheated and big enough for only three people. A big, cold bathtub is what it amounts to. The whole place doesn't amount to much. We call it The Royal Armpits or The Pits, for short. Last time we were in Vegas, Carol and I won $125 playing keno at the Sands and were faced with a big decision: Go out for a wonderfully expensive meal and show or buy The Pits. We ended up doing the first, mainly because we wanted to use up all the money. Had we bought Roy out, we would have had loose change lying around.

The Pits. We were so happy to be back, we decided to stay an extra day, meaning that we'd have to haul ass across Kansas to make it to New York by Christmas, but what the hell, it was

GREAT AMERICAN MOTEL NIGHTMARE *Another attribute of The Royal Arms is the privacy a guest has. No one ever stays there. If people do check in, they check out faster.*

worth it. The second night, we were sitting in the showroom at Caesars Palace, across from a good Mormon lady and her young daughter, who looked like Candice Bergen. Carol had decided to wear her best and sexiest dress, the one in which her tits spill out when she breathes in. The good Mormon lady was a little shocked, but we talked a bit and got back in her graces when Carol tied a napkin around her neck so that her nipples wouldn't distract from the conversation . . . and when we ordered Shirley Temples. As we sipped, the good Mormon lady asked, "Where are you staying?"

"The Pits," Carol answered. I kicked her under the table.

"The Ritz? Where is it?" the good Mormon lady asked.

"You don't *know*?" Carol was doing a real number. "Why, it's brand-new and the hottest place in town! Darling, the MGM Grand is *empty* because of this place!"

The good Mormon lady smiled and said, "We've never been to Las Vegas before. We're here only overnight, because I have a cousin who ice-skates in the show." She sounded apologetic.

"Listen," Carol said softly, reaching across the table to take the good Mormon lady's hand, "promise me you won't leave tomorrow without driving down to see the place. It's just magnificent."

Thankfully, the ice skaters opened the Diana Ross show at that very moment and Carol shut up.

Some Ritz. We'll never forget the first night we stayed there; it's almost an anniversary for us. We dragged ourselves out of a keno parlor at seven A.M. and drove into The Pits at 7:13 A.M. There is no DO NOT DISTURB sign to hang on the door (you're lucky you have a door!), so I went to write it on stationery, only to find that The Royal Arms stationery is the brown paper lining the bottom of the drawers. So I scrawled a warning, hung it on the outside handle, clicked on the air conditioner (I think it may very well have been the first one manufactured in this country; it sounds exactly like my old 1954 Rambler on a good day) and hit the bed. Well, Carol hit the bed. I hit the floor.

The mattress is made for lovers. Carol got in, pulled the covers up over herself and everything was fine; she was relaxing, getting keno out of her system, waiting for me to come to bed. I clicked out the light and saw that a laser beam of sunshine was cutting through the room via a hole in the drapes. A safety pin cured that, and I walked around to my side of the bed and took off my clothes, ready for a good sleep and dreams of that Great Keno Board in the Sky. I hopped into bed and found myself on the floor.

"What happened?" Carol asked, alarmed and amused at the same time.

"I . . . I dunno." And I really didn't know why I was sprawled there. Had I missed? Jesus, I couldn't have been that blurry from gambling all night, could I? I knew I must have looked pretty damn stupid, because that's how I felt.

So I got up and tried again.

Bam! Onto the fucking floor again. But this time I was sure I hadn't missed; I had hit the mattress. Then I figured it out: There was nothing supporting the mattress on my side of the bed; the box spring looked as though it had been bought at a fire sale after the fire had destroyed part of it. So we tried for a third time, but now we knew what we were doing.

Carol reached under her side of the bed and held tight. Then she took my hand to help me retain my balance once I hit the mattress. I did it. It's quite a feat, once you've mastered it. You have to grab your bed partner, throw your weight to the middle of the bed and, as soon as you hit the mattress, press against your mate for the time you wish to remain in the bed. It forces you to fuck. It just about does it for you. If you don't, the bed goes from concave to convex and the floor becomes your bed once again. Down the boulevard, the Malaga Motel shows dirty movies. You don't need them at The Pits. And if Roy ever replaces that bed in number four, so help me, I'll kill him. Which won't be difficult, because he's got one foot in the grave already.

Another attribute of The Royal Arms is the privacy a guest has. No one ever stays there. If people do check in, they check out faster. Either because they're horrified by the water bugs that crawl up into the bathtubs between showers (we've come to refer to them as our little pets, though Roy hasn't allowed pets since the time he was bitten by a rattlesnake in number seven) or because they're so shocked by the trashy furnishings of the room they just paid 12 bucks for that they get nutty and run off to the Hilton to regain their sanity. The Hilton should give Roy a commission: He keeps it in business.

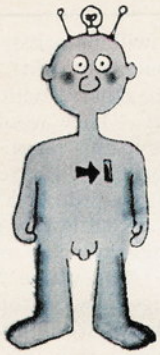
Twelve dollars is for a suite. Your basic room goes for a big four bucks, which includes a refrigerator—a spot where our little pets often choose to spend the night. But even at four bucks, not many people are willing to risk their lives in the place. One time, a family drove up to the office, a real family in one of those huge station wagons that look like hearses, and old Roy was pleased as punch, slapping his knee (which almost knocked his cane out of his other hand, which almost caused him to fall to the asphalt and die right there in the Vegas sun), watching them unload and fill up number 12.

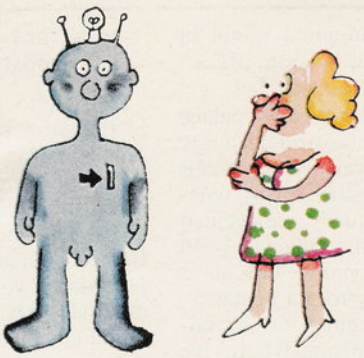
Carol and I were at the plunge, sunning. Soon, Mom and Pop and all seven monsters joined us. Now, I don't especially care for children, and when I'm trying to sleep in order to be alert at the keno lounge in a few hours, I for sure don't want screaming kids around. So Carol got rid of them fast: She pulled out one of the porn books I'd written, *Lust Swamp*, and aimed it at Mom and Pop. When they saw what she was reading, they promptly pulled the monsters out of the plunge, packed up the wagon in minutes, got their money back and headed for the Hilton. Roy was plenty pissed, but he was too drunk to hobble all the way over to the plunge to yell at us. We could see Verna telling him to stop knocking his cane against the Coke machine. At least, I was able to fall asleep.

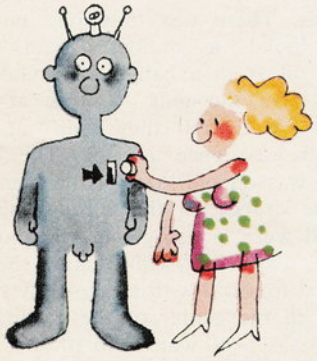
Since no one ever stays at The Royal Armpits (since no one has the *guts* to stay there), not much sex goes on. If you're into old men with canes or whiskey-sipping hard women, Roy and Verna could probably give you a roll in the hay; but if I think on that too long, I'll feel my stomach turning over. However, there is something to be said about that bed in number four, that 69th Wonder of the World. Ripley should have it listed in his books. Masters and Johnson would love studying it. A company specializing in sex toys could make a fortune off a reproduction. Roy has a bonanza under his dripping nose: He could charge admission to watch a couple demonstrate the advantages of the bed in number four. But he doesn't know about it; it's our secret. Roy once asked us why we liked that particular room so much, but he had his teeth out when he posed the question, so we pretended that we didn't understand a word he had said.

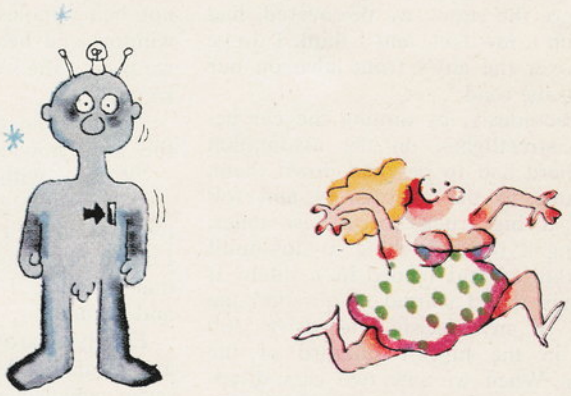
One word of warning before we leave The Pits:

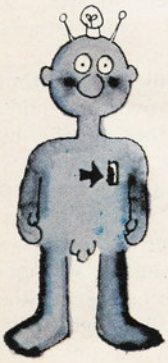
Don't stay in number four with your mother. Unless you're into that kind of thing. The son you sire may turn out to be your brother. With a bed that forces intercourse upon its guests, that really could happen. If it does, call him Roy

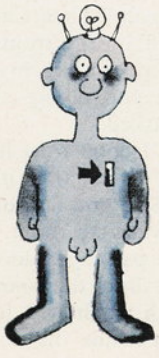












NITKA

GREAT AMERICAN MOTEL NIGHTMARE *In the corner of the room, someone had hammered a large nail into the cement-block wall. Above it was a little shelf and above that was another sign:* CLOSET.

in honor of the second-worst motel in the country. Or Plunge, if it's a girl.

•

So we left our glitter-rock palace and plunge and spent several leisurely months traveling eastward. The motels were nondescript, Christmas was wonderful and, early in January, we decided we'd drive back to California via good ole Route 66, where you're bound to find the last of the truly rotten hostels.

Fate struck in the guise of an unplanned trip to Michigan, where we found a place that will never be duplicated, a place that tops the bottom of the list by miles, a place that Norman Rockwell should have put on a *Saturday Evening Post* cover, for it is pure Americana.

We have a thing for Casas, but never did we expect to find one in the worst section of Detroit (if any section of Detroit can be called worse than another): the Casa Blanca. Bogart and Bergman never played this dump. A prerequisite of finding it is getting lost.

That's how we found it. Carol and I had been interviewing an executive of the auto industry for an article I was writing, having a wonderful time in a beautiful home in one of the rich Detroit suburbs. It was still January, and when we finally left, with the intention of driving straight through the night to Chicago, the snow, we discovered, had piled up a few feet, and I think I drove right over the guy's front lawn on our way to the road.

Miraculously, by aiming the car between streetlights, on the assumption that there had to be road down there, we came to the expressway and followed a big truck for a few miles, thinking it the safe thing to do—until it jackknifed and landed in a ditch. It was then that I started to question the sanity of my decision to drive 300 miles in the biggest blizzard of the season. When we saw two cars disappear into snowbanks, we called it quits. We pulled off the road near the Detroit airport, right onto motel lane.

There they all were, Holiday Inn, Ramada, Sheraton, Hilton Inn, Rodeway, the whole group, and not even one little Royal Arms. Screw the snow; we weren't staying in one of those places. We headed back toward town, sliding along at 35 mph, determined to find a motel that suited us, a place that came down to our level.

And there it was, a vision before us, Shangri-La before Ross Hunter got to it, a piece of coal in all that white! Carol shouted, "That's it! That's it!" as she pointed to a little hand-painted shingle blowing in the wind. (Above it was a 40-watt bulb.) It read:

CASA BLANCA—DETROIT'S FINEST ROOMS $7 AND $12 (CASH)

I tried to stop, but the car skidded in the snow and we had to drive a few blocks before we could turn around. In those four blocks, I spotted a few beautiful, lousy-looking places, but Carol had her heart set on the Casa Blanca. When I got a good look at it, I honestly worried that we were risking our lives. There were two cement-block buildings facing each other and something resembling an automobile graveyard in between. I think they called that the parking lot, but the rusted old Pontiac with its windshield kicked in made you wonder if you'd ever drive your car out of there again.

Carol begged me to drive in, and by that time, I was so bleary-eyed, I would have slept at the Men's Shelter. So I steered the Javelin into the graveyard and stared out in disbelief. It looked worse close up. I told Carol, "You wanted it so bad, you go register." And you know what? She did, while I sat there anticipating what the rooms would be like and worrying like crazy that some big, ugly dude was raping her right there in the office and I had been such a schmuck not to go in.

Carol stuck her head out the door of the office, smiling. She was evidently not being molested. I rolled down the window and heard her ask, "Which do we want—the seven- or the twelve-buck room?"

"What's the difference?" I asked, as the wind howled.

"With or without TV."

"Without!" Jesus, who needed TV at two A.M.? And for an extra five dollars? I could put a down payment on one for that amount. I rolled up the window and waited.

Finally, Carol got back into the car and giggled as I backed it up to number seven, which was in the "older" of the two buildings. "You know," she said, "this place is *really* a dump! Don't you just love it?"

I turned off the engine and muttered, "Yeah." Then Carol gathered up all the stuff on the front seat: the camera, the overnight bag, my sweater, books. "Why are you taking all that shit in there?" I asked.

"I don't trust it out here."

"I don't trust it in *there*!"

She got out of the car and started toward the room. I reached over to lock the passenger door, and when I stepped out into the snow, I heard her howl with laughter. I found her on her knees just inside the door, kneeling down on the bed to keep from peeing in her pants. She was hysterical with laughter. "I don't believe it! I don't believe it!" she squealed, as I looked around with my own sense of disbelief. "They wouldn't even make porn flicks in this place."

She was right; no one would have the nerve. The room—if you want to call it that—was painted a battleship gray mixed with just enough green to make you want to choke. There was a little desk with only two legs (it was propped against the wall so that it wouldn't fall over), and above it hung a sign: DO NOT EAT PAINT CHIPS—CONTAINS LEAD.

The bed barely fit in the room. When opening the door, you had to push hard to get it past the overhanging mattress. There was only one pillow, which looked as though it had been ripped off from a baby's crib, and we didn't have the guts to look at the sheets. We figured they sent out the linen at *least* once a week. The bedspread was an old Army-issue blanket, and the drapes on the window above the bed were amazing—an old shower curtain, cut in half with pinking shears, attached to a rod with large safety pins. Smack in the center of the cardboard ceiling was a 40-watt bulb (they're big on 40-watt bulbs) and a crack, through which dripped melting snow. The water missed the bed, however, and that's what counted.

Best of all was the closet. In the corner of the room, where you couldn't miss it, someone had hammered a large nail into the cement-block wall. Above it was a little shelf and above that was another sign: CLOSET.

"Do I dare check out the bathroom?" I asked Carol, who was still laughing as she knelt on the bed. I opened the bathroom door and it came off its hinges, which reminded us of our other Casa, the Del Sol back in California. Actually, the bathroom wasn't another room at all; it was part of the bedroom, with just a wooden partition and a door to separate the fixtures from the sleeping area. (Sleeping is the wrong word; no one ever went there to sleep, I'm sure.) I said, "Carol, you gotta see this. . . ."

And she walked into the bathroom, being careful to step over the puddle of icy water at the foot of the bed. "My God!" she said. The sink was miniature and hung at a tilt on the wall. On a little shelf next to it was a paper Dixie Cup in one of those SANITIZED FOR YOUR SAFETY wrappers! Above the toilet (which had no sanitized wrapper on it) was another sign (they're as big on signs as they are on 40-watt light bulbs): DO NOT THROW WOMEN'S

NAPKINS IN TOILET. And at the opposite end of the bathroom was the ultimate experience in dreadful motel living: Sticking out of the wall was a hose and above it was yet another sign: SHOWER.

The water, we assumed, went up through the hose in the wooden partition and just shot out of the wall. The best thing about it was that there was no drain nearby; the water simply hit the bathroom floor and had to find its way to the middle of the room, where there was a drain—the same drain the water coming through the bedroom ceiling was using. The place was a riot.

Well, we needed sleep. We stripped and put on our matching flannel nightshirts, which my mom had given us for Christmas. They looked ridiculous, but they felt nice and warm. Come to think of it, there's *nothing* you can wear that looks ridiculous at the Casa Blanca. We clicked off the bulb after propping the desk chair under the door handle (the lock didn't work) and planned on laughing ourselves to sleep. Then we heard voices.

"Come on. . . ."

"They're coming into this room," Carol whispered.

Yes, it sounded as though someone were trying to open our door, but when I knelt in bed and looked out between the pieces of brittle shower curtain, I saw two people trying to get into the room next to ours. The man was in his 30s, good-looking, well dressed, a businessman. But the chick was something else.

I couldn't make out her race (it had to be a mixture of all of them), but her figure didn't look all that bad. Her face was plastered with make-up and on top of her head sat a beehive I remembered last seeing in the early Sixties. She was wearing a white-vinyl coat (with fake black-fur trim), kind of thrown back on her shoulders, since she stood with her hands on her hips, the coat open. I guess the cold didn't bother her. She had on a miniskirt that nearly revealed her snatch to the world, and knee-high white-vinyl boots (they matched the coat). She was the prize hooker of the century.

We heard them enter the room next door and then came the loud, nasal whine: "You paid *eight bucks* for this dump?" (That is, seven dollars, plus tax, you see.) The guy started telling her how safe the place was, and she kept saying that she wanted the difference paid to her, she wanted the money he'd saved on the room. She was horrified by the joint, when she was the only person who looked as though she lived there!

I said something and Carol put her hand over my lips. "Shh. If we can hear them so clearly, they can hear us."

She was right. We could hear every word. They were getting out of their clothes, and the broad was still bitching about the room, and then she started laughing like crazy. "You're putting on *pajamas*?"

"Look, honey," the guy said, "I've never been able to get into bed without my pajamas on, so don't knock it."

"Everyone to their own bag," she said, and went into the bathroom.

I jumped out of bed and went into our bathroom and heard her say, softly, "Hey, come on in here. . . ."

Carol said, "What the hell are you doing?"

"I'm listening. She's whispering."

"Come to bed!"

"No. I wanna hear this. Research material for my next dirty book."

"You can hear them right here, in bed!"

"I wanna listen at the wall. Shut up!"

I was going crazy. There's a little voyeur in us all, and mine came out that night. The guy walked into the bathroom, and I figured that the hooker was sitting on the can. She said something like, "Oh, baby, I didn't know it got this big. . . ." And then I could hear him moaning.

"She's sucking him off, sitting on the toilet," I whispered to Carol.

"Jesus, I don't believe you're standing there with your ear against the wall!"

And that's what I was doing, leaning over the toilet in my nightshirt, my ear pressed against the cement block right under the sign warning women not to toss their Kotex into the pot. I could hear the sloppy sucking sounds. You gotta give the Casa credit for one thing: The acoustics are perfect.

Now, I've written a lot of dirty books, and in them I always have people saying things like, "Oh, Sally, suck it, suck my big, juicy cock!" or "Fuck me, Marvin, fuck *meeeeeeeeee*!" But I always thought it was fantasy; I mean, I never guessed that people actually said those things! I was shocked when I heard the young businessman next door grunting, "Eat it, baby! Eat me! Suck those big nuts! Suck on that big, hard cock, you cocksucking bitch!" The place should have been called Casa Macho.

Well, the stud insurance salesman (we

"Hi, there! I've been noticing you in the herd—the way you move when you graze and that funny little way you drink from the water hole."

heard him trying to sell her a policy the next morning) was finally on the verge of coming, and I was doubled over with laughter and could hear Carol giggling in the bedroom. The guy said, "Now . . . now, baby . . . this . . . is. . . ."

The hooker was full of surprises. Just as he was about to say "it!" she pulled off his cock, flushed the toilet and let out a hoot.

"Jesus Christ, you fucking bitch!" he yelled, when he realized what had happened. "I was just gonna come."

"Big deal," she said, and I heard her go into the bedroom and flop onto the bed (the noise of the creaking springs was unmistakable). She left him standing in the bathroom, horny as hell.

So I ran into our bedroom and fastened my ear to that wall, with my feet in the puddle on the floor. "I don't believe this," I whispered to Carol.

"I don't believe *you*," she replied.

Well, the guy started balling her, but she couldn't give a damn. I think she was reading *Time* while he was screwing her, because she kept talking about Nixon and the weather and the oil countries. She couldn't care less about the fact that his cock was slamming into her. Finally, the poor guy begged her to concentrate and she did and they got into a real rhythm, and Carol and I began to clap along. We even sang two lines of *Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head* in time with the human metronome in the other room. The guy was doing his *macho*-shouting number again, and this time the chick wanted to get it over with and go to sleep. She said, "Do it. . . ." And then her voice was so soft and garbled, I couldn't make out what she'd said. But I found out—figured it out—as soon as he came:

She screamed as though she were horrified, while he moaned and groaned and pounded his fist against the wall (I swear, I thought the thing was going to come down on me). He had evidently been ordered to pull out. The chick didn't want to douche, I guess, so when he started to come, he pulled out, but he aimed his cock in all the wrong places. She screamed, "You fucking *bastard*, you got it in my hair! You *prick*! You *shit*! Goddamn you, it's on my *fur coat*! You . . . you *fuck*!" She sounded like Holly Woodlawn calling Joe Dallesandro "You *fuck*!" in Andy Warhol's *Trash*.

The guy was already snoring when she went into the bathroom and worked on getting the cream out of her beehive. And God only knows how she cleaned her coat. Carol and I snuggled up together in bed and fell into a fast and funny sleep. The last thing I said was, "We didn't bring an alarm clock. How will we wake up?"

"Don't worry—they'll wake us."

And sure enough, at nine A.M., they were having a fight. He was making her get up because he had a business meeting at the insurance company. She wanted to get her money's worth and stay in bed till 11 (check-out time, posted on yet another sign). He wouldn't give her a ride to the bar where he'd picked her up. And she wanted bus fare, at least (as she had already lost the fight over the difference in money spent on the room), but he wouldn't even give her that " 'cause of what you did to me on the toilet."

"Fuck you! You with the small cock! You're a lousy screw, you know that?" She was wild.

He opened the door and walked through the piled snow to his white Chevrolet Impala. She walked out (we were watching through the shower curtain), rolled a beautiful snowball and hit him smack in the back of his head. "*Fuck you!*" she screamed one last time, and he threw her the finger and got into his car.

Then she went back into their room to put on her sweater and coat (outside, she had been in her bra, skirt and boots) and we heard her mutter, "Lousy, fucking joint . . . that dirty, cheap *fuck*."

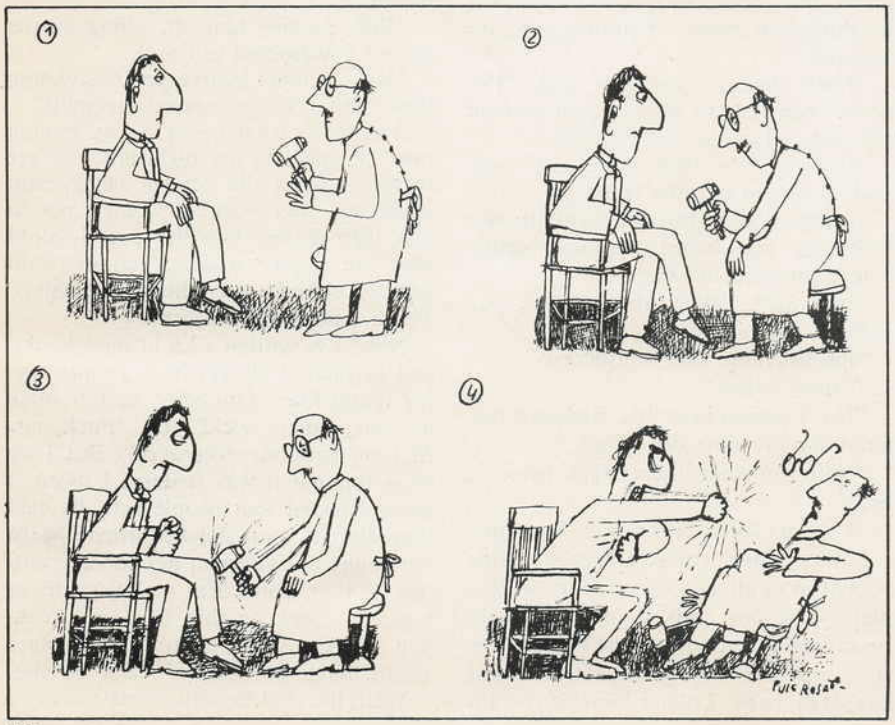
Lousy? Was she kidding? We'd never had such a great night—and morning. As soon as she left, we curled up in bed, under the Army blanket. We were feeling sexy, for some reason. Then, just as we were starting to make love, the walls shook, the crack in the ceiling opened another half inch and the already-cracked mirror hanging by a nail on the bathroom wall fell to the floor with a crash. We sat up, holding onto each other for dear life. The whole fucking building was rocking back and forth!

A freight train. We could see it through the window, when we finally had the nerve to look. It was right out of *I Love Lucy*. The motel was smack up against railroad tracks, and the snow had been cleared enough to allow a mother freight through.

It was the pinnacle of a night well spent in the worst damn motel in (maybe) the world—for sure, in this country.

Well, I guess the pinnacle was reached *after* the dust had cleared and the desk had fallen to the floor. Carol and I went under the blanket and resumed what we'd been doing before the 9:27 out of Detroit had so rudely—but so fittingly—interrupted us.

Raunchy motels—ah, nothing can beat 'em! So if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. Save money, laugh your ass off, fuck as though you're making a stag film and have yourself a ball. Just don't take any pictures to send to friends back home; they'd never understand.



All names in the above article have been changed to protect motel owners' reputations, if such things exist. And, more so, to keep them from rising above the competition. Fair is fair. We don't want a run on three dumps while other, similar institutions languish in poverty. Let them all languish in near poverty. ■

ALONG THE FRONTIERS OF SEX *Another philosopher helps with this explanation: "That's my satellite balling that young dude over there. He's her primary. Aren't they beautiful?"*

(Continued from page 42) We're facilitators of the energy. This is no Bedlam. We have solutions for problems." He grinned in his winning, boyish way. "And maybe a few new problems for our solutions. We even have two celibates, who just like the high energy, the tranquil, laid-back, gentled, peaceful high energy."

"Isn't it kind of tense for celibates around here?"

"No, no, no, understand, please. At a nudist camp, they're afraid of getting a hard-on. Here, we're not. There, they are nude; here, we are naked. Nude is to exhibit; naked is to expose. Ah, listen, we're not a theory or a party line. We're an ongoing experiment."

A sense of Eden before the Fall was eerily expressed by the earnest typed notice: LEAVE UNDISTURBED ANY SNAKE YOU FIND UNDERFOOT. MOVE AWAY QUICKLY AND NOTIFY A STAFF MEMBER.

Everyone will help you with whatever psychic snakes you find under your own feet. I found myself blabbing my problems to men and women whose solutions might be all wrong, too groovy, too stylish, maybe even not very smart. But they cared, and that was the solution. I needed to help myself. Caring is the only lasting revenge on fate. And maybe you can care only through not caring too much—the California Zen connection. I ceased quickly to care about the doorless bathrooms. And about many other things.

•

AND NOW A DOSE OF SANDSTONE PHILOSOPHY, SOMETIMES CALLED VIBES. . . .

"Why don't we believe in privacy? Privacy means you see the environment as hostile. You're an animal vulnerable to attack. But here, there are no doors on the bathrooms, the environment is gentling. Lovemaking is not a paranoid and threatening gesture that you have to hide from the world. It is tribalized. You are in the community. You do your thing; it is yours. Others may want to watch, learn, comment, even laugh. But they are of your tribe; the laughter is not hostile. Here, you trust the spectators. You trust yourself. You're not working for a grade. You're not even working for a peak experience. You're doing what happens. You have your own soul, a kind of privacy, within a semipublic world that supports you, helps you, cares for you, shares with you. You're into your own thing; so is the other out there. Of course, if his thing interrupts your thing—he jumps on your couple, wanting a threesome when you want a twosome—conflict is possible. But you just say no and it doesn't happen. The family sees to that."

What about celebrity? People who build their body-and-soul image on what they do?

"Well, we get movie people up here in a double-bind situation. They want anonymity and also stature. You can't have both; in fact, you can't have either. We *know* who you are. But you don't have to worry about that normal American *cum* society. [A smile.] You'll get off eventually with one person or another, one way or another."

Paul the yogi man: "My primary relationship is in Florida, seeing her family just now. Desire is a rip-off. The objective of sex is to do it but not to need it. No bullshit games. So we have honest satellite relationships, too."

Another philosopher helps with this explanation: "That's my satellite balling that young dude over there. He's her primary. Aren't they beautiful?"

YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GAWKING AND INTERFERING. . . .

There is also, even in the area of voyeurism, a difference between rejection and refusal. A couple performing a skillful classical maneuver that used to be called *soixante-neuf*, when everyone thought it was a French habit. Now it has an engineering label: mutual and simultaneous oral-genital stimulation. He was kind of sitting on her while she was kind of sitting on him.

A red-bearded young social worker got rather close to the couple and asked, "Would you like some company?"

They both looked up, blinking. The man spoke. "No, thanks."

AND NOW FOR A LITTLE HOT WATER-BED JOKE SESSION DOWNSTAIRS. . . .

"How do you scrunch up some water to make a pillow?"

"You get a water magnet."

"You get some dehydrated water and pile it in the corner."

"You don't."

There are giggles and appreciations. Foam pillows are discovered. "Let me give you a massage and you'll forget the pillow."

"Done. Ah. Forgotten."

The large water-bed domain has a

"Have you seen 'Kiss My Ass,' the hip new mag for today's kinky, superliberated chick?"

ALONG THE FRONTIERS OF SEX *Bath oil, massage oil, incense smells. Punk smells rising over the evening. Soft words and murmurs and mirrors so everyone can share.*

cathedral feeling, if you forgive the sparklies in the ceiling. A sign says: PLEASE. BEYOND THIS POINT, SPEAK ONLY SOFT WORDS OF LOVE. It seems to be an injunction that is observed by the faithful. Clothes disappear into the cloakroom. The ballroom beyond, a nook of linked foam mattresses, seems assigned to serious individual and group voyeurs, while the couples couple in the water-bed chapel, heated to 80 degrees; a rhythm of water beds, a rock and soothe of water beds, the water-bed peace that passeth understanding and maketh inner space. Bath oil, massage oil, incense smells. Punk smells rising over the evening. Soft words and murmurs and mirrors so everyone can share.

Although over 100 people came to this party, nobody freaked. No bad scenes. The dancing got wild. The——

DID I HEAR YOU SAY BALLROOM SEPARATE FROM THE WATER-BED ROOM

Yes.

Can we watch?

Yes, if you don't interfere.

Is watching interfering?

No.

Is *close* watching an interference?

No.

Sniffing?

Depends.

Touching?

Some ballers are into that.

Using a flashlight, a stethoscope, a nose?

Maybe. You have to ride with the flow.

A black man is wiggling and watching between two couples. He is playing—but this is serious—with himself. He's into that. It's his thing.

Theresa Breedlove, luscious and riverlike in her movements, noted that it's hard to tell who is kinky and who is merely curly around here. I would settle for her, curly, and let the kinks play each other's games. She used to go with an older man and truly loved him, but they drank too much. She met Paul Paige in D.W.I.—Driving While Intoxicated—class, a bit of compulsory therapy he was conducting for the county; and since then, it has been Sandstone all the way. She is lush, generous with her voice and gestures and has a way of caressing the air. I want to tell her my secrets. She brings a plant to sit at the foot of my bed to keep me company. I have just come back from the pool. I say, "Paint a face on that plant and it can watch me all night." She laughs heartily at my poor joke, my pathetic flirtation, and the fact that I am not really witty makes it all just so much more sincere and honest, more fun, more true, more a nonverbal growth experience.

We are just green growing things when we are not snarling dogs, isn't that true?

Women, wives, longtime girlfriends came reluctantly to Sandstone, often dragged by finger-popping mates who need a little refreshment in the sack and hope to grab a bit of ass, learn a few new tricks, make the old lady appreciate how hip they are. "Oh, dear, no," says the little lady, "but if it will save our relationship [*sigh*]. . . ."

But then, typically, the ambience of soft stereo, deep carpets, long pillows, watery beds, turned-on people, Mr. Jacuzzi's mighty toy, good cooking, good examples of sensual massage. . . . "She'll get involved before he does. Sometimes a guy storms off to his Thunderbird and careens down the canyon to get away from watching his old lady having the good time he thought she owed him and didn't know how to provide herself."

Then you get the visitors threatened by sensuality. They're ready for sex, for a fuck club, but not for the easy, cool, warm, tender flow of gentle making out with words, strokes, smiles, touches, letting the genitals go hang. This is a breed in trouble. Fucking is just engineering for them, Sandstone seems to believe—and Sandstone is an ongoing theory, not a dogma, so I quote nobody here but myself—and holding hands with a stranger can be a more powerful psychic turn-on than a blow job for your veteran San Fernando Valley swinger. Holding hands may be taboo for swingers: It means love. Sandstone doesn't use the word love very much—too many connotations of Christianity, monogamy, promises, obligations, senior prom and exchange of rings—but the word primary, which it uses to describe the mate, means someone whom you treat in a loving manner: with consideration for feelings, with a desire to end loneliness, with the hope of communion.

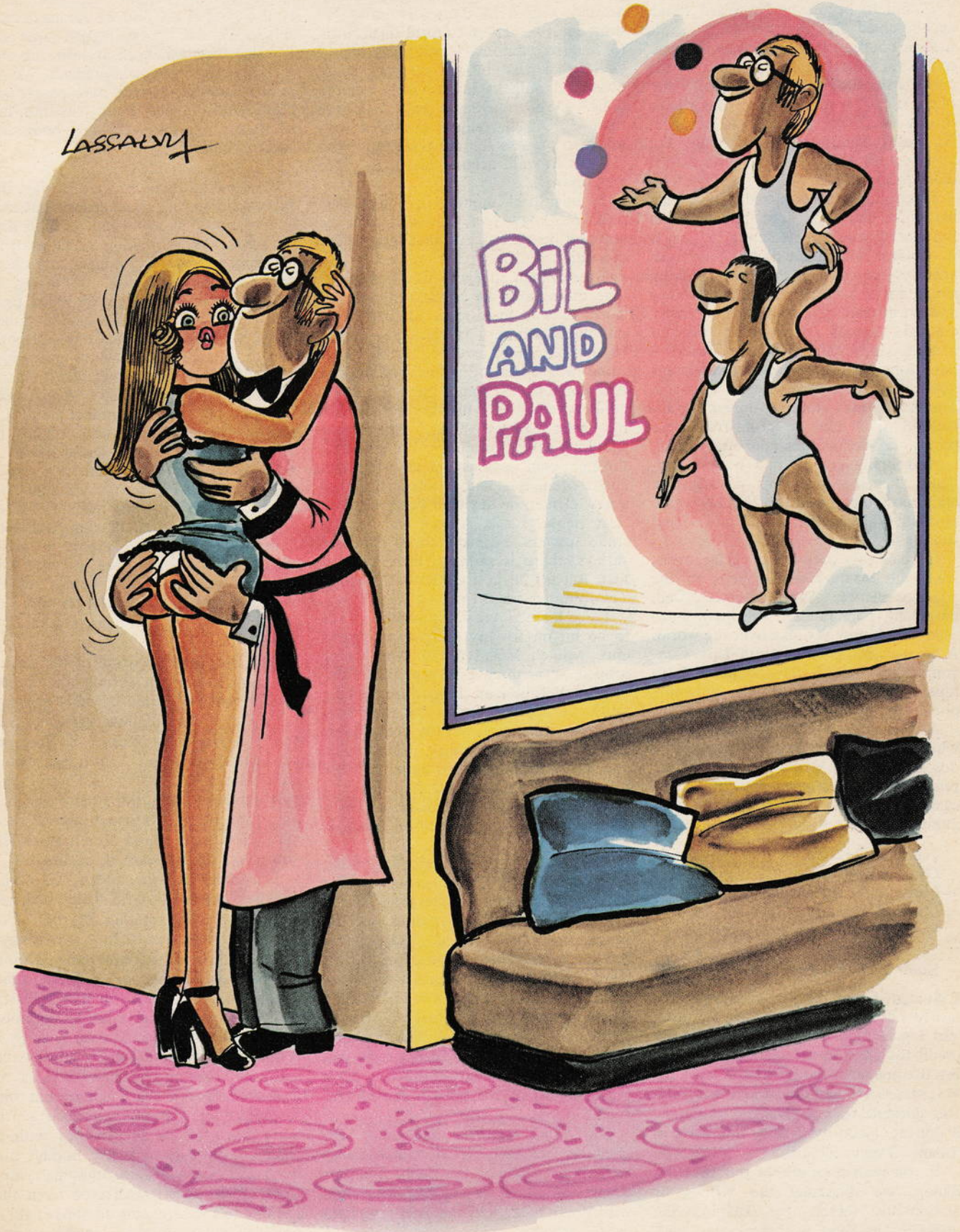
OK. So you have this primary, and there you are, making it with someone else while she watches. And she knows this someone else causes bells to ring, lights to flash: novelty. Is it really another? No, it's a satellite—their word—to the primary. The satellite must be friendly with the primary. He or she contributes to the total loving group. Jealousy is the emotion that never does any good. It's a reaction to loss and grief, if you eliminate the piggish property possessiveness of Western monogamy. The satellite must not treat his experience as a conquest, must not condescend to the primary and thus make him a cuckold. They are all friends, autonomous friends, not depending for everything on anyone but giving and taking as friends, and giving and taking pleasure, too. "We're a group of nonjoiners, nonswingers," they say. "We go beyond swinging chic, bisexual chic, to omnisexuality—the love of all living things." (Don't swat that tick digging into your pubic hair. Sing it a little song and send it on its way.)

John Williamson, Sandstone's founder, is an engineer who came through general-systems theory to realize that contemporary bodies are closed off from communication. Alienation. Psychic constipation. Systems analysis taught him that sex, taking the clothes off, free-form fucking might lead to relationships. In fact, it did, but there were other factors—hang-ups, the sheriff, paranoia—and Williamson lost control of the Sandstone Ranch. He was rather distraught. Although he had a face like a Greek god's, he had a potbelly, he smoked too much. He believed in a complete collapse of Western civilization in the mid-Seventies—where we are now, in fact. Sandstone was his last-ditch effort to save mankind, but, in fact, Sandstone collapsed.

Like the phoenix, Sandstone revived itself, shook off the dust of debts a year ago, and its peacock feathers are braver than ever. Talese arrived and got a handshake full of chicken fat from a smiling, nude Marty Zitter, who happened to be eating chicken. Talese stayed and stayed and can now be ranked as consultant, Manhattan communications guru. Comfort brought the Joy of Conference here and he, too, is a part of the Sandstone team.

"Single became a lifestyle about a generation ago," Zitter explains, "single, not lonely, not the Rhythm Room of the Holiday Inn. It doesn't necessarily mean horny or failed for monogamy. It means single. We're exploring how singles and people with open relationships can have a warm, gentle, loving access to the environment." The thing Sandstone hates most—as the Trotskyites hate the Bolsheviks—is the swinging single or chill wife-swapping Orange County fuck clubs. Sandstone facilitates, Sandstone encourages fun and adventure, Sandstone makes balling fun, but it's an embryonic philosophy, an experiment, an ongoing community, not merely a collection of water beds and cassettes and a matching service. Of course, everything is nice and clean for sex, too, and incense hides the rising smell of punk on a busy party night in the water-bed lounge downstairs.

A few years ago, Sandstone fought down the usual California yahoo bust—zoning agin a sitiation where, you know, three unrelated people stand around nude nekkid probably areading them


LASSALYN
BIL AND PAUL

porn magazines. A boy sheriff, about 6′4″ and to be played by Ward Bond, accompanied by a girl sheriff, whose orange bouffant hair looked as if Buckminster Fuller had had a hand in the construction, arrived one day, had a cup of nude coffee, said, "We're gonna have to cite you," and the lawyers were on. Naturally, Sandstone finally won. But just as naturally, the legal costs forced them to close.

Discouraged and pissed, John and his wife, Barbara, gave up, and the founder traveled to Montana, to brood in a motor home. But now, under fresh auspices—a tough, shrewd, Honda-riding social worker named Paul Paige and an affable, garrulous, funny, rarely clothed former engineering student named Marty Zitter, among others—Sandstone has leaped back into the energized heights of Malibu and Topango. There is this aforementioned profit-seeking social club, a profit-free, non-profit, tax-deductible land-study arm, horse-keeping corrals and natural gardens: "Open expressions of affection and sensuality are appropriate when mutual. While neither nudity nor sexual sharing is required. . . ."

It's blessedly optional in all its forms, from the masturbating voyeur to the yogic at-oneness. As are the volleyball, ping-pong and Jacuzzi whirlpool massage, which may yet take over the world. A bioenergetic greeting from Tuna Canyon, folks. Yes, I may be learning to repeat myself at last. It's the polymorphous rhythm method in prose.

A new friend talked with me for a while and then handed me a poem. I don't know if she wrote it on the spot or remembered it from some other occasion. At least the calligraphy was immediate:

Listen to the wind,
Listen to the birds,
Listen to the sea,
Listen to the stars
For this brief moment of consciousness
Know JOY, the essence of being.

I give an A– to the first four lines; the last two are a bit hortatory for my taste, and I give them a C. But she gets full credit for an A in my memory for writing the poem on the back of a label for WALNUT SUN BAR: Uncooked dates raisins apricots walnuts Natural goodness, 2 ounces, made by Trinity Sun Bars in Talent, Oregon 97540.

If you wish a sample of our previous dialog, we discussed the virtues of acidophilus tablets for keeping the intestines in good working order, with swarms of benevolent microorganisms (unhomogenized yoghurt will help), who gets turned on by the black guy walking around with a hard-on ("It looks big only because of our cultural disposition to find it ominous." "Man, no way I could stick that in me, no way, man, even if it only looks and feels tremendous." "Well, maybe it really is bigger than . . . well, maybe there's a self-selective process for the black guy who chooses to walk around like that." "No way, man.").

In this brief moment of consciousness, she knew *fear*, an occasional essence of being, too. Another recognition of reality.

At the ranch, it is generally recognized that there must be a vast expanse of world outside Sandstone. In that world out there, adultery is betrayal—escape to another, spite, revenge. But at Sandstone, where sharing is the rule and the new coupling augments the old couple, adultery effectively no longer exists. It has been defined away. Attachment shouldn't restrict mobility. You can ride through your jealousy if all is known and shared. Sex with another becomes a new element in sex with your primary. Is it viable? I ask. A cool and healthy smile answers. Yes, sometimes there are shrieks, there is sadness, there is even loss. But it's all in a context of sharing. Try to understand. I try.

I also learned one night what it means to be hit on for my body—the experience women have all the time, being groped by aggressive turnips. The conventional American model of making out has every man trying and most girls learning resistance before they know anything about sensuality. Now naked and horny women were wondering what I was doing in the next half hour: I didn't like it. I complained to Sue, a pretty, blonde, wispy dancer who is Marty's primary.

She smiled sympathetically. Sure, Sandstone gets the sex groupies who have been through bioenergetics, Rolfing, Gestalt, Esalen, Synanon, all the games they have played. "But they're not there yet. They just use the words. 'Hey, man, you into vegetarianism, reflexology, Pathet yogism? Wanna fuck?' Those are the touchies-feelies. That to me is unreal, phony. Well, unless you're coming from nowhere. Then maybe you could start with touchy-feely. But those professionals of the growth movement, yech."

She didn't want to accentuate the negative, however, so we talked about something positive, the faithful affair, a passionate bell ringing with a satellite who doesn't exclude the primary. Said calm, smooth, slim, lovely Sue: "I participate in the existence and being of another. I keep my body in good shape. Yes, I've found the answer here.

The pool is hot and we immerse ourselves. We pick up a volleyball game and I notice that teamwork and passing and a skillful sharing are immediate. We go to the Jacuzzi. After a nap, people get clean from sleeping. Every situation has its rituals. Up here, clean in body and soul is routine.

•

To see Sandstone on a sunny day, the Jacuzzi boiling, the pool steaming, Catalina Island dreamy beyond the hills and sea mists, Denise making a nice meal in the kitchen, people lounging on clean rugs, everything clean, *everything*, a shiny-pink anus there, a scrubbed twat here, shampoo and pumice and long, hot soaks, well, this is to see one's disposition to moral judgment blow away like a wisp in the mountain breeze. For the moment, I accept. I enjoy. A girl puts her hand on me and wonders aloud if I confuse sexuality with sex. "I'll try to do right," I say. "What should I do?"

"Ride with the flow, man."

Oh, yes, tell me, do me, I'll ride. My life has deceived me into thinking I have something to protect of the past. No, there is no history. There is no past. There is no future. There is only this sunny, airy, sweet day of Tuna Canyon, right now, high above Malibu and Topanga, on the western edge. Do me, tell me, do me.

But the preoccupation with sexual behavior leads to a certain amount of sexual *yenta*ism amid all this dreamy ease. The *yenta* remains a *yenta*, even if she is a free-form fucker. So one receives lectures from a tight-lipped naked lady, who comments: "They say you're very good at balling. But I sense an inner confusion between sensuality and sexuality. How many times do I have to tell you? You should learn to realize. . . ."

This lecture, as the student lies adrift and helpless on a warm water bed, recalls the Jewish mother saying, "Eat your vegetables *first*, then you can have dessert." And the student reminds himself that sexual freedom has made more comebacks in America than Bill Haley and his Comets. One must be cautious with solutions to everlasting problems. A distinguished social critic and sexual gourmet noted at Sandstone a lack of jealousy about sharing bodies but observed an incident of rage when a primary went off to the movies with a visitor. You can fuck my buddy, but don't carry on with him. Jumping symptoms: Jealousy is transferred from the genitals to the screening room. No solution to human problems works invariably. Here is a curious sometime byway that works for a new tribe. ▣

THE ENDLESS SUMMER SCHOOL *One school sponsors a unique program called Pony Trekking, which features daily excursions through the English countryside.*

(Continued from page 94) center, 109 Avenue de Heymbos, Brussels, Belgium.

PONIES OF BRITAIN: Sponsors a unique program called Pony Trekking, which features daily slow-paced excursions through the English countryside; five-day treks available for experienced riders; contact Ponies, Brookside Farm, Ascot, Berkshire, England (enclose one dollar for list of trek sites).

RIDING HORSES IN AUSTRIA: Located at a luxurious country inn at the base of the highest peak in the Austrian Alps, this operation bills itself as "an equestrian excursion and riding seminar"; courses, conducted only in the fall, are limited to 30 students at a time and include advice on how to select and buy a horse; tuition of $1145 includes room and board; contact Mrs. Coralie F. Faulkner-Mitterhauser, Programs for Equestrians, 5 Tudor City Place, New York, New York 10017.

SAILING SCHOOLS

DOLPHIN SAILING SCHOOL: Small-craft instruction for beginning, intermediate and advanced pupils in the waters off the southeast coast of England; term runs from Easter through October; all-inclusive cost about $125 per week; write the school, The Foreshore, Woodside, Wootton Bridge, Isle of Wight, England.

HANKO SAILING SCHOOL: Located at a resort hotel and staffed with experts authorized by the Royal Norwegian Yacht Club; instruction in everything from basic navigation to regatta racing; contact the school, Hanko Hotel, Norway.

ROYAL NETHERLANDS YACHTING UNION: Operates schools at seven Dutch sites, from open sea to placid rivers; one-week session about $100; contact the union, 94 Van Eoghen Street, Amsterdam, Holland.

SCUBA-DIVING SCHOOLS

BRITISH SUB-AQUA CLUB: Beginning-to-advanced courses at lake sites throughout England and at spots along the British seacoast; contact the club, 160 Great Portland Street, London, England.

KARTELIAS SCUBA SCHOOL AND DIVING CENTER: Learn the sport while exploring the Aegean Sea, under the tutelage of Nikos Kartelias, a man considered to be one of the world's best divers; contact the school, Piraeus, Athens, Greece.

NILON, FRANCE: Government-run school offers instruction in Mediterranean waters; two-week sessions, with all equipment provided; contact National Union of Sports Centers, 62 Rue de la Glacière, Paris, France.

SUMMER SKI SCHOOLS

FRANCE: The government's sports department has developed at least eight course sites, Chamonix and Monetier among them; prices are reasonable and sessions two weeks or more; contact National Union of Sports Centers, 62 Rue de la Glacière, Paris, France.

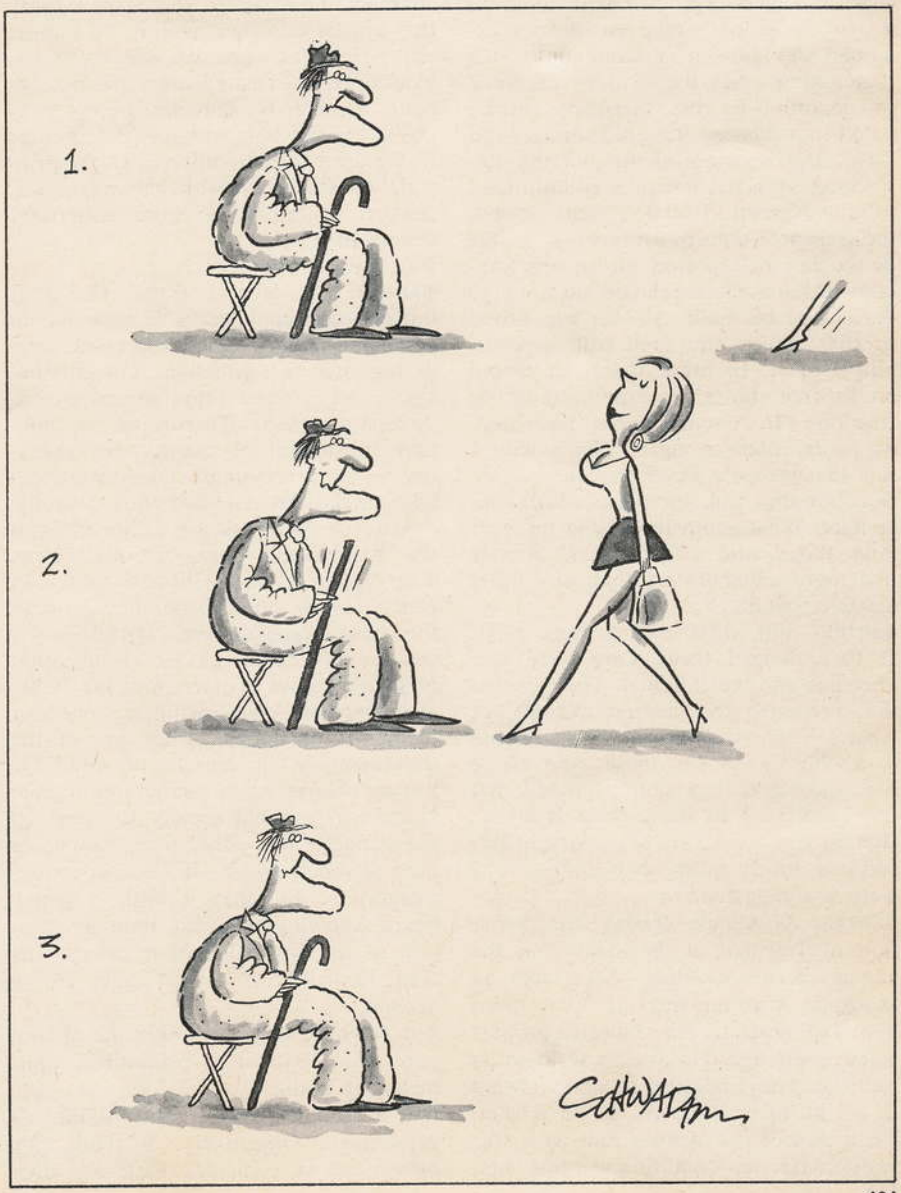
SWITZERLAND: Three- or six-week courses in skiing and ski racing are offered at the plush resort of St.-Moritz; staff and guests are an international mix; price for a three-week course is $599; contact Europe on Skis, Inc., 49 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019.

WINTER SKI SCHOOLS

INTERNATIONAL WINTER CAMP: Located in Zermatt, this school conducts courses in French, as well as in ski techniques, and the training is intensive in both; term is from mid-January through February and costs about $875 for room, board and instruction; contact Tutor, Center for Applied Linguistics, 1605 Chexbres (Vaud), Switzerland.

THE SALZBURG SKI SAFARI: Christmas or New Year's cross-country programs begin at Mirabellplatz, then go on to Abtenau, Gaisberg, Maria Alm and Zell-am-See; prices vary considerably with regard to accommodations; contact Salzburg City Tourist Center, 7 Auerspergstrasse, Salzburg, Austria.

We have by no means exhausted the possibilities of European summer study. If your curiosity remains unsatisfied, by all means check further. Rest assured that whatever your interest, there is at least one course, in one country, offered during the span of one year that is right for you. ▣



JEAN-PAUL SARTRE *I know that there will not be the kind of revolution we want in my lifetime. But I also know that there will be one. The struggles I identify with are world struggles.*

(Continued from page 70) But the subjective is part of the objective. It's a point of view, an ideology. Existentialism is an ideology of Marxism.

OUI: Have you considered yourself a Marxist all your life?

SARTRE: No, but my definition of man's freedom has always been man's freedom *in* man's human condition. In that sense, I haven't changed. What has changed is my understanding of the human condition, and it is my increasing comprehension of the class struggle that has made that change possible.

OUI: But you seemed much more rigid before—when you said, "We were never as free as during the German Occupation."

SARTRE: It was the choices that were rigid, not I. Or, rather, the choices were very clear. Those who chose to oppose the Germans and join the Resistance may have had no way out of making such a choice. Yet they still chose to do so freely. Let's take an obvious example: A Jew—or a Communist, for that matter—was liable to be executed or deported by the Germans, so he could not choose to collaborate with them. But in choosing to join the Resistance, he acted out of a commitment to anti-Nazism. It didn't matter what the objective determinants were, as far as the Jew or the Communist was concerned. Each had no choice but to make the choice he made. Yet he was proud of that choice and took full responsibility for it. In other words, it was a totally free choice, an expression of his freedom. In circumstances like that, man's freedom is clear. That's why I said that we were never as free.

OUI: But that was for those who chose to fight. What about those who refused? And those who collaborated? France had more collaborators than any other occupied country.

SARTRE: Still, their choices were clear. If they dodged them, they were also choosing and they knew it. The Occupation presented the clearest example of what I mean when I say not to choose is a choice. As for those who chose to collaborate, they simply proved that they preferred to deny their freedom.

OUI: So you are saying that, though they suffered much more than today, they were less alienated.

SARTRE: Absolutely. Today, the definition of freedom is the same, but the choices aren't so clear. Let's take an example. A young man of 20 is faced with the draft in the America of just a few years ago. He doesn't want to go into the Army, because he doesn't want to get killed in Vietnam. So he refuses. That choice now defines him as a war resister. His new condition identifies him as opposed to the system, opposed to imperialism. He now must widen his choice: Will he claim to be a pacifist or a rebel? Each category implies a new definition of his activity. If he chooses to be a pacifist, he commits himself to a particular philosophy or religion, which, in turn, posits a world view that all violence is bad. But then, suppose he gets caught in a racial conflict in which the white system, represented by the police, is fighting blacks and white dissenters. If he refuses to side with one group, on the grounds that both are using violence, he automatically sides with the side that has the power—the system. Thus, by refusing the system's use of violence in Vietnam, he ends up supporting the system's use of violence against blacks. His philosophy is contradicted. But he wants to be authentic. Though he made his first choice out of self-preservation, not wanting to die in Vietnam, he accepted the responsibility that choice entailed: namely, to oppose the system. So now he sides with the blacks. His pacifism is over; he has become a rebel. By that act, he not only posits the legitimacy of illegal responses to the draft but also adheres to the principle of solidarity with the oppressed. In that solidarity, he finds temporary dealienation.

OUI: Only temporary?

SARTRE: Yes, let's continue. The draft dodger's militancy grows. His movement chalks up some minor successes, triggering official repression. Government agents are filtered into the movement. Arrests are made. To survive, the militants must think of security. Not everyone is told everything. Leaders emerge who make crucial decisions secretly. Suspicious members are excluded from the movement. Denunciations ensue. The result: As I had first suggested in *Dirty Hands*, men become means in the new organizations. Despite their genuine dedication to the dealienation of society, these organizations inevitably alienate their own members, and our former draft dodger drops out of the movement. What does he do now? He has to choose again: either reintegrate himself in the old society or keep up the struggle. But either way, his choice now is much wider. If he chooses reintegration, he does it with a heavy heart, knowing that this time he himself is choosing alienation. Sooner or later, he will have to start again. He or his son.

OUI: It's hard to tell whether the picture you've just painted is pessimistic, optimistic or both.

SARTRE: Subjectively, in the instant, it's pessimistic. Objectively, I think, it's optimistic. It coincides with my own situation, too. I know that there will not be the kind of revolution we want in my lifetime. But I also know that there will be one.

OUI: But isn't it hard for you to be optimistic? Your own situation is pretty bleak. And it's not just that revolution doesn't seem imminent; I'm speaking of your everyday life in Paris. Twenty, 30, 50 years ago, when you were a pessimist, Paris was a great place to live in. Culturally, politically it was the center of the world; today, it's dead. The French are so bitter, they hate not just foreigners, they hate each other. Even the café life, which so appealed to you, to Joyce, to Hemingway, is——

SARTRE: Awful. Yes. Phony, dull.

OUI: Yet you were pessimistic then and now you are optimistic?

SARTRE: Because I am no longer bound by the limits of France. I'm like that draft dodger we were just talking about. Each one of my choices has widened my world. So I no longer consider implications as limited to France. The struggles I identify with here are world struggles.

OUI: Yet you remain very Parisian in your habits.

SARTRE: But that's precisely what they are—habits. I've lived this way for decades. I've eaten at La Coupole for as long as I can remember. But that's like brushing your teeth. Sometimes the tooth paste tastes good, sometimes not so good. One's optimism or pessimism is not dependent on the tooth paste one uses but on what's happening in the outside world. It used to be that my outside world was Le Havre, the setting of my first novel, *Nausea*. Then my outside world grew to include most of France. Now, for quite a while, I've felt that if I had been asked to participate in a revolution, such as the Cuban Revolution, I would have accepted. I have always thought that the revolutionary act was international.

OUI: Over the years, your attitude toward violence has changed. Today, you seem openly to approve of it.

SARTRE: That is a simplification. I have always approved of the violent act by which man affirms his freedom and his solidarity with the oppressed. For example, in the last volume of my trilogy, *The Roads of Freedom*, Matthieu, the hero, who has been unable to act for two volumes, suddenly explodes. You remember that in volumes one and two, all he, like most intellectuals, could do was reflect on the acts of other people. Even when he had to arrange an abortion, he let someone else do it. Then, in volume three, after being a sort of nonreligious, cynical pacifist, he lets himself get drafted into World War Two. During the Nazi sweep toward Paris, he

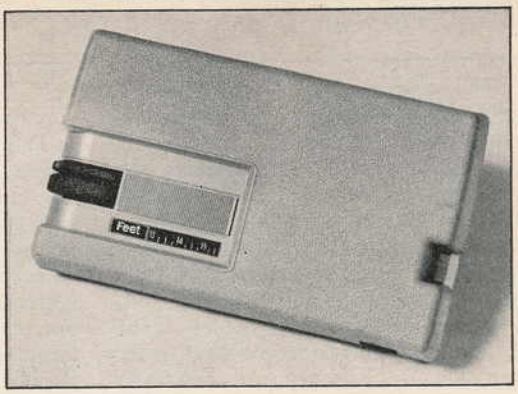
is cornered with some of his pals in a tower. Against hundreds of Germans, with tanks and cannons, Matthieu and his pals have only a few outdated rifles. Instead of surrendering, he opens fire and, in the absurdity of his situation, finds his freedom, his liberation. Objectively, his act is totally meaningless, correct? He knows he can't get out of it alive; nor will his act serve anything—rifles against cannons. It's against the absurdity of life itself. It's against his own past, his confining relationship with his mistress, his intellectual neutrality—in a word, his alienation. But thanks to his violence, his act is transformed into a stand against man's alienation in general. Today, in my defense of the violent act, I am saying the same thing but in a political context.

OUI: So you *do* approve of violence.

SARTRE: Careful. I approve of the violent political act that is directed toward establishing a just and equal society. I approve, I wholeheartedly support any rebellion rooted in the masses, the violent expression of outrage against injustice. I support all popular revolutions. Where the problem becomes difficult is where there are nuances. Terrorist acts, for example. There it depends on the impact that such acts have on the masses. When, for example, the Maoists here disarmed a policeman in a workers' district, yes, certainly, I approved. First they denounced him as a fascist, then they disarmed him and, once he was unarmed, tried to embrace him as a brother. The point was clear. So, too, when the Maoists kidnaped the head of the Renault factory, where workers, especially the unskilled Algerian workers, are viciously exploited and where, remember, a Renault security guard gunned down a peaceful Maoist demonstrator in cold blood. In mining districts, where accidents constantly occur because the owners don't give a damn about safety, the townspeople want to arrest the bosses and take them before a people's court, and I of course approve. In fact, when such a situation occurred, as you know, I acted as the judge of the people's court, but all that meant was being a committee chairman; my job was simply to recognize one speaker after another, let everyone speak and then write up the people's verdict as they, not I, expressed it.

OUI: What about bombers—the Weathermen in America, the Puerto Rican nationalists, the Palestinian guerrillas, the Baader-Meinhof group in Germany and the Tupamaros' assassination of Mitrione in Uruguay?

SARTRE: Politically, each case needs analysis. Subjectively, I condemn none of them. They are all reacting to the frustrations and alienations of their specific situations—like Matthieu in my trilogy. Objectively, we must consider the effect of their acts and the roots



ZERO IN WITH RANGEFINDER

. . . the optical tapemeasure that measures distances of six feet to 100 feet from where you stand.
It takes only seconds. Just sight any object, focus and look at the tape indicator to read distance in feet and/or inches. Rangefinder is reliable, too. Average accuracy to 25 feet is 99.2%, to 100 feet, 97.8%. Rangefinder and carrying case are just $19.95*, plus $1.50 for shipping and handling (total $21.45*).
Rangefinder is yours to use and enjoy for two weeks without obligation. If at the end of 14 days you aren't completely satisfied, just return it and receive full refund or credit. Send check or money order to:

EQUINOX

Marketing Services, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. PM90
Chicago, Illinois 60611

No. C.O.D. orders, please. *Illinois residents please add 5% tax ($1.07 each). Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their Key (please include Key number with your order).

SENSITIVE CONTRACEPTIVES ...for those in love

Thin, sensitive condoms designed for sexual pleasure ARE available...privately by mail at very attractive prices. Our large selection includes all Trojan products, the pre-shaped Conture, extra-thin JADE (available only from PPA), Fourex, NuForm and 25 other nationally advertised condoms—all available at our usual low prices.

Send just $3 for a sampler of 12 assorted leading condoms plus illustrated catalog or $6 for our famous deluxe sampler with 22 assorted condoms (8 different brands, plus skins). Send just 25¢ for illustrated catalog alone (satin sheets, posters, books on sex and birth control, vibrators, clothes and much more). All orders shipped promptly in plain, tasteful package. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded in full.

Population Planning, Dept. OUY-5
105 N. Columbia, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514 ©1974 PPA

Population Planning, Dept. OUY-5
105 N. Columbia, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514
Please rush the following in plain package:
☐ Sampler of 12 assorted condoms, $3.
☐ Deluxe Sampler of 22 assorted condoms, $6.
☐ Super 100 Sampler of 100 condoms—includes every condom in catalog, $20.
☐ Illustrated catalog alone, 25¢.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
AMERICA'S LARGEST RETAILER OF CONTRACEPTIVE PRODUCTS

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE *In France today and, I dare say, in America, people are fed up with official power. They know they are being cheated, manipulated, lied to, coerced and very often repressed.*

of their support. I don't know enough about the Weathermen, but my feeling is that their acts are motivated by the same rationale that the Maoists rely on here in France. The Maoists know very well that by disarming one policeman, they are not about to bring down the government. They are simply keeping alive in the people's consciousness the idea that justice will never be official. Only when the people want to run their own lives and are prepared to act accordingly will justice be established. It's a way of legitimizing illegality.

In France today and, I dare say, in America, as well, most people are fed up with official power. They consider it self-serving, corrupt and alienating. Official power does not give them the chance to express that dissatisfaction. But, and this is important, neither in France nor in America do the people feel so frustrated that they are willing to risk everything to change things. They are not yet like Matthieu. They know they are cheated, manipulated, lied to, coerced, tricked and very often repressed. But they are not yet ready to disarm their cops, not yet ready to bury Rockefeller in the gold he has stolen from millions of people all over the world. So small groups of political agitators must keep alive, by daring acts, a farfetched idea, the idea that people *can* disarm cops, *can* establish justice. Obviously, agitators are not popular now. To be popular, they would have to be acting in conjunction with the wishes of the majority of the people. But they keep possibilities for the future open by carrying out such actions now. The value of their actions remains, for the time being, only symbolic. Still, the Maoists and, I presume, the Weathermen do keep the idea of popular justice alive, even if very remotely, in the consciousness of the people.

The violent acts of the Puerto Rican nationalists are more than symbolic. In Puerto Rico today, everyone knows that American occupation is unjust. Some are convinced that they can't change it, so they make the best of it. Others simply don't want to risk their lives. Most feel the frustration personally but consider themselves helpless. The nationalists' response is to say, no, you are not helpless. Each one of their acts builds up the people's courage.

The Palestinian guerrillas behave in much the same way but with a greater sense of desperation. As you know, I have always opposed the elimination of Israel and continue to oppose it. But the outrages perpetrated against the Palestinians, not only by Israel but also by the Arab states, allow the guerrillas no choice but to continue their terrorism. And in their case, they have the total support of their people, the Palestinians.

The question of the Baader-Meinhof group in Germany is more complex. I'm not familiar enough with what goes on in Germany—I mean, what really goes on, not what the press reports—to know what kind of support that group has gotten at the base of society, among the poor, the workers, the insecure. I do know that Germany is a much more repressive society than France or even America, and therefore the group's response might be justified. In France, such activity would be irrelevant.

The Tupamaros' activities are something else. In Uruguay, the vast majority of the people are against the government, which rules by the gun and by torture. It is a totally fascist country. Mittrione, the American police expert sent by the U. S. Government to help the local police in their torture—under the guise of public safety—was an enemy. He and everybody like him should be eliminated by the people. The Tupamaros, as the underground army of the people, were absolutely correct in assassinating him. They would have been correct in doing so even in Washington, just as the Chilean underground would be correct in assassinating CIA chiefs and I.T.T. chiefs. . . . But you see what we're doing. When the subjective and the objective coincide, the result will be the seizure of power by the people.

OUI: Isn't your subjective analysis simply a psychological explanation?

SARTRE: Absolutely not. I don't believe in psychology.

OUI: But you once did, didn't you? In your scenario for the film on Freud, you seem fascinated by Freud's discovery of the unconscious.

SARTRE: Not quite. I'm fascinated by Freud's *discovering* the unconscious. The unconscious in itself didn't appeal to me. What did appeal was the $50,000 I was getting for the scenario, especially then, as I was broke. Also, Freud's choices, his way of acting on them, his relationship with his patients were interesting. I was not at all interested in his own unconscious, which I would have had to be had I been interested in his notion of the unconscious as such.

OUI: It would seem, from what you've said in the past, that what you object to in psychology is that it tries to understand human behavior by analyzing objective situations exclusively.

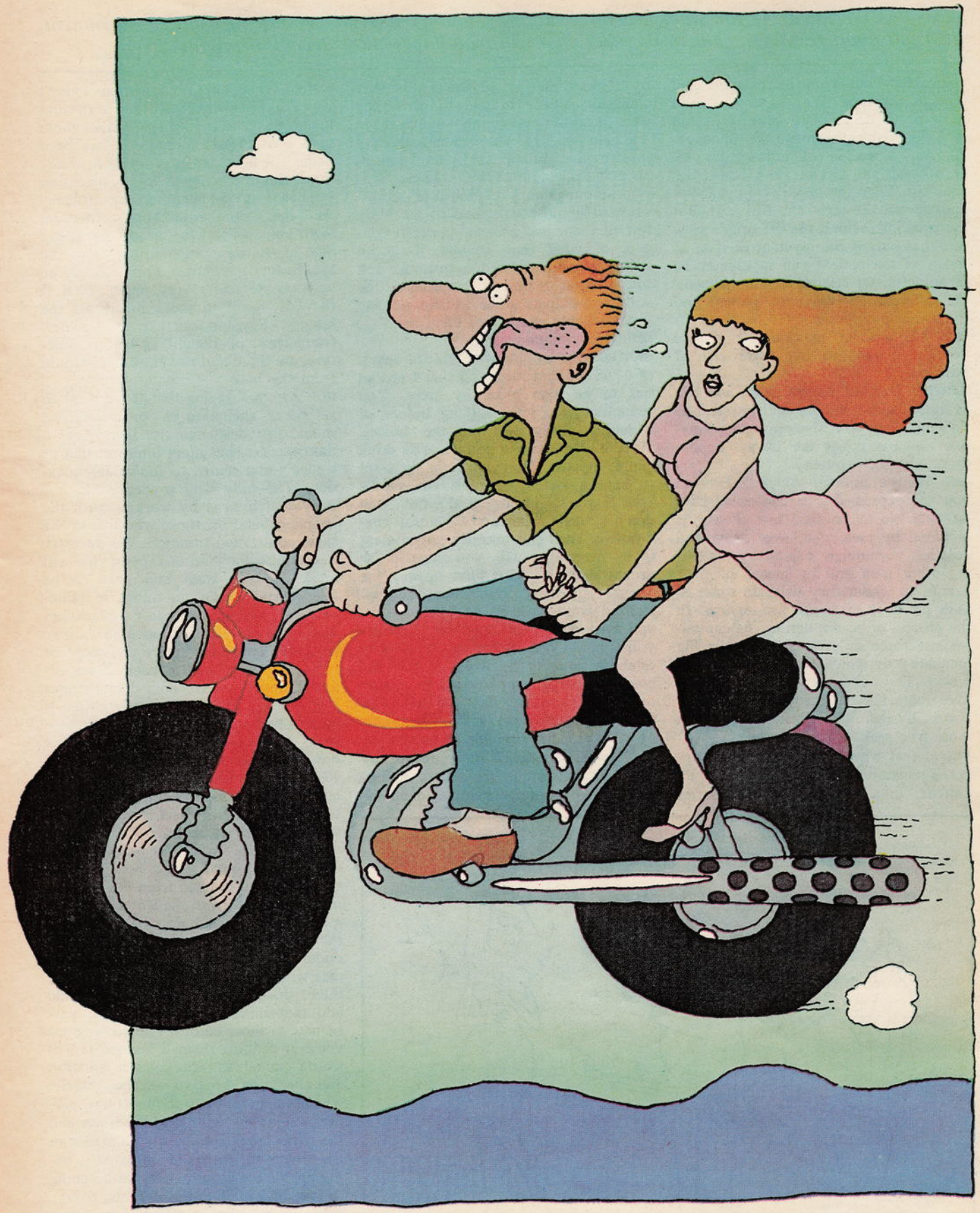
SARTRE: I wouldn't put it quite that way. The psychologist draws causal laws by deriving from his analysis of a number of cases the factors common to each. Parents. Religion. Authority. Education. But where does *he* come from? He's had parents, usually well enough off to allow him a university education, prestige, respect from his banker, credit cards. Why does he forget these factors when he looks at another person? Do you think that a Park Avenue psychiatrist can really understand a Colorado copper miner? His choices are not the same as those of a worker. No. Man is *in situation*. Like all men, the psychiatrist has been determined by his situation and has determined himself by the choices he has taken in that situation. He brings that determination to all the analyses he makes. In other words, he is an active human being himself.

OUI: Is that why you have advocated committed psychoanalysis?

SARTRE: If that's another way of saying existential psychoanalysis, yes. In the classical tradition of psychoanalysis, the doctor sits behind his desk while the patient talks, either lying down or seated. Some more modern psychiatrists interact with their patients. But the effect is the same. It is the patient who talks, the analyst who listens and guides. The inequality that the patient suffers from in life is repeated. The analysis is considered a success if the patient adapts to the new inequality. But, in fact, nothing changes. The patient projects his alienation in different directions, but the alienation itself remains constant. He learns to cope with it according to the training of the psychiatrist. He gets a feedback from him that makes him think that he is progressing. As the farce goes on, the patient is better able to mask his unauthenticity. No. There's only one kind of psychoanalysis that respects man's totality—it's the one in which both the so-called doctor and the so-called patient commit themselves to the sessions. Both must take risks. Both must put themselves into the *in situation* that involves their beings. The process is one of confrontation.

OUI: Wasn't the question of risks the cause of a dispute among the staff of *Les Temps Modernes*, a dispute that led to resignations?

SARTRE: We got a text from a man who had been undergoing intensive psychoanalysis for quite some time. His analyst had been taping their sessions. One day, the patient walked into the analyst's office with his own tape recorder and said he wanted a record for himself, as well. The analyst refused. They had a huge argument, in which the doctor accused the patient of having a negative aggressive attitude, of being a psychotic, and so on. But the patient had already turned on the machine, so their dispute was recorded. Finally, the analyst threatened to call the police and have the man committed to an insane asylum, and he *was*



Guerrier

committed, but then he escaped and sent us the tape. We discussed it and most of us decided we wanted to run it. Two of the directors were opposed: One was a psychiatrist himself; the other, a writer and a critic, was then under analysis. When the majority prevailed—and we ran the text—the two quit. But the principle behind the majority's view was that only if the psychiatrist risks as much as the patient can psychiatry be meaningful. Of course, if that happens, the difference between the patient and the doctor disappears.

OUI: No wonder psychiatrists oppose you; you want to put them out of business.

SARTRE: Heh, of course. They are just as much part of the capitalist system as the capitalists, who also oppose us. Anyone who has power will always oppose those who seek equality.

OUI: Wait a minute. Always? Haven't you just expressed a psychological law?

SARTRE: No, a political law. Power is obtained by men who, over years and decades, accumulate capital by exploiting other men and by means of their agents, to whom they delegate some of their power in exchange for services. In the process of accumulation, the capitalists use force in order to maintain the inequality by which they increase their power. Thus, the very process of their lives increases the inequality. To have power, by definition, then, is to oppose those who seek equality.

OUI: Is that why the rebels of 1968 opposed power but did not want to seize it?

SARTRE: In a way. The revolutionaries of 1968 were afraid of power. But they were too diffuse in their anger. They were against everything—the war in Vietnam, racism, the teacher-student/master-slave relationship, imperialism, poverty, alienation, the system, marriage, monogamous relationships, repressions of homosexuals, and so on. Very few of them had a clear, in-depth concept of what they *wanted*. To want sexual freedom or freedom to smoke pot, for example, is only a symptom of the will to participate in the decision-making processes that affect one's life.

OUI: What went wrong?

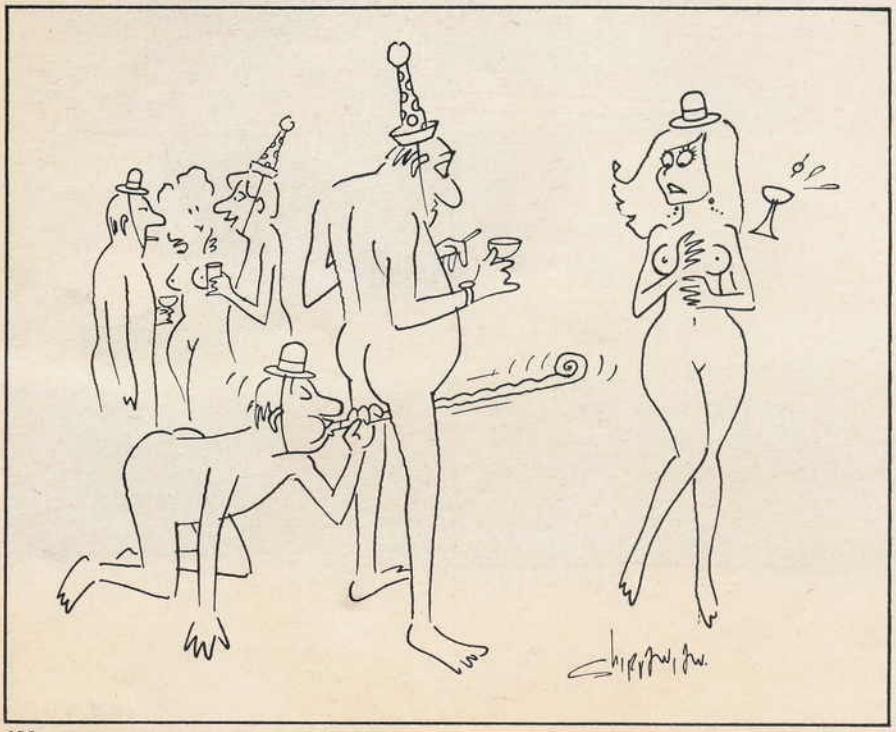
SARTRE: The trouble was that the rebels of 1968 didn't understand that freedom has to be won piece by piece. You remember, we were talking before of widening, always widening the choices. Well, it's the same in politics. You don't simply oppose. You don't simply want to have a system that lets you smoke pot. If you want decentralization, you don't struggle against the central government, then put another government in its place that will, you hope, *allow* decentralization. You fight against the central power by establishing a decentralized counterpower. In other words, you fight with your neighbor. You involve him. You relate to him. You establish equality by living it. But the counterculturist simply tried to ignore the official culture. That led nowhere. Well, I shouldn't say that. The events of 1968 and the strength, as temporary as it was, of the counterculture did seriously undermine the whole rationale of the money-incentive capitalist system. It doesn't matter that today's youth, temporarily beaten, seems to want to integrate itself into the system more than ever. The undermining has been done. The fight can surge up again at any time. But the struggle for dealienation is rooted in dealienating the struggle. And that's done within one's situation. With your peers. Your neighbors. Every day, at the base. Revolutions from the top, history has shown, don't change the way people relate very much, even if they do result in more bread for the hungry. Revolutions that set up new frameworks of thought, as well as structure, are those that rise from the bottom, from the base.

OUI: Are you saying that if we want to get rid of alienation in our society, we should first dealienate our own lives?

SARTRE: Yes, but don't interpret that as a plea for a return to individual salvation. The only way to dealienate our individual lives is by working with the people around us, those who live in the same constricted situation. We must try to establish the kind of rapport that will make us feel, want and need to be interdependent. Or, to return to philosophical jargon, we must understand that in the expression of our free choices, we keep "englobing" more and more of our fellow men, that is, each of our affirmations of our freedom demonstrates that we are all free together. Man is condemned to be free with other free men. Authenticity is a collective act. I don't mean to say that the rebellions of 1968, in France, America, Germany and elsewhere, weren't important. I, for one, learned a great deal from them.

OUI: What, for example?

SARTRE: Well, that I was really part of the system. That I was a bourgeois intellectual who profited from the publishing system and from the star system, no matter how much I may have opposed the power structure ruling France. I understood that intellectuals do not decide what the battles are but only report them, that it is the people who decide and that unless I was willing to participate in those battles, I could have no voice in defining them. I learned that it wasn't enough to write against isolation and alienation; I had to join the struggle, which meant going to the meetings, participating in the writing of the tracts and the newspapers, joining my comrades in the streets to distribute the papers, engaging passers-by in conversation, going to Renault to talk to the workers, risking getting booed or hassled by the Communist Party goon squads. To use the symbol of the man with the tape recorder, I learned that I had to be ready and willing to have the tape turned on me, as well. ▣



LOU REED *On 14th Street, he would have been invisible, but Akron casts him into high relief as he comes across the lobby with the wired, wiry step of a successful purse snatcher.*

(Continued from page 82) without ever having lifted a finger.

"Why did Lou write *Venus in Furs*? Was Lou an S/M freak? The answer is no. He liked Sacher-Masoch and did an honest and, in fact, amazing compression of the book. I think the fact that we were so vilified for depravity attests to the power of that song. If anything stuck in people's minds, that song did—that and *Heroin*, but in a more obvious way. *Venus* has a really alien sound to it; musically, it's different. Listen to the cut on the first album, the one with the Warhol banana on the cover. I was *immensely* proud of it; gee, I thought it was so great!"

Since that time, the Velvet Underground has dissolved. Cale is pursuing his own recording career, Morrison is teaching English lit and is engaged in medieval studies at the University of Texas and Maureen Tucker is a keypunch operator on Long Island. Lou, after a retreat into obscurity, is embarked on a solo career now five albums long, going through a protean sequence of image changes with each album—from the punk-junk rocker of *Lou Reed* to the glitter bitch of *Transformer* (produced by David Bowie), to the Weimar naturalist of *Berlin*, to the heavy-metal android of *Rock 'n Roll Animal*, to the *très*-cool leather stud of *Sally Can't Dance*. "Self-knowledge is old news," a friend of mine used to say, and Lou seems determined to prove him right.

Suddenly, all those old underground strategies of survival are fashionable as hell: David Bowie is in *Vogue* magazine and Alice Cooper is on prime-time TV—the Ken Russell and Walt Disney versions, respectively, of that novelistic territory Lou staked out with the Velvet Underground. The Velvets made popular music that wasn't based on a mythical flight from poverty toward culture and true love, like British rock and black blues, or upon a mythical quest for the perfect hedonistic wave like California rock, or upon psychedelic ghetto liberalism, like the survivors of Fifties folk—simply, the Velvets made hip middle-class rock 'n' roll. Lou *invented*, really, an everyday American music about sex, drugs, vanity, hypocrisy, pettiness and the possibility of tenderness—everyday things: mobility without direction, sensation without emotion, emotion without passion, fashion without style, talent without ambition, success without victory. And today, Lou is a persona—a factor in popular culture—known to thousands of kids who weren't even in grammar school when Andy Warhol gave up commercial art to change the world, while Lou was reading *Finnegans Wake* aloud to Delmore Schwartz and going back to the dorm to sit up all night with Sterling and play old R&B singles—Johnny Ace, the Magnificent Four, the Nutmegs, the Clovers, Alicia and the Rockaways, for Christ's sake.

•

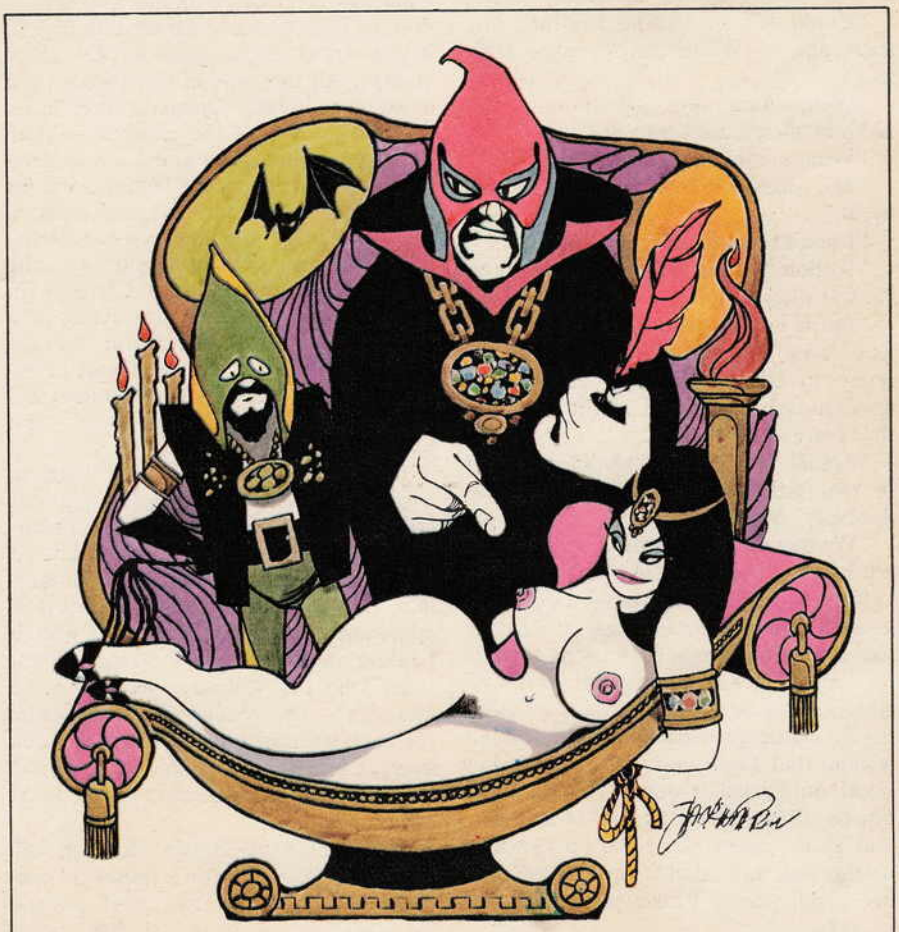
"The question we must reflect upon," Whitey Glan, the drummer, is saying, clutching his drink before him in both hands, "is: Are we ripping off the gay community? Certainly, that's the question *I* reflect upon as I lurk behind me drum kit onstage. I mean, David Jo Hansen has said we appeal to all the old queens outside New York who read *After Dark*."

"And to people with morbid interests, in general," says Ray Colcord, keyboard man. "Perhaps we should ask the Phantom of Rock."

"Ah, here comes the Ghoul of Glitter," Dick Wagner says, turning back from the yoga position he has assumed to check out every girl in the room. We are sitting in the cocktail lounge of the Cascade Plaza Holiday Inn in Akron, which is an ideal place to reflect upon the ethics of rock 'n' roll. The atmosphere is existential Velveeta, the decor is Gerald Ford *moderne* and, at the far end of the twilit, twinkling room, one lonesome red-neck is playing Hank Williams on his metallic-cherry Stratocaster and singing with the sadness of a man who knows he will never give up his day job.

"Our leader," Whitey says, nodding toward the door.

Across the lobby, Lou steps out of the elevator a little tentatively, then he sees us and heads in our direction. On 14th Street, he would have been invisible, but Akron casts him into high relief as he comes across the lobby with the wired, wiry step of a successful purse snatcher. He is very gaunt and his hair is cropped close—maybe a little old for the hustle but still



"Hey, wait a minute. Isn't that the same sacrificial virgin we deflowered last week?"

LOU REED *"Hey, man," a local kid will say, "is Lou Reed really bi?" The roadie will pause and look the kid over with ineffable street ennui and say, "No, man, he ain't bi; the fucker's quad!"*

positively street punk in his jeans, sneakers, T-shirt and silver sleazo Elvis jacket. He is carrying a copy of *The Portable Dorothy Parker* in his hand and his fingernails are painted black.

He walks straight past our table to the bar, orders two drinks and, tucking the book under his arm, brings them to the table, flopping down into his chair with some authority. This is the head dude's table and Lou is head dude. The skin is drawn very tight on his skull and his eyes are very tired, the pupils so dilated that I can see my reflection in them. He rubs them a moment with his finger tips. His hands, even with the clunky black nail polish, look very fragile. He seems a little speedy and anxious to get drunk, but he is obviously going to deliver some opening remark when Whitey pre-empts him.

"The question under discussion is: Are we ripping off the gay community?"

Lou gives this a long pause, drawing the attention in his direction, then answers blandly, "Not yet. But when we get back to New York, I'll show you how to hustle drinks in leather bars."

"You'll not be getting me into any such place," Whitey says, mock Irish now.

"Well," Lou says, "we'll wait and see how the pictures turn out."

"What pictures?" Whitey says.

"The ones we took in Toronto last night."

"I don't remember any pictures."

"I should hope not," Colcord says. "It was disgusting."

"But it had a certain twisted beauty," Lou says. The tone has just enough levity to silence Whitey's denial, just enough authority that I might conclude that there *were* pictures.

Wagner leaves the table in response to two girls who are standing in the doorway, beckoning.

"We passed them on the way in," Colcord says. "They were in a Falcon."

"You miss that in Manhattan," Lou says. "Girls in their Falcons. . . . Say, I like the guitar player." He nods toward the red-neck, who is singing *Crazy Arms*. Then he moves into a discussion of an exotic pharmaceutical that is so wicked that Lou, who will try anything once, only tried it once. The red-neck finishes *Crazy Arms* and takes a break, and as he passes our table on the way to the bar, Lou stands up and extends his hand. "Say, I like your singing," he says.

The guy actually blushes across a slab of cheek. "Thanks," he says. "I don't sound too great tonight. Sore throat."

"Well, let us buy you a drink," Lou says.

"Thanks again. Are you guys musicians?"

"Yeah," Lou says.

"I figgered," the red-neck says, easing himself into a chair. He and Lou discuss the ignominy of playing in bars—until he slides his chair back. "Well, I gotta go back to work. Thanks again for the drink."

"We enjoy your work," Lou says. "Watch out for that throat."

The guitar player grins and retreats to the bandstand, flattered, bothered and bewildered—not exactly bewitched—and Lou waits until he is into his second song before he launches into a story.

•

The Holiday Inn where we are staying overlooks an enormous yellow gash of excavation, flanked on the right by a row of pristine mid-American storefronts and on the left by a dazzling, intricate freeway exchange. It's three A.M. and the panorama is frozen in the blaze of mercury-vapor lamps—a perfect urban crèche. It's cold outside and the black sky is crusted with more stars than you see in a month of Manhattan nights. There aren't even cars on the interchange. All the girls in the Falcons are at home or in bed—down on their 'ludes or their dudes; all the children of pop are sleeping in Akron and I am looking down on them like some benign survivor of another war—the last speed freak in the country of the downs—wondering what they would have thought about the Velvet Underground or the Village in the Sixties. To them, Lou Reed is a "rock-'n'-roll star" occupying the extreme left wing in the pantheon of bisexual chic (which, after Canada and Dick Cavett, must be the third most boring thing in the world).

During the entire trip, it's hard to avoid the obsessive and rather pathetic concern with Lou's sexuality from nearly everyone around, excepting Lou. At the sound check the next afternoon, a local kid in a Kent State T-shirt will approach one of Lou's roadies, who is hauling an amp across the stage. "Hey, man," the kid will say, "is Lou Reed really bi?" The roadie will pause, leaning back with the amp on his chest, look over at him with ineffable street ennui and say, "No, man, he ain't bi; the fucker's quad!"

Much later, in Austin, Sterling will tell me: *"Well, for one reason or another, Lou has no sustained interest in either sex, by virtue of diet, drugs, fatigue and general apathy—usually self-generated, I would imagine. The thing about Lou is that he is an observer—he's voyeuristic, I guess you could say—and if bestiality came in, he would be curious to see what that was all about, too.*

"Now, Lou likes to be flirtatious and, uh, likes to think he's attractive, and if you want to find out if you're attractive, I think the best way to do it is to try being gay. Males react; females, ah, they're going to be coy, you know, restrained. Of course, having a gay constituency is good for a performer. It's like a guarantee at the gate. At least, it always was for the Velvets. But as far as Lou's sexuality goes, you'd have to say that he's too much an observer . . . and he's a gypsy, physically and emotionally. I remember that once when the band was doing real well, Lou rented an apartment up on East Fifty-seventh, a really expensive place—seven, eight hundred dollars a month—and you'd go in there and it would look like it was vacant. There would be some stuff in the icebox and in the medicine chest and in this one little corner where Lou slept, but other than that, the place was empty. It was kinda sad. . . .

"The problem people had dealing with us, in our worst days of abuse, was trying to figure out who was on what. With Cale, I would say, primarily it was downers; me, too, Thorazine and such, and then I'd further befuddle myself with booze. With Lou, it was everything, which he would compound by dietary experiments that would leave him malnourished and grouchy. One time, that happened on tour and we finally had to put him into the hospital and they put him back together. I don't know what kind of diet it was—no animal products at all—so he ended up with no fat in his body and the nerve sheath in his spinal column was exposed, and that tends to make you irritable. You know, insane things—so he was pretty tense the whole time. I don't know what he weighs now. He looks like he's very thin. If he's drinking moderately, he's likely to be chubby; if he's drinking a lot and not eating, then he's likely to be very thin. Lou's a great juicer, and, of course, he was taking junk before anybody I ever heard of, to be groovy. This was up in Syracuse; you'd see him in the Orange. He'd come and sit down at a table and his elbow wouldn't be touching it and yet he'd be leaning on his elbow, and you'd say, 'Uh, hey, Lou, hey. . . .'"

•

Lou orders another double bloody mary. It's about two o'clock in the afternoon, and outside the window, downtown Akron is as bright and cold and clear as a Sheeler cityscape. The Holiday Inn dining room looks out across one of those stark urban-renewal plazas where

a piece of institutional abstract sculpture stands in serene isolation. A Martian would look less out of place.

We are moving tentatively through lunch, and things are settling down a bit as Lou talks about the early Warhol scene from which the Velvets sprang. "David Bowie really came to New York looking for that scene," he is saying. "It really fascinated him, but he couldn't find anything." I have a momentary vision of Bowie in his clogs tripping around Union Square, tapping on doorways. "He was too late, but just in time to be famous. It wasn't his fault."

Lou falls into a contemplative silence and I feel relieved. At first, it was a little unnerving, because Reed is such a good reflector; he is almost clairvoyant about what you want to hear, and since being a good reflector is an interviewer's trick at which I'm fairly good myself, the levels of irony, at first, were fairly ornate. I have seen him in a room with several people, giving each of them the Lou Reed they expect; then, when the demands become too complex, shutting down, drawing into himself, turning lead-gray dull. Now, though, he is relaxed and friendly, being a good interviewee, giving his responses an edge of just enough rudeness to lend veracity. When I ask him, for instance, what he will do if his new pop career falls through, he snaps back.

"Well, that's a dumb question," he says, exasperated. "What would *you* do if you couldn't write articles for stroke magazines?"

"Lay back," I say.

"Well, so would anybody. I'd just go back to Long Island, where I was in the first place, and write poems."

"I like the poems," I say.

"Well, I'm a writer—not just poems and songs but stories, greeting cards, essays, whatever. Basically, though, I just write about people. You have to understand the logic: You see, I come from *Brook*lyn, so, coming from Brooklyn, I figure if I become a rock-'n'-roll star, *then* I can get a book of poems published. Right? That makes sense, doesn't it? A slim volume: *We, the People*, by Louis Reed."

"That's funny," I say. "Dylan thought just the opposite."

"Dylan, the wimp, doesn't think; he raps," Lou says. "Do you like Patti Smith?" And we are off on a literary discussion. I ask him why the rock press calls his songs decadent.

"Hell, how should I know? I don't think they are. They're about real people. I try to write down just as straightforwardly as I can the way they are," he says, and he quotes the opening line from one of his classic songs: " 'Candy says: I've learned to hate my body.' That's what she said. *Walk on the Wild Side*, for instance, is all about real people, people I know; you probably know them, too. I liked the title of Algren's book and wrote it down on a piece of paper; then one day, I wrote the song.

"Decadent," he says. "Now, there is one of Ronald Firbank's novels that I think is decadent, but, Jeez, my stuff is closer to Algren or Hugh Selby or John Rechy, maybe. You know, urban realism. I like Mailer a lot, too. Isn't he great? And the *quin*tessence of *unhip*. I guess you could say I'm just a New York writer—or a *city* writer—that's what I write about: local color. Just another regionalist poet. That's what Ray Davies is, too."

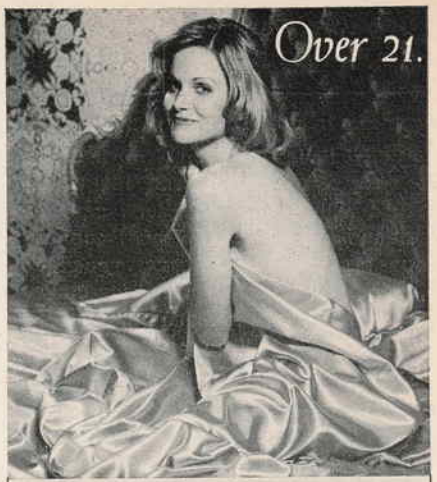
"Do you like Raymond Chandler?" I ask.

"Do I? He is my *man*. Hey, have you seen the movie of *The Long Goodbye*? I hope they didn't fuck it up. Yeah, Chandler. He and Delmore Schwartz and Andy Warhol are where I come from.

"Finally, always, Andy is the man, though. The thing that really got us off, the Velvets, was Andy's week at the Cinemathèque. You see, all these young film makers were to have a week to show their films. Well, when Andy's week came up, he decided not to show his own film. Very Warhol. He wanted us to play in front of the screen while he showed this porno film of Barbara Rubin's and while various other things were going on, like Bobby Neuwirth running around with a bullhorn, shouting in the faces of all the straight East Side art types, who were already freaked out by the show and by the rest of the crowd. There were people there who never went above Fourteenth Street. Between us and Andy and Barbara, the thing was a dog whistle for freaks.

"It was Barbara, in fact, who first turned us on to Warhol. Andy was on the scene, but we were rock 'n' rollers and what did we know from art. Barbara was making crazy movies and she kept telling us about this guy who had a place called the Factory up on Forty-ninth, and we just thought, 'Big deal.' Forty-ninth Street might as well have been Albany, it was so far uptown.

"Anyway, we'd just gotten a steady gig that paid a little money and food at this basket house down in the Village called the Café Bizarre—one of those places where they serve expensive coffee and have a spade out in the street hooking in the tourists. Boy, did they *hate* us. We already had most of the material for the first album and we were playing it *heavy* metal. I want you to imagine a bunch of straight tourists, like from"—sweeping gesture—"*Akron*, sitting there drinking coffee and listening to these totally wasted punks playing that stuff. It wasn't Joan Baez. But the lady who ran the place liked us—at least until some sailors got so pissed at *The Black Angel's Death Song* that they



Nobody's been making satin sheets for 21 years. Except us! The secret? *We* know what we're doing. We use only the softest acetate satin, 225 x 78 thread count. (Some people don't!) *Our* sheets are completely MACHINE WASHABLE. And we offer 12 colors for regular or *round* beds! NEW Hot Pink, Tangerine, Gold, Red, Black, Bronze, Blue, Silver, Pink, White, Mint or Orchid. Isn't it time you came of age with satin?

SHEET SETS (2 straight sheets, 2 cases)

Double Set	$23.98	Queen Set	$27.95
Twin Set	22.98	King Set	32.50
Round 84" Set	48.50	Round 96" Set	54.95

3 letter monogram on 2 cases—$2.50

For fitted bottom sheet, add $2.00 to double or twin price; $2.50 to queen; $3.00 to king price. Round bottom sheets *are* fitted. Odd sizes on request. Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.

SCINTILLA,® INC. 4802 N. Broadway W-6 Chicago, Ill. 60640

Free 40-Page Color Catalog of all Our Satin Fashions With Every Order!

THE FOUR DECEIVERS

Nice surprises are always pleasant, and these glasses will tickle the fancy of all your guests. When empty, models are clothed. Fill the glass with an iced drink and like magic the girls disrobe. Clothing disappears when moisture forms on outside of glass. 4 glasses to a set. $7.98 plus $1.39 P&H. Ill. Res. add 5% Tax. Gift Catalog 50¢

HOUSE OF MINNEL
Deerpath Road DEPT: 065 Batavia, IL 60510

EUROPE'S BEST SELLING SEX MANUAL!

PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE. A step-by-step specific course through clear, concise full-color photographs of how to engage in the many forms of physical love and sexual intercourse. Turn dull, confused routine "quickie" sex into exciting sexual episodes, which continue to improve each time and provide greater degrees of pleasure than you ever thought possible. Thousands sold at $12.95. Now available in soft cover for just $4.95. 223 pages. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Send $4.95 to: Adam & Eve ©
Dept. OUY-4, 105 N. Columbia, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

LOU REED *He prowls the stage like an alley cat, bitchy but not fey, androgynous but not camp—just mean, out there. If anybody came for glitter, he damn sure got rock 'n' roll.*

beat her up on their way out. That was the first night Andy saw us—the last night we played there.

"Even then, it took us some time to get up to the Factory, but when we finally *did*, it blew my mind. The amount of energy was incredible. You know, people talk about how passive Andy is, but he works all the time, and at that time, so did everybody else who hung around there. We started practicing at the Factory, and when I showed up, Andy would say, 'How many songs have you written today?' and I'd go, 'Oh, ten,' and he'd say, 'Well, you should have done twenty. You have to do as much as you can.' I'd never met anybody like that, who had such a clear idea of the artist as somebody who *works*—you know, all the time.

"So, gradually, we became the house band and were in movies and stuff, but we were still basically musicians and not really avant-garde; that is, we were only avant-garde because of the context we played in, like art openings, where it used to be that if they had chamber music, it was far out."

"You were stars!" I say.

"Yeah, but not because of the band. We were stars because Andy made us stars, because he said we were stars. That's what Andy figured out: All the artists in New York wanted to be stars; but if they *used* their art to become stars, it fucked up the art and made being a star not any fun. So Andy decided that people should be stars *existentially*, for no reason at all, the same way people were artists. That way, the stardom and the art didn't get confused."

"Well, it looks like you're going to be the first Warhol star to go from pop to popular—to penetrate the puberty barrier."

"I don't know if I like that verb—penetrate."

"How do you like playing for kids?"

"It's *fun*, and anyway, who else do you play for? I hope *you* don't go to concerts for fun. I sure don't anymore. But the kids are all right. You just have to remember that they're into downs, which reminds me: How about another bloody mary? Actually, we could use some Southern Comfort. I have always found that it doesn't matter what you do up in the morning—a little Southern Comfort will take the edge off the day."

Soon it's time for the show, and as Lou and I walk through a chilly twilight toward the auditorium, Lou is saying, "You know, there were all these poor, dumb chicks who were trying to be hip and they'd come up to me wanting to score some heroin. Well, I can score it, but turning Jewish girls on to smack is *not* real swift. But I tell myself, 'If I let this poor chick go, she's only gonna score on the street.' So I say, 'Yeah, yeah, I'll bring it over tonight.' I go and score for myself and come back to the apartment and fix up a nickel bag of sugar, and that's harder than you think—to get the volume—especially when you're stoned. We'd sit there for hours. 'Hey, John, does this look right?' etc., etc. Then I'd take this chick her stuff and give her the riff: 'This is really heavy shit, etc., etc. I was lucky, etc.'

"Now, she is scared shitless of shooting but she'd *do* it, you know, just to be hip, so I tell her she'd better snort it the first time, 'cause it might be too heavy, a lot of people can't handle it, etc., etc. So she lays out a line of sugar; then she lays out *another* line. Seems she's heard somewhere that you're supposed to share a hit with the guy who scores it for you.

"So I'm sitting there stoned to the nines, looking down at the lines of sugar. Then she bends over the table with a straw and I tell her she'd better sit down, it might be pretty much of a rush. So she snorts the sugar and so do I and it is *bad*, by which I mean it isn't any good, but I lean back and do my number: 'Oh, wow, can you feel it, man, ain't that great shit?' etc. And let me tell you, there is *no way* she ain't gonna get off; so she says, wow, she sure is glad she didn't shoot it. 'Well,' I say, 'it might not be your trip. It might be too rough for your system,' and she thinks I'm right.

"So I leave, telling myself that I've saved another girl from the evils of drugs. I mean, if she'd gone onto the street, those barracudas would have been leading her around by the nose in five weeks. But the money I ripped off from her was pretty important. I don't know, I just kept telling myself, I'm doing the humane thing."

That same problem again: *Nobody should mess around with other people or tell them what to do. Radical permissiveness is the order of the day. But what do you do about people who will kill themselves to be hip? I mean, you should do something when they don't have the guts to be square.*

"I'm going around front to watch the show," I say.

"Fine," Lou says. "I hate for people to watch me put on my make-up."

I walk out into the lobby of the auditorium; it is one of those Thirties Egyptian *moderne* buildings and it is going to be full: 90 percent teeny-boppers blonde and female, seven percent glitter freaks and pimp-style spades, three percent 40ish gays in their tailored jackets. When the curtain opens, the band is there, dressed in black, blowing right out; then Lou comes on, dressed like the band except for a black-leather jacket. He no longer plays lead but prowls the stage like an alley cat, bitchy but not fey, androgynous but not camp—just mean, *out there*. If anybody came for glitter, he damn sure got rock 'n' roll. Whitey lays down a very funky bottom for *Lady Day* and everybody is moving. By the time *Heroin* starts its excruciatingly slow escalation, everybody is wired and leaning forward, pushing at the tempo with his shoulders. During the break after *Heroin*, a girl approaches me. I think that she is going to sell me some Girl Scout cookies, but she asks me if I have any downs. This depresses me, so I go backstage as the applause mounts for an encore.

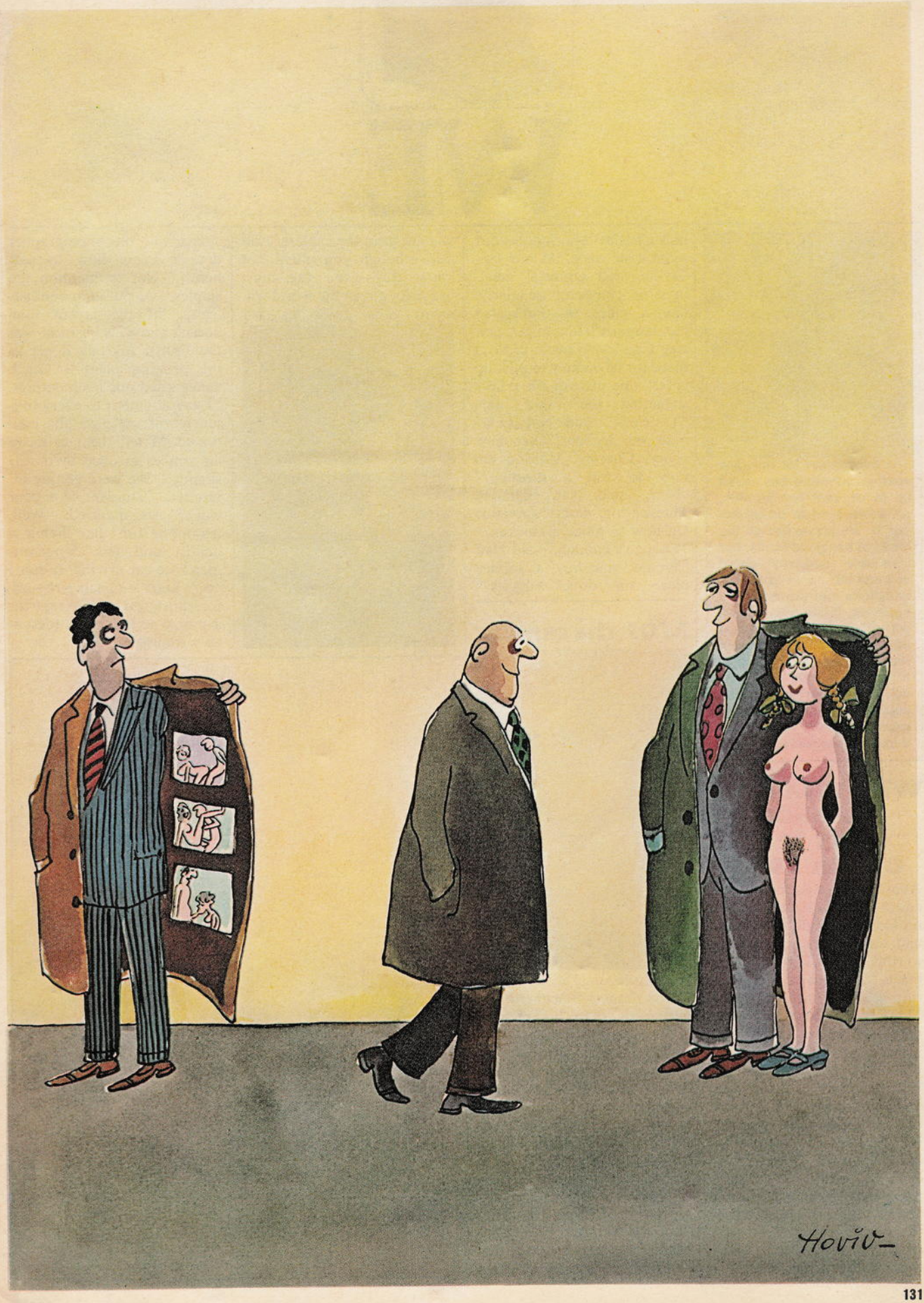
Lou does *Sweet Jane* for an encore, and when he goes off, everybody is screaming. Lou is shaking like a leaf and grinning. I give him a cigarette and try to light it and discover that *I* am shaking like a leaf. For the final encore, Lou does his *one* positive song, *Rock n' Roll.*

•

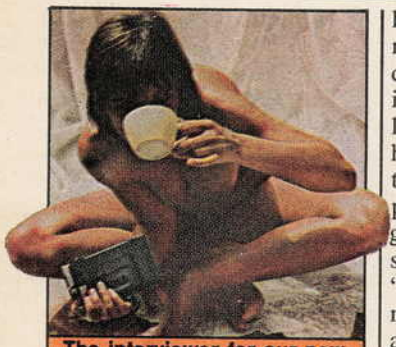
Two days before, I had stood on the porch of an isolated house 20 miles to the swamp side of Tallahassee, talking to a lead guitar player from red-dirt Georgia. The kid was full Dixie greaser with his syrup accent and pale, wasted eyes, dressed as if he'd been drummed out of the Hell's Angels for bad grooming. There was a pretty big party going on inside and, although this was Allman Brothers country, Lou was on the speakers, *Wild Child* at full volume; it shivered the psilocybin mushrooms growing wild in the yard and the Southern belles growing wilder in the living room.

I was talking to Chuck
In his Genghis Khan suit and his Wizard's hat,
He spoke of his movie
And how he was making a new sound track
And then we spoke of kids on the Coast
And different types of organic soap
And the way suicides don't leave notes
Then we spoke of the rain,
Always back to the rain. . . .

The kid was listening, leaning against the porch rail and staring into the darkness. "Ain't that super?" he said. "Yew know, Ah always thought Lou Reed was the city Hank Williams. He looks right at it and calls a spade a spade, lessen he happens to be a cold drummer. You just don't realize how much bullshit you *hear* until you hear something straight. Now, I don't like homos and all that, but you *know*, whatever he did, it was to get *out there*, you know." ▣


HOVIV

WE

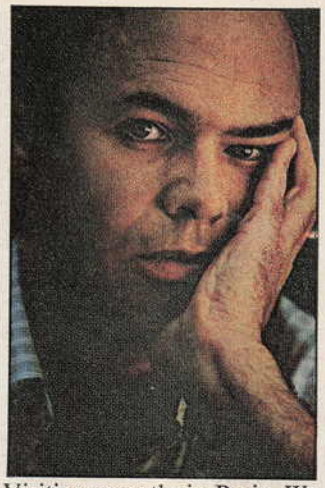


The interviewer for our new sex-tapes feature has asked us to conceal her identity, as we've tried to do in this photo. We chose her on the basis of her good looks, her insatiable curiosity about sex and her nerve in asking questions that are nobody's business. If she approaches you at a party, on the street or disguised as a woman reporter crashing a locker room, be candid with her, don't give her more than your first name, and your private exploits will be recorded for posterity in OUI.

WHY CHARLEY MANSON won't be in *OUI* in 1975

About a year ago, one of our editors checked into a motel on Detroit's Eight Mile Road and waited for the telephone to ring. "It was kind of a tatty place," he reports, "right in the heart of Mob country. Many of the rooms had water beds, and in the lobby, there was a vending machine where you could buy little cameras. The idea was that I'd be given an appointment to meet someone in a gas-station parking lot and then be taken to the basement of a Detroit office building, where they'd show me a movie Charley Manson supposedly shot on a California beach." More than that, OUI is sworn by written agreement not to reveal, but we've had Charley Manson on our mind ever since. At our Friday-morning editorial meetings, he comes up regularly, like a piece of undigested hamburger. "How about getting Charley Manson to do a piece for us on how to pick up girls?" one incorrigible editor suggested the other day. "Tasteless," said Nat Lehrman, our leader. "Then how about Charley Manson on how to run a meeting?" "Nah," said Nat. "Charley Manson on desert survival? On how to pluck a chicken?" "Enough's enough," said Nat. "Would you buy a service piece on dune buggies?"

MOI, the camera



Visiting recently in Paris, *We* talked Francis Giacobetti into letting us snap his picture. "OK, but make it snappy," he said, resting his head in his palm and showing off his English. Francis (or Giaco, as he is known in our Paris office) is the most prolific of OUI's photographers. (In this issue, he's represented by *Tennis, Anyone?* and *Down Is Up.*) "Everything going all right?" we asked. "Oh, yes," he said, "but it is very difficult to photograph a naked body, because of the shortening effect you get from the camera. And also—though you might not know this—even the most beautiful girl in the world will have three folds in her stomach if the photographer doesn't know how to seat her." ("Not to mention the staples," we put in, parenthetically, "if the layout man doesn't know his business—or the fourth fold she'll get in the printing plant.") Giaco disregarded our maunderings. "I pay attention to every millimeter of my girls" he continued. "I tell them to move an arm or to open their legs slightly." We were getting interested. "Do you like your work?" we inquired. "Well, it's more fun than being a dentist and less dangerous than race-car driving. In sum: yes." Left: a Giaco girl—unforeshortened and, except for a crook at the knee, reasonably foldless.

COMING IN JULY OUI

☐ **THE SIXTIES WERE FIRST-RATE . . . SECOND-RATE . . . OR, IF NOT, WHAT?** English writer Joe Durden Smith casts a cold eye on a period we thought well of while we were living through it—and wonders if we didn't take ourselves too seriously. Plus a sidebar on those moments in the Sixties that really are worth remembering and a quiz that proves that remembering isn't easy.

☐ **ST.-TROPEZ OBSERVED:** OUI borrowed a helicopter to snoop into the back yards of the French Riviera city that brought you Brigitte Bardot. (Or was it Bardot who brought you the city?) Views from the missionary position, as it were.

☐ **THE HUMAN BOSOM IS NOT INFINITELY EXPANSIBLE:** Joyce Dutson sticks a couple of hatpins into the Mark Eden patented bust developer and explains why a 32A isn't likely to turn into a 38C overnight.

☐ **THE LAST NEMESIS OF THE NAZIS:** Simon Wiesenthal, in *The Odessa File*, is not a figment of Frederick Forsyth's imagination; nor is the former *Wehrmacht* captain he's trying to catch up with. Veteran journalist Alan Levy investigates Wiesenthal's 30-year grudge against private citizens living in Argentina.

☐ **JOHN HOLMES INTERVIEW:** He is known professionally as Johnny Wadd and has screwed some 12,000 women—in the course of almost as many porn movies. Our lady interviewer approaches this sticky subject gingerly and comes back with an answer to the question: "Does Johnny have a 13-inch dong?"

☐ **BILL COSBY'S TENNIS SEMINAR:** The finer points of the game, including how not to hit yourself in the face, how to buy an "intelligent ball" that will do what you want and how to stand up gracefully after tripping over the net. Cosby may not be as good as Jimmy Connors, but he's funnier.

☐ **BROTHELS OF THE WORLD:** Hey, handsome, come with me—Rome, Amsterdam, Paris, Bombay and Calcutta style. OUI looks behind the velvet curtain, caresses a breast or two, pinches a little ass and presents a sensational pictorial on foreign whorehouse styles.

Superscope gives you all these features and Dolby too, for less than $190.00

- **Built-in Dolby* Noise Reduction System** with internal/external switching that enables it to operate as an independent out board playback Dolby system. Unlike most other Dolbyized units, the CD-302A Deck can also deprocess Dolbyized material from FM broadcasts and other tape recorders.
- **Automatic Shut-Off** that disengages the cassette drive mechanism at end-of-tape in record and play modes.
- **Recording Peak Limiter** that monitors and holds the recording level below saturation to prevent distortion while maintaining a full dynamic range.
- **Tape Select Switch** for proper bias and equalization when using either standard or chromium dioxide tape.
- **Mechanical Locking Pause Control** that enables you to pause during playback or recording without disengaging controls.
- **VU Meters, Function Indicators and Cassette Compartment** that are illuminated for easy viewing.
- **3-Digit Tape Counter** with a reset button.
- **Walnut-Grained Cabinetry** and the professional styling you'd expect to find only in more expensive units.
- **Full Parts and Labor Guarantee****

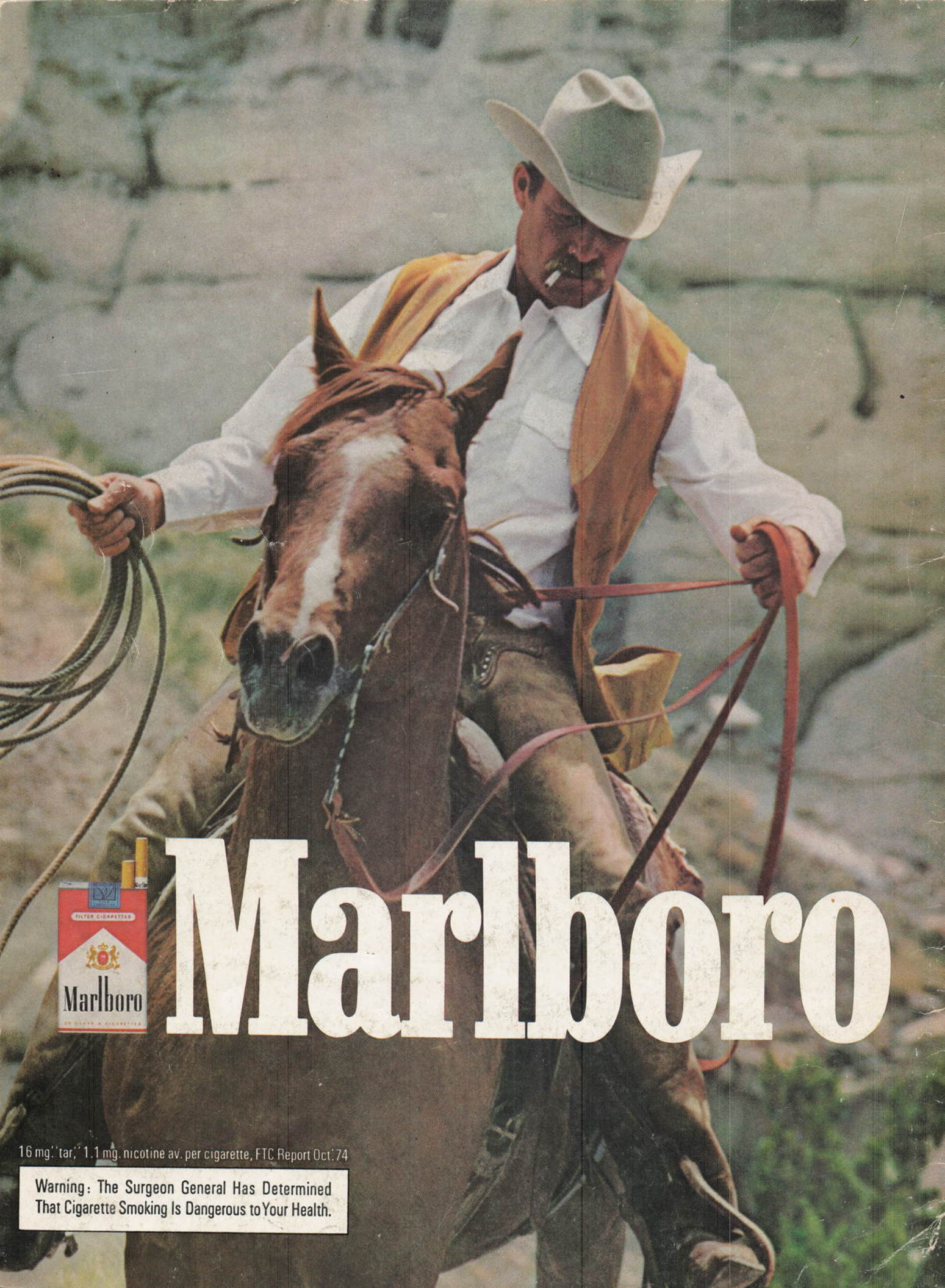
From the makers of Marantz

SUPERSCOPE

Listen to us.

The Superscope CD-302A Stereo Cassette Deck.
There's no other deck with all these features for under $190.00. What's more, it's engineered by the same people who make Marantz — the world's finest audio equipment. See the complete line of Superscope tape equipment starting as low as $59.95*** at your nearest Superscope dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages. Superscope. You get your money's worth.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Labs, Inc. **Superscope, Inc. guarantees to the original registered owner that all parts will be free from operating defects for one year, two years or three years from purchase date depending upon product purchased. Product will be repaired or replaced free of charge in the sole discretion of Superscope in the country of purchase, provided it was purchased from an authorized dealer. The serial number cannot be altered or removed. Product must be serviced by authorized Superscope repair technicians only. ***Manufacturer's suggested maximum retail price at dealer's option. ©1975 Superscope, Inc., 8150 Vineland Ave., Sun Valley, CA 91352. In Europe: Superscope Europe, S.A., Brussels, Belgium. In Canada: Superscope Canada, Ltd., Ontario. Prices and models subject to change without notice. Consult the Yellow Pages for your nearest Superscope dealer. Send for free catalog.



16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct.'74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.